POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 16 • 1964 25c

G.O.P. FRONT RUNNER
LODGE
The big test in Oregon

WILL DRUGS CURE CANCER?
Part II of a new study

AMBASSADOR LODGE
Silent candidate
on duty in Vietnam

Sen. Fulbright: How to handle Cuba / Mystery that b

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ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY
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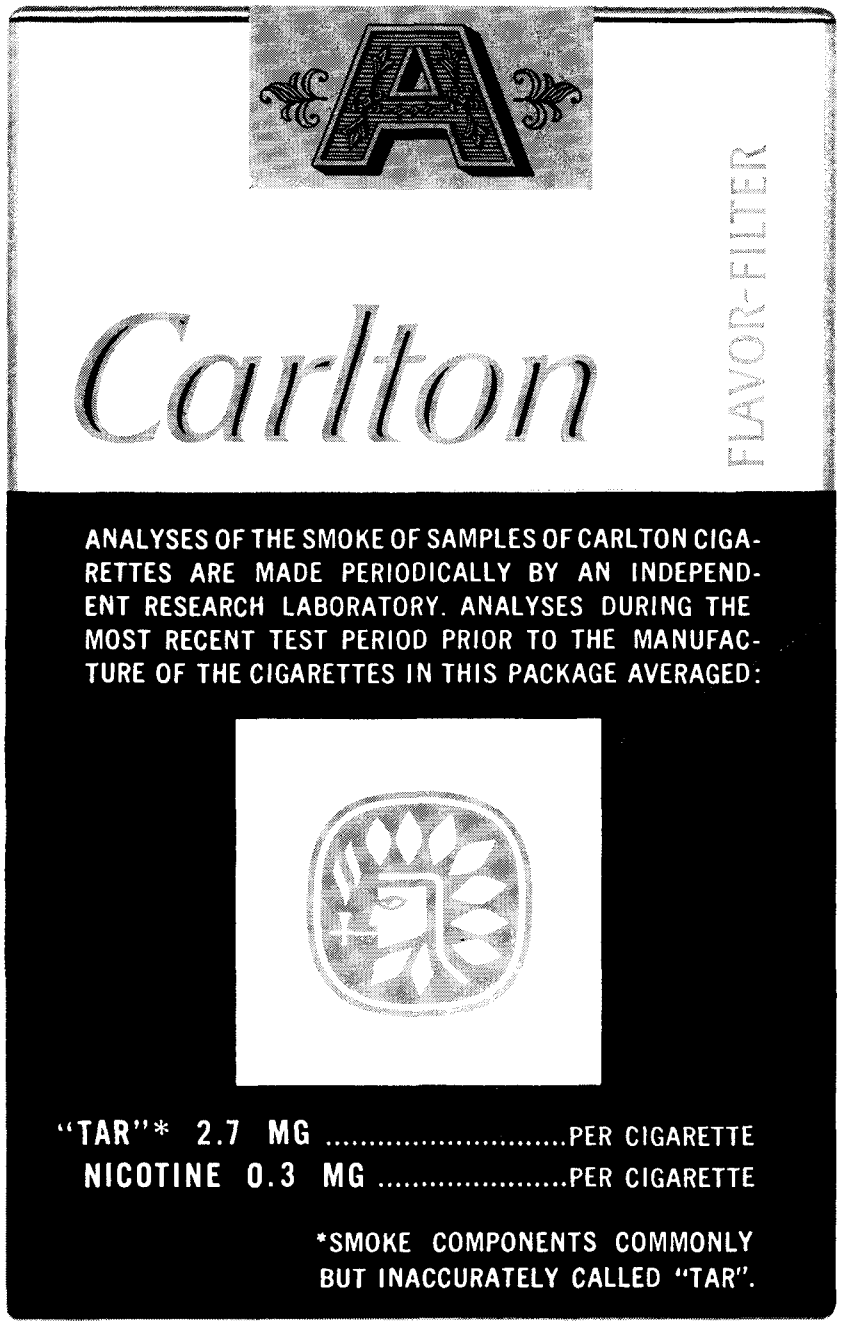
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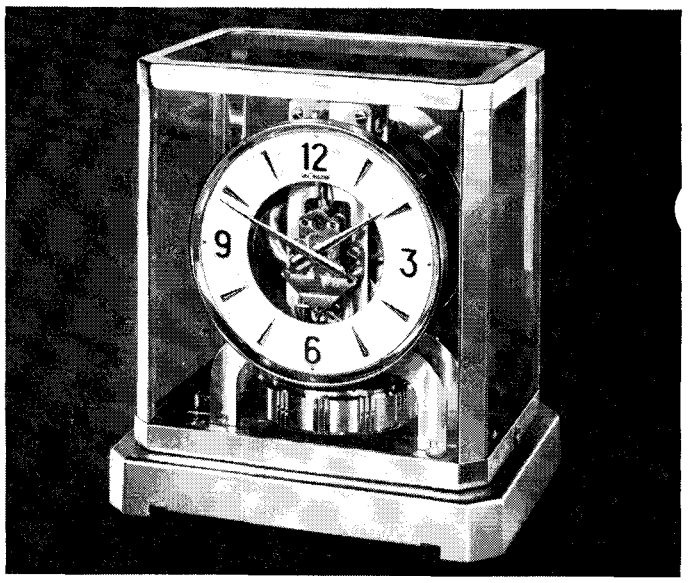

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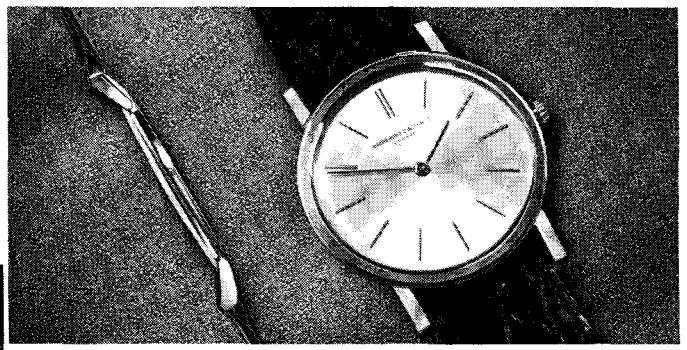

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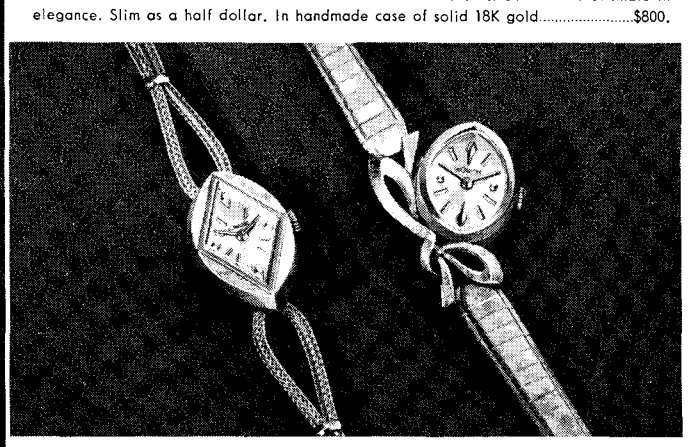

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POST

MAY 16, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 19

Articles

Let's talk sense about Cuba (*Speaking Out*) . . . . *Sen. J. William Fulbright* 8
Affairs of state . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 12

Lodge faces his big test in Oregon . . . . . *John Skow* 15
To almost everyone's surprise our ambassador to South Vietnam has been winning polls and primaries all across the country. Contributing writer John Skow tells how an unlikely group of amateurs, the Draft Lodge organization, has taken a former loser and boosted him to unprecedented popularity—and how they are working to bring him a big victory in Oregon. If they succeed, it may be impossible to deny Lodge the Republican presidential nomination.

This prince led Cinderella to death . . . . . *Charles McCarry* 20
The exploding University of California . . . . . *William Trombley* 22
"And there appeared to them tongues of fire" . . . . *McCandlish Phillips* 30
Will chemicals cure cancer? . . . . . *Pat McGrady and Murray Morgan* 68
Let me entertain you . . . . . *Muriel Davidson* 72
Don't tread on Grandmother Peabody . . . . . *Robert K. Massie* 74
Doctors go on strike . . . . . *Pete Hamill* 79

Fiction

Can I stay here? . . . . . *John O'Hara* 44
The fortuneteller . . . . . *Mary Deasy* 50
What really matters . . . . . *Malcolm Wood* 56

Departments

Letters 4
Post scripts 66
Hazel 76
Editorials 84

The authors. In two months contributing writer **William Trombley** traveled several thousand miles among seven campuses to study the University of California, and he says he can sympathize with the poor lost freshman who can't find the biology lab. . . . To observe the Charismatic Renewal, *New York Times* reporter **McCandlish Phillips** traveled 10,230 miles by car and plane through 11 eastern, midwestern and Pacific Coast states, interviewing hundreds of ministers and attending countless prayer services. . . . **Pete Hamill** flew from his home in Barcelona, Spain, to talk with the Belgians who suffered through the recent doctors' strike. . . . Free-lance writer **Charles McCarry,** who covered the Savoy murder trial in Lausanne, Switzerland, was once a crime reporter for the Youngstown, Ohio, *Vindicator*; he and his wife and three sons live in Rome. . . . **Pat McGrady,** science editor for the American Cancer Society, says his views on cancer treatment are so controversial that he should point out "the views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the policies of the American Cancer Society"; his collaborator, **Murray Morgan,** is author of the book, *Doctors to the World,* story of the World Health Organization. . . When he arrived in Cambridge, Mass., contributing writer **Robert K. Massie** found Mrs. Malcolm Peabody serving tea to an Austrian refugee couple she had helped settle in the U.S. during World War II

The cover. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge was photographed in his Saigon office by Hong Kong-based free-lance photographer **Harry Redl.**

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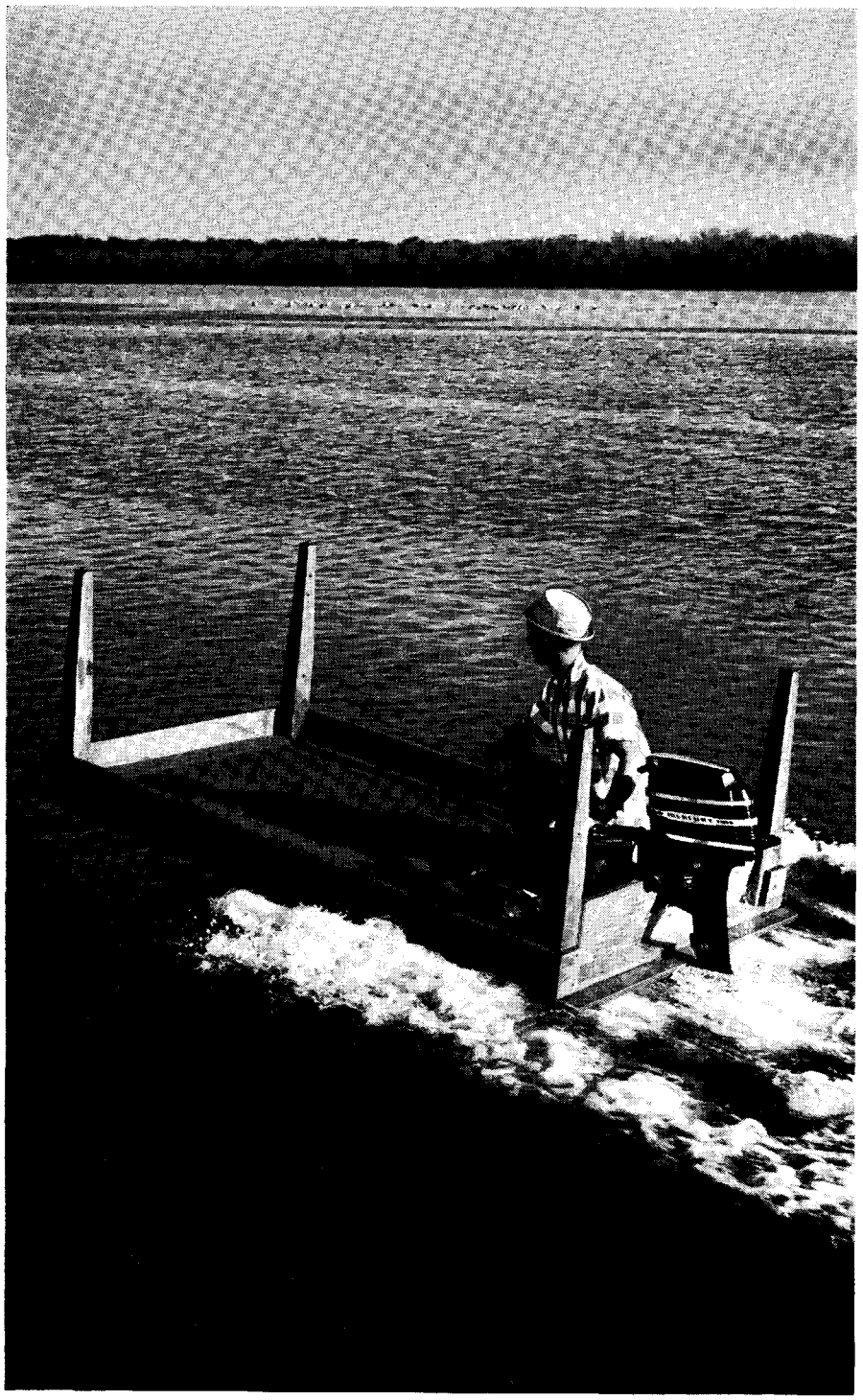

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LETTERS

Judicial appointments

In my opinion you have rendered an outstanding public service by publication of Herbert Brownell's TOO MANY JUDGES ARE POLITICAL HACKS [Apr. 18]. One may only hope that the public will take cognizance of, and demand the elimination of, this real danger to the preservation of our system of government.

FRANCIS J. HALEY
New York, N.Y.

• As a practicing lawyer I share many of Mr. Brownell's excellent observations. However, he would have us believe that the best judges are those who made the best records in college and law school. Experience disproves this. The best judges are those who have extensive trial background and keen perception of human motivation.

WILBUR M. RUSH
Washington, N.J.

• The easy way to breathe life into America's obsolete legal system would be to limit judges to five years on the bench, so we would have "dynamic jurisprudence."

GEORGE PARTIS
Kenwood, Calif.

Saroyan

I enjoyed William Saroyan's IT'S ME, O LORD [Apr. 18] and am looking forward to his new book of short stories. He reminds me of Solomon.

IDA FEDORUK
Frenchtown, N.J.

• You ramble on, Mr. Saroyan, and I love it. You write about yourself or me or who? What does it matter? Don't ever stop! Pick up the pebbles. Find the pennies. Carry them home. Look at the trees and sky with a different eye than one who doesn't live the literary life. Keep your imagination aglow.

MARY SPRINGFIELD
Beech Grove, Ind.

• I believe Saroyan when he says he's getting on. *Too many words.*

R. L. REARICK
San Jose, Calif.

Adventure at sea

William Willis's absorbing and almost unbelievable story [ONE MAN AGAINST THE SEA, Apr. 18] kept me spellbound and awestruck for the duration of the adventure. His voyage made *Kon-Tiki* seem like a lazy Sunday-afternoon cruise!

PAUL B. GREIN
Bay City, Mich.

• Why anybody in his right mind wants to go to sea in a crazy contraption like this *Age Unlimited* I shall never know. Three pontoons and six centerboards. Oh, brother! And that enormous wheel. Holy mackerel! I bet you this floating nightmare never logged more than three knots running free. Many years ago I was a sailor in the largest four-masted bark ever built, and *her* wheel wasn't any bigger than Willis's.

CHARLES ROSNER
Bellport, N.Y.

Civil-rights bill

Of all the editorials I have read c the current Civil Rights Bill, I regar your THE GREAT QUESTION BEFORE THE SENATE [Apr. 18] as among the most accurate and reasonable—a contribution to sober thought. Unhappily, there is a tendency for people to misunderstand the Civil Rights Bill which passed the House of Representatives by such an overwhelming vote. Too often people fail to read the legislation itself; instead, they read inaccurate interpretations of it.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN V. LINDSAY
Washington, D.C.

Boxing

Let me commend you for your excellent editorial, BOXING'S FEET OF CLAY [Apr. 18]. As the recent championship fights indicate, boxing has become the sport of the maladjusted and the money-grabber. In a country where bullfights, dogfights and cockfights are banned, one would think people would care enough for their own kind not to allow this brutal "sport" to exist.

JAMES FINLEY
Salina, Kans.

• How can you be so unfair to Muhammad Ali? Many people say boxing was more interesting when Tunney, Dempsey and Louis held the title. But notice who is saying this—the people who were young then. When Cassius Clay retires from boxing, I suppose I' think boxing dull. But I'll only think it. I won't come right out and say it.

MARY BIZEZINSKI
Hawkins, Wisc.

Africa

In his RED THREAT IN BLACK AFRICA? [Apr. 18] Robert K. Massie has drawn a picture of East Africa as a land on the verge of a Communist takeover. Why must we believe that Africa is heading down the road toward Communism simply because these East African nations "want to establish a socialist state devoted to the greatest number," as Uganda's chief censor, Kiriunda Kivejinja, related to the author? Is this not the goal of the Labour Party in the U.K., the Swedish government, and our neighbors in Canada—to mention a few? Must we label countries "Communist" or "Communist-leaning" simply because they have chosen to build a socialist society?

I am a Republican and a firm believer in free enterprise for the United States. However, anyone who has closely studied the emerging and emerged African nations realizes that the American brand of democracy simply cannot and will not work in young underdeveloped and disunited nations.

RICHARD W. HULL
Ridgewood, N.J.

Space hero

I think that I'm one of those old fashioned, patriotic, lover-of-happy-endings types. I discovered this when my now all-time fictional space hero Steve Lawrence [PILGRIM PROJECT by

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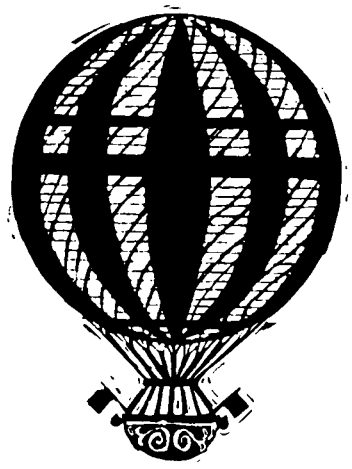

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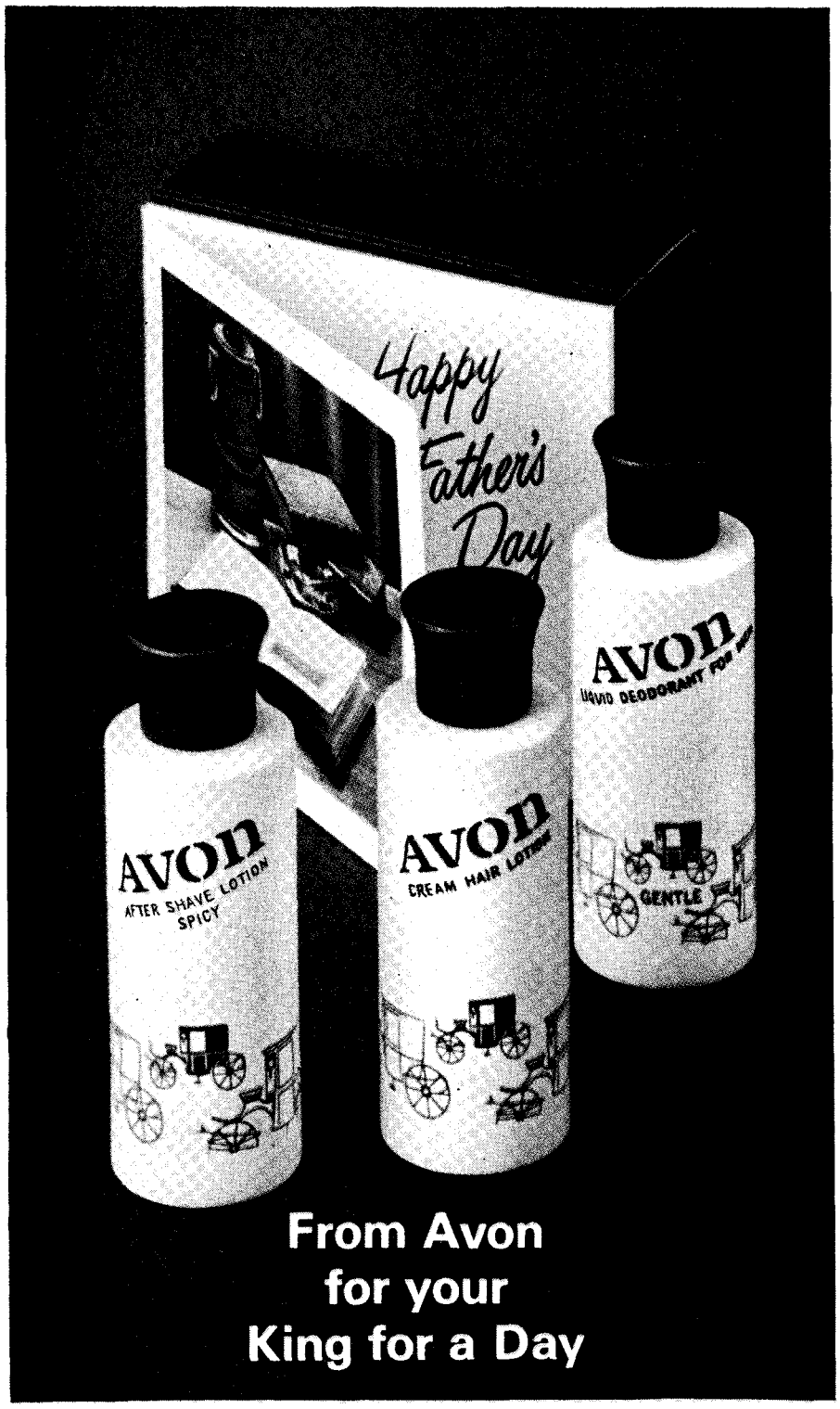

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LETTERS

Hank Searls, Apr. 18] saw the light, so to speak, on the silvery moon. Pretty heady stuff.

RICHARD M. DEAMER
Columbus, Ohio

Chicago school children

Stewart Alsop's THE DOOMED ONES [Apr. 4] contains several distortions which should be corrected. The predominantly white school near the University of Chicago which he refers to has actually been integrated since September, 1956. Because it had space available, it was considered feasible to relieve the overcrowded nearby predominantly Negro school by transferring sixth grade children to the school near the University. This was done in October, 1958, and was thus not an "empty gesture toward integration," since the former school was already integrated. Further, the children were not assigned to a separate annex of the school.

Because the administrative problem of this branch became increasingly difficult, it was the recommendation of the undersigned, who was assigned to his present position in January, 1962, to discontinue this arrangement, which was done in June, 1962. Thus the letters quoted by Mr. Alsop are close to two years old. Incidentally, the "princalbal" quoted in one of the letters was not the principal of their school, but a head teacher temporarily in charge who is no longer serving in an administrative capacity.

CURTIS C. MELNICK
District Superintendent of Schools
Chicago, Ill.

(*Mr. Alsop wrote* THE DOOMED ONES *to suggest, through the letters quoted, the depth and seriousness of the problems of poverty, race and inadequate education in our great cities. These problems have been with us for far more than two years and will be with us for years to come. For the rest, the fact remains that an all-Negro group of children from a predominantly Negro school were transferred to a predominantly white school, kept together, and thus "effectively segregated," as he wrote.—Ed.*)

• The children who wrote the letters Mr. Alsop quoted did not get all of their facts straight. One of these is when they said we beat them up. In nine out of ten cases, it has been the darker children beating *us* up. On a recent afternoon I was walking along, minding my own business, with three friends. We were attacked by a very large group of Negro children, ages ranging from around seven to 15. We are 14. Some had razors, knives and bricks. I was cut on the wrist and ankle and pushed onto the cement and kicked in the ribs. Many adults were indignant and called the police or the mayor or the superintendent of schools.

I was bitter and began to wonder if segregation was so bad after all, but then I realized I was doing what others are doing unfairly: condemning the mass for what a few do. I do not want this letter to be a message of hatred, because the whole idea of segregation is a pitiful mistake.

ROSAMOND DORLAQU
Chicago, Il.

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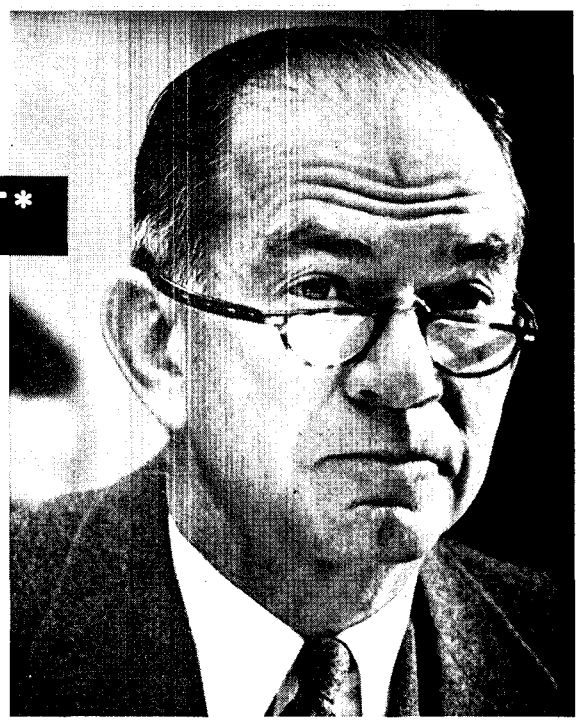
SPEAKING OUT*



Democrat from Arkansas, Senator Fulbright is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He was a Rhodes Scholar and at 34 was president of the University of Arkansas. He served one term in the House before his election to the Senate in 1944.

Let's talk sense about Cuba

By Sen. J. William Fulbright

One of the most distinguished members of the Upper House, Senator Fulbright shook Washington recently with a speech attacking the "myths" that underlie U.S. foreign policy. Here he defends himself against his critics and tells in fuller detail what he thinks should be done about Castro's Cuba.

For a long time it has seemed to me that American attitudes toward the world tend to be rigid and slow to adjust to new situations. Thus, for example, we tend to resist change in policies which were developed to deal with a monolithic Sino-Soviet bloc despite the facts that the Chinese and Soviets are now deeply, perhaps irrevocably, split, and that there is a growing trend to diversity in Eastern Europe. There are people who cry for a blockade or other stern measures against Cuba, making no distinction between the problems posed by a Cuba with Soviet medium-range missiles and by a Cuba with Communist workers riding to the cane fields in new British buses.

It was in an effort to point out some of the areas in which change has outrun policy that I spoke in the Senate on March 25. "We are confronted with a complex and fluid world situation," I said, "and we are not adapting ourselves to it. We are clinging to old myths in the face of new realities." I stated, for instance, that Castro "is not likely to be overthrown by any policies which we are now pursuing or can reasonably undertake." I suggested that our efforts to persuade free-world countries to maintain a boycott on trade with Cuba have been largely unsuccessful and that for this reason the boycott policy has been a failure.

My purpose was, and remains, to stimulate a general discussion, a rethinking, and a reevaluation of our foreign policies in the light of changing circumstances. Such criticisms as were contained in my speech were directed at inflexibility in public and congressional thinking about foreign policy, and not at specific policies of the present and preceding Administrations, except as these policies have been thwarted or unduly influenced by popular prejudices.

There is nothing more difficult, and nothing more important, than the adjustment of our thoughts and of our policies to changing realities. As Eric Hoffer has written: "It is my impression that no one really likes the new. We are afraid of it. . . . Even in slight things the experience of the new is rarely without some stirring or foreboding."

If there was something "new" about my speech of March 25, it was not *what* was said but the fact that it was said, and said publicly. In any case, reactions of fear and foreboding were largely confined to the Congress. The reaction of the press and of over 10,000 private citizens who wrote letters to me in the first three weeks after the speech was very substantially favorable to the views which I expressed. What is more important, the reaction showed a very substantial interest in a public exploration of the issues which I raised. The voluminous public response indicates to me that the American people are eager for a public discussion and may be receptive to changes in policies.

I welcome the opportunity to examine some of the questions raised in the various comments and criticisms of my speech. I have no objection to being held responsible for anything I said. I do object, however, to being held responsible for things I did *not* say. I did *not* say, for example, that American policy is guided *solely* by myths, or that our policies were inappropriate at the time they were framed. I did *not* say that we should ourselves enter into friendly relations with the Castro regime in Cuba or terminate our own economic boycott. I said *only* that our effort to organize a concerted international boycott which eventually will bring down the Communist regime is a failure, which it demonstrably is.

I did say that we should face the probability that the Castro regime will continue to exist. We are, of course, already doing so, and this particular suggestion, therefore, is not the adoption of a new policy so much as the acknowledgment, to ourselves, of an existing fact.

There has been considerable inaccuracy on another point. I did not say that the Castro regime is not a "grave threat" to the hemisphere. I said that it is not a "grave threat" directly to the United States. I did say that it is a "grave threat" to the Latin-American countries, but one which should and can be dealt with through the procedures of the Organization of American States.

One criticism which has been directed at the speech is that I neglected to state more explicitly what I believe our policy toward Cuba should be. On reflection, I think this criticism may be well taken, because Cuba now appears to have greater importance in the public mind than I had thought.

I believe that the United States under present conditions should maintain its own political and economic boycott of the Castro regime. It would be desirable if all the other countries of the free world would join in such a boycott, but experience has amply proved that major industrialized countries of Europe, and Japan as well, are unwilling to do so and that we are incapable of either forcing or persuading them to do so. We look silly when we cut off a pittance of military aid to Great Britain and France because they trade with Cuba, when at the same time we find an excuse to continue substantial aid to Spain despite its trade with Cuba. What makes the case even sillier is that the "aid" we were giving to Britain and France was not aid at all. It was called aid because it came from military-assistance appropriations, but in fact it paid for a sales-promotion campaign to persuade high-ranking British and French officers to buy American military equipment.

There is an important distinction to be made between Cuba and Western Europe on the one hand and Cuba and Latin America on the other. Cuba is not a grave threat to Western Europe, any more than it is a serious threat directly to the United States. But Cuba *is* a grave threat to Latin America. It is logical, therefore, to expect the Latin-American reaction to Cuba to be different from the European reaction, and this has indeed been the case. The Organization of American States has found the Castro regime to be incompatible with the principles of the inter-American system, and Cuba has been excluded from the inter-American organization. Fourteen of the Latin-American states have broken diplomatic relations with Cuba. There has been increasing inter-American cooperation in the exchange of intelligence and in the application of countersubversive measures. Latin-American trade with Cuba, over all, is insignificant.

Nonetheless, Cuban intervention in the affairs of Latin-American states has continued, the most flagrant example being the shipment of arms to Venezuela, a shipment which was fully confirmed and documented by a committee of the O.A.S.

The O.A.S. is the deliberately chosen instrument of the American states to deal with these problems. It has available to it adequate procedures and powers, based on the Rio treaty and the charter of the Organization of American States. I believe the United States should fully meet its obligations under these treaties to participate in multilateral action to protect the hemisphere from Soviet-Cuban aggression and subversion. But this is primarily a Latin-American problem. We cannot protect people who are not interested in protecting themselves.

The real problems of this hemisphere are not going to be solved by boycotting Cuba but by making the Alliance for Progress a success. Our exaggerated preoccupation with Cuba has distorted our judgment of the revolutionary movements in several Latin-American countries. If Castro and his henchmen were to disappear tomorrow, much of Latin America would still be stirred by demands for radical social change.

This change need not be brought about through totalitarian methods and controls. In fact, the example of Castro's Cuba has perhaps done more to turn Latin Americans away from Communism than all our preaching about its evils. Latin Americans have been shocked by

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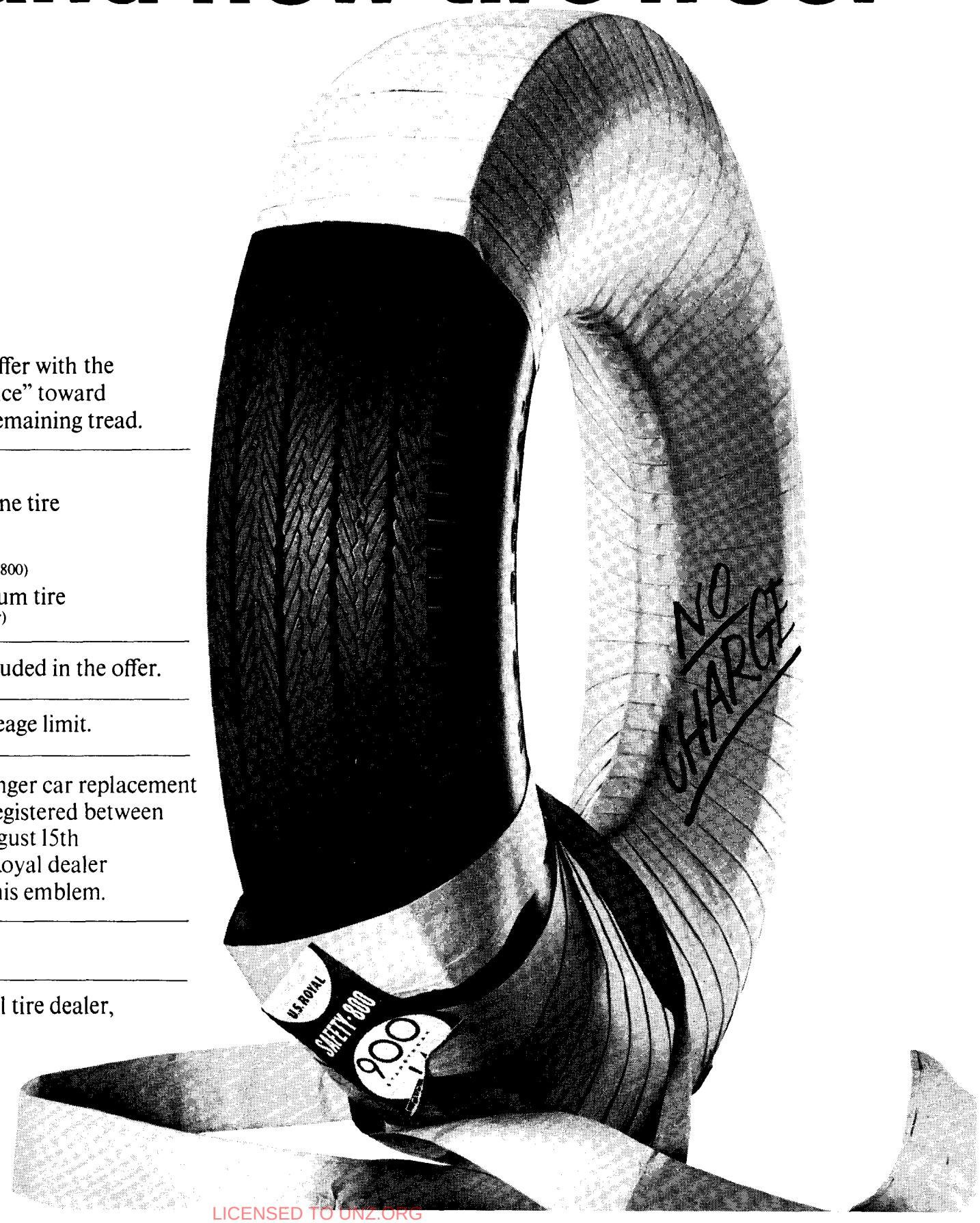

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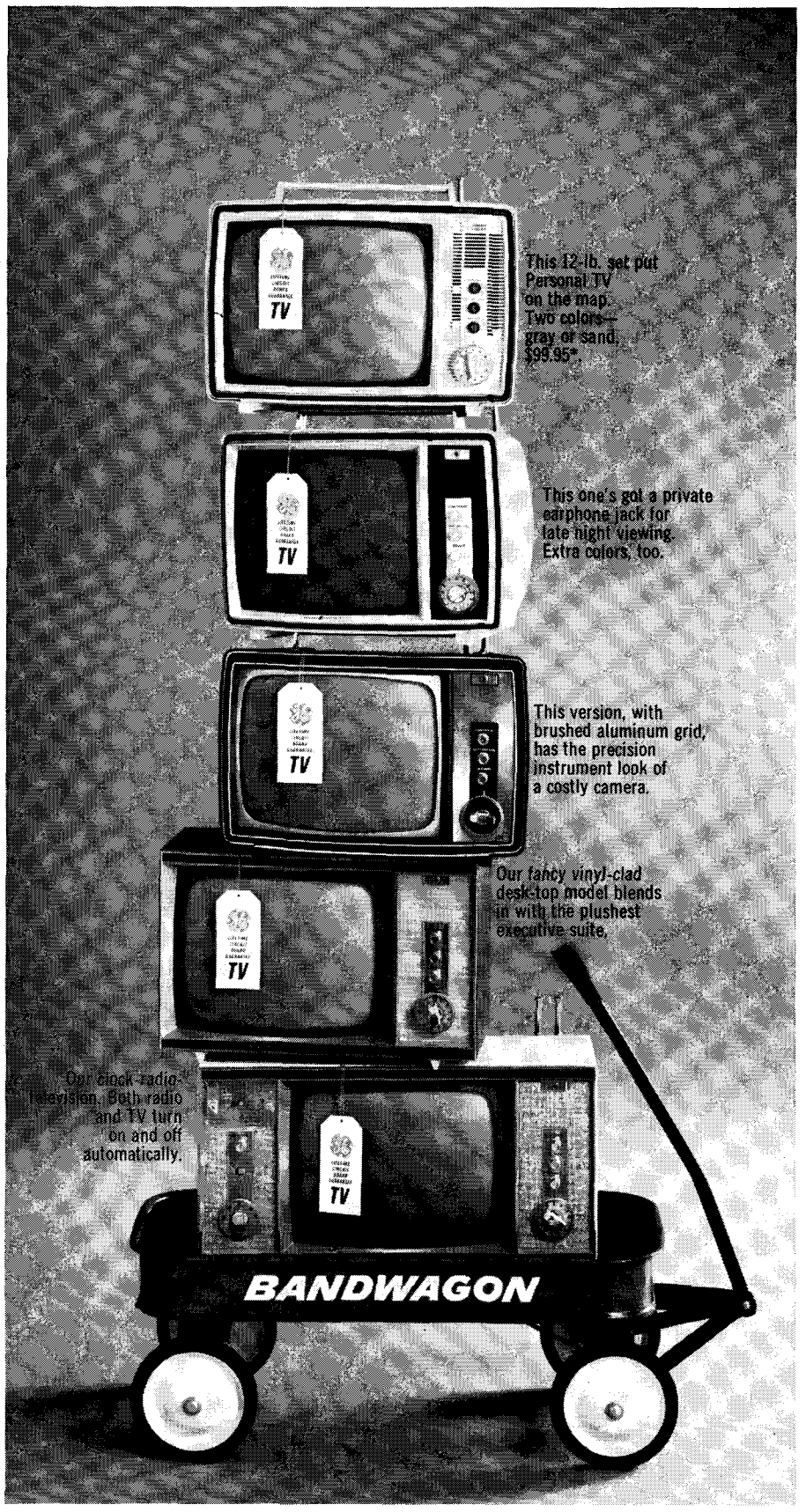
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Castro's brutality as well as by an inefficiency that has made a shambles of the Cuban economy.

Despite the importance of these considerations, it was not my major purpose in my statement of March 25 to stimulate a debate on Cuba but rather to place this issue in a reasonable perspective. The problems of the Caribbean are difficult; but unless they are made the focus of a clash of interests between the great powers, as in the missile confrontation of 1962, they are not in themselves the issues which are likely to precipitate a third world war or to determine the shape of world politics in the decades to come.

The problems which are much more likely to be decisive stem from our relations with the two great powers of the Communist world and our relations with our free-world allies. It was with respect to these problems—the supreme issues of our time—that I sought to provoke discussion, and to suggest that, when placed in perspective, such issues as Cuba have engaged our attention to a degree out of all proportion to their real importance. For example, I spoke of the "myth . . . that every Communist state is an unmitigated evil and a relentless enemy of the free world," and I pointed to "the reality . . . that some Communist regimes pose a threat to the free world while others pose little or none, and that if we will recognize these distinctions, we ourselves will be able to influence events in the Communist bloc in a way favorable to the security of the free world."

One of the criticisms of my speech is that I did not explore the problems of the Western Alliance and particularly the increasing differences of opinion between General de Gaulle and the other members of the western community.

My basic belief is that the best hope for the North Atlantic democracies lies in the development, by gradual stages, of a close political, military and economic partnership. If the western community of nations is to survive and prosper, its prospects for doing so depend heavily on its overcoming its ancient rivalries and animosities and uniting its member nations in a close working partnership.

Impressive progress toward the development of such a partnership was made from the end of World War II until quite recently—through the Marshall Plan, the NATO alliance, the formation of the European Economic Community and of a variety of international financial institutions, and other steps. In the last few years France, under General de Gaulle, has pursued policies which are apparently aimed at quite different objectives, although it is not yet clear what these objectives are. The tendency of current French policy, if I gauge it correctly, is away from partnership with other nations, particularly Great Britain and the United States, and back toward the kind of nationalism that has divided the West against itself in centuries past. In many ways French policy is being skillfully, even brilliantly, executed, and many highly informed observers have come to the conclusion that the Gaullist concept of a European community of sovereign nations, vaguely and loosely bound to each other and separated from Great Britain and the United States, represents the "wave of the future."

Perhaps it does. Efforts to assess the realism and the prospects of General de Gaulle's program, however, are handicapped by the fact that it is extremely difficult to grasp the true meaning of the general's statements. We have been told that the postwar era is at an end and that the Gaullist design is built on that reality; that the Atlantic-partnership idea is only a disguise for American "hegemony" in Europe; that this "hegemony," which equated with Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, is intolerable and must soon end; that France and Europe (the terms seem to be used interchangeably) have a destiny and "personality" of their own which must not be diluted by "Anglo-Saxon" admixtures; and that Europe must aspire to be "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals."

In its present state of definition Gaullism seems more a mystique than a program. It may be that President de Gaulle, in his own good time, will give content to his vision of Europe and of the world. It may be that he will go beyond elegant disquisitions on the pride and personality of nations and proceed to suggest the kind of continuing institutions that will bind together the European nations, firmly or loosely, and the kind of political and economic relations he feels Europe should have with the United States and the British Commonwealth.

It may be, as the general has suggested, that the NATO alliance has served its purpose and is obsolete. I do not think so, nor do I think that NATO is a disguise for American "hegemony" in Europe. In any case, whether or not NATO survives in its present form, it is essential that provision be made for close and continuing cooperation among the nations of the West, lest they revert to the uncontrolled nationalism that all but destroyed Europe in two World Wars. There are two constructive proposals for long-range cooperation that can be implemented with little delay: the seaborne multilateral force and the proposed consultative Atlantic Assembly. If these are unacceptable to France, perhaps General de Gaulle will propose a better approach.

It is inconceivable that France should be anything less than a leading participant in an Atlantic community. France's partners are in need of her wisdom and her vision—the same wisdom which enabled President de Gaulle to end the Algerian war and to make France the guarantor of order and economic growth in large areas of Africa and, indeed, in proportion to her resources, the leading nation of the free world in extending economic aid to underdeveloped countries. Many Frenchmen have feared that France cannot be herself as a participant in a larger community. They would do well to consider that the free world, of which France is an integral part, can have little chance of realizing the full measure of its hopes and opportunities without the participation of France.

The foregoing are some, although certainly not all, of the questions raised by the criticisms of my speech of March 25. I hope that these exchanges are only the beginning of a national rethinking of foreign policy and of a new receptiveness on the part of our people and their policy makers to new ideas and fresh approaches. In a free debate in which no proposal is barred because of its unfamiliarity or its incompatibility with prevailing prejudices, there is certain to be a good deal of error as well as insight. But this need not trouble us. As Thomas Jefferson said, "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

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The McNamara equation

Robert S. McNamara

WASHINGTON: The story of President Johnson's instructions to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, before McNamara's most recent trip to Vietnam, and of how those instructions were carried out, has a peculiar relevance to the current political scene.

Just before they left for Saigon, McNamara and Gen. Maxwell Taylor went to the White House for a final talk with the President and his Far Eastern advisers. The President's parting instructions were about as follows:

"You fellows tell me this General Khanh is our best hope out there. Now, Bob, I want to see about a thousand pictures of you with General Khanh, smiling and waving your arms and showing the people out there that this country is behind Khanh the whole way."

A few days later the President picked up his newspaper to see a picture—the first of many—of a shirt-sleeved, arm-waving, and exuberant McNamara, looking for all the world like a politician on the hustings, and standing shoulder to shoulder with Gen. Nguyen Khanh before a vast and cheering Vietnamese throng.

"He's certainly doing what I told him," the President remarked to an aide, and he added with a grin, "and he looks as though he might get to like it."

This small episode is interesting for a simple reason. The man President Johnson chooses as his running mate will almost certainly have a better chance of being the next President of the United States than the Republican presidential candidate. All of a sudden Washington is taking entirely seriously the possibility that President Johnson may ask Robert Strange McNamara to be the vice-presidential candidate on his ticket.

Washington at first hesitated to take that possibility seriously partly because politics—the crowd-pleasing, flesh-pressing, cliché-uttering politics of an election year—is wholly foreign to McNamara's experience. Before this Vietnam trip, politics also seemed foreign to his nature. McNamara is a man of considerable private charm, but he was thought to have about as much public charisma as an adding machine.

The way McNamara followed the President's instructions in Vietnam proved again what McNamara has proved before—that he is a man with a remarkable knack for doing what he sets out to do, and doing it well. "You know," one awed denizen of the White House has said, "if Bob McNamara ever took up ballet dancing, I think he'd be another Nijinsky before he was through." The Vietnam episode at least suggests that, if McNamara ever took up politics, he might well become a highly effective politician before he was through.

Aside from his political inexperience, there were other reasons why Washington at first found talk of McNamara as a vice-presidential candidate a bit fanciful. McNamara is, or was, a Republican, and it seemed hard to imagine President Johnson, a Democrat to his bone marrow, making a Republican next in line for the presidency.

It is true that McNamara registered as a Republican in California when he was 23, and that in Michigan he contributed to various Republican candidates. But McNamara was a very peculiar sort of Republican all the same.

In 1940, the Harvard Business School held a straw vote, and the result was 98 for Wendell Willkie and 2 for Franklin Roosevelt. McNamara was one of the two. In his Detroit phase, McNamara contributed to the Civil Liberties Union and the N.A.A.C.P. as well as to the Republican Party, and in 1960 he voted for John F. Kennedy. As for his views on domestic policy, they are hardly the pure milk of Republican doctrine.

"It's a myth," McNamara said recently to this reporter, "that education, or welfare, or health or other civilian needs have to be cut back to meet our defense requirements. This is a rich and powerful country, and we can do whatever needs to be done to educate our people and fight poverty and at the same time we can spend what needs to be spent to assure an adequate national defense." This sounds rather closer to John Maynard Keynes than to Robert Alphonso Taft.

There are other reasons why President Johnson might tap McNamara for the vice-presidential nomination. Being a master politician, Johnson clearly intends to run as a nonpolitician—as "President of all the people," in one of the President's beloved phrases. The choice of ex-Republican McNamara, purely on the basis of ability, would reinforce the above-politics flavor of the Johnson candidacy.

McNamara might also provide Johnson with a way of dealing with "the Bobby problem." If Attorney General Robert Kennedy wants the vice-presidential nomination, and the President does not give it to him, Johnson risks alienating the passionate Kennedy admirers, especially if he turns to Sen. Hubert Humphrey, the late President's 1960 rival. But the choice of the nonpolitical McNamara, who was appointed by President Kennedy and much admired by him, could hardly be interpreted as an anti-Kennedy gesture. Even McNamara's impeccably Irish name would help.

Johnson's final reason for choosing McNamara is the fact that he does genuinely admire him. But McNamara is also a factor in the McNamara equation. McNamara is quite smart enough to know that the presidency is a supremely political job, and he has told friends that he has serious doubts about his own qualifications for a post which might lead to the White House. Moreover, it is hard to imagine McNamara, an activist in his every instinct, in the constitutionally impotent vice-presidency.

There is also the simple human fact that McNamara and Robert Kennedy are close personal friends and McNamara would certainly resist being used just to block Kennedy. And yet it is hard to imagine him turning down the nomination, if it were offered by Johnson. No one has ever accused Robert McNamara of lack of ambition. Moreover, to refuse any President is difficult, if he appeals to duty and love of country, and to refuse this particular President is like resisting a force of nature.

Stewart Alsop

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis

A FEW DEVOTED AMATEURS HAVE MADE AN ABSENT CANDIDATE THE MAN TO BEAT

LODGE FACES HIS BIG TEST IN OREGON

By JOHN SKOW

At demonstration near Saigon, flower-bedecked Lodge points out aerial display to new South Vietnam premier Gen. Nguyen Khanh.

Republicans are not supposed to behave this way, but in the present election year they are fighting among themselves like—there is no dignified word for it—Democrats. An astonishing amount of blood and bile is being shed for the privilege of contesting an election which the G.O.P. is not supposed to have much chance of winning. But the man whom most Republicans would like to see make the race against Lyndon Johnson—most, that is, if you believe the polls and not the pols—has shed no blood at all, and his backers have not even shed much mimeograph ink.

When Oregon Republicans go to the polls this Friday, the name of every likely G.O.P. candidate, declared or not, will be on the ballot, but to his supporters it seems certain that between 40 and 50 percent will vote for Henry Cabot Lodge, the U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam. Lodge has not been in the country since November, says he is not a candidate, and has kept meticulously clear of any public discussion of politics. When asked whether he will return to the U.S. to fight for the nomination, he says that his job in Saigon is too important to leave. He has kept on saying this since his startling write-in victory in the New Hampshire primary March 10 (Lodge 35.7 percent, Sen. Barry Goldwater 22.4, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller 21.1, noncandidate Richard Nixon 16.9). This is not only a resplendent ethical position, it is dandy politics. Goldwater and Rockefeller, exasperated at trying to cope with an opponent who is in at least some mild danger of being sniped at by the Vietcong, angrily demand that Lodge come back and fight like a man.

But Lodge has consistently resisted the suggestion, and not only for tactical reasons. Despite his Republicanism, and despite the fact that Vietnam could become a major campaign issue, it was Lodge who asked President Kennedy for an overseas assignment, and he has been deeply involved in the U.S. struggle to hold Vietnam—a struggle that has recently been going none too well. Yet there is no question that, if he wants the nomination, he must come back and fight for it. It is not likely that he will have to fight Rockefeller, and perhaps not Goldwater either, since these two avowed candidates appear to have done an excellent job of benumbing each other. But he must find some way of dealing with the deep coolness of the Republican professionals, some of whom do not like him

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Importer Paul Grindle, Draft Lodge group's national campaign director, planned the organization's direct-mail strategy.

"OREGON IS IN THE BAG," SAYS A HAPPY LODGE BACKER

Test in Oregon

at all and simply discount his enormous popular success in the polls and the New Hampshire primary.

There are hard questions to be asked about the Lodge phenomenon, but one question is easy: Does the ambassador want the nomination? Yes, he does. Although he has kept a decorous distance from the Draft Lodge effort, he could have called off his backers at any time with an "if elected, I will not serve" statement, or merely by removing his name from the Oregon ballot. "He's a career public servant," says one of the shrewd Draft Lodge amateurs. "It never entered my head that he wasn't a candidate." But Lodge has so far been skeptical about his own chances. Even the New Hampshire stunner was not enough to bring him back to the States on what might have been a wild delegate chase.

A solid win in Oregon, however, should bring Lodge home in a hurry, and his backers are jubilantly confident of victory. Many primary-watchers think that, if Lodge can repeat his handsome showing in New Hampshire, he will inherit much of the support that formerly rallied behind Rockefeller. He will then, the argument goes, become the candidate of the Republican Party's rich, eastern, liberal wing.

The Oregon primary will, therefore, go a long way toward answering some of the other hard questions about the Lodge phenomenon. For instance, how far can the Lodge boom go? Is it, in fact, really a Lodge boom at all, or is it merely a Goldwater and Rockefeller bust? Can Lodge, the flesh-and-blood politician, do as dazzlingly well as Lodge, the jaunty and aloof jeep-rider of Saigon? How strongly disaffected are the pros, and can anything change their minds? There are other questions, but they amount to this: Does Lodge really have a chance?

If he has—and more and more observers are deciding with some surprise that he does have—it is largely due to the efforts of perhaps the oddest set of political conspirators ever to send out for coffee. The national Draft Lodge organization is an amiable anarchy whose head is whomever you happen to be talking to at the moment. No one admits to having a superior officer, or to being one, and authority occasionally overlaps.

In no particular order, the kingmakers are: Paul Grindle, 43, a Cambridge, Mass., importer of scientific instruments, who plans the group's deadly effective direct-mail strategy, writes doorbell-pushers' manuals and acts as roving evangelist; David Goldberg, 34, a Boston lawyer who ran the campaign headquarters in Concord, N.H., and is now running the one in Portland, Oreg.; George Kidder, 39, another Boston lawyer, treasurer; Robert R. Mullen, 55, owner of a Washington, D.C., public-relations firm, who organizes Lodge groups at the state level; and Irving Salomon, 66, a wealthy ex-businessman and onetime U.N. delegate, who fund-raises. Maxwell Rabb, a New York lawyer who was cabinet secretary under Eisenhower, recently came into the group with the title of national chairman. Titles are passed out casually by the Lodge outfit, and are not necessarily descriptive. George Lodge, 36, the ambassador's elder son, who ran unsuccessfully against Teddy Kennedy for the Senate in 1962, must be considered at least an honorary member of the presidium, although because of his father's delicate position as noncandidate, he is for the moment only an adviser.

A gusty enthusiasm runs through the group, and its main ingredient is not so much crusaders' fervor—although the members believe in their man—as it is a reaction to the agreeable taste of success. The Draft Lodgers, just now, are delighted with themselves. No problem seems really awesome. Money, for instance, is always in short supply in a political campaign, and particularly so when a candidate does not admit that he is one and is out of the country to boot. Big contributors like to "press the flesh," as the political phrase goes, and look the contributee meaningfully in the eye as they pay up. Most members of the Lodge group have a comfortable amount of money, and they have contributed a few thousand dollars each as "seed money." But the seeds have not yet sprouted.

"Inconvenient as hell"

A reporter said recently that surely the New Hampshire victory had brought a flood of contributions. "Yeah," said Grindle. "One ten-dollar check, two five-dollar bills and two ones." Grinning, he added, "It's inconvenient as hell," sounding just as happy as he had a moment before, discussing the Portland *Oregonian*'s recent support of Lodge ("our first endorsement").

Grindle does not run the Lodge movement, but he comes as near to running it as anyone does, and without much question it is he who gives the group its exuberance. In the office of his prosperous importing firm, which he started a few years ago on a stake of $185, he dresses in flannels and open Harvard-boy shirt and sweater, looking less like a big-shot businessman than an assistant psychology professor about to mow the lawn.

Grindle's higher education consisted of an inconclusive year each of Harvard and the Army, three years as a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune* (Lodge is also a Harvard, Army and *Herald Tribune* alumnus), and several years of show-business ventures—his wife is a former Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey bareback rider.

Two years ago Grindle walked in off the street to help stuff envelopes in George Lodge's campaign headquarters. He did not know George or his father, but within two months he was running the place. His second in command was Dave Goldberg, a quiet, likable lawyer with enough money to be able to afford the luxury of working full time without pay in a political campaign.

The campaign against Teddy Kennedy was not a complete success, since Teddy won. One reason was that there was not enough money to do things that had to be done. But Grindle and Goldberg showed a great flair for the generalship of politics. They divided Massachusetts, for instance, into four circulation areas for press and TV coverage, and made sure that Lodge showed up in each of the areas every day. They scoured voting records to find which communities were safely Republican, and which were "swing areas"—towns which had voted, say, for Republican Senator Leverett Saltonstall but not for Republican Richard Nixon in 1960. The swing areas got extra attention. And, perhaps most important, they adapted to politics the direct-mail techniques that Grindle had been using in his importing business.

In view of the Kennedy popularity, George Lodge's defeat was predictable, and it discouraged no one (least of all the younger Lodge, who is presently a lecturer at the Harvard Business School, a labor mediator, a member of a governmental commission investigating problems in Central America, and a sure bet to return to politics on his own behalf). The nucleus of the '62 campaign held together, and George Lodge, Grindle and Goldberg met regularly—sometimes with Cabot Lodge sitting in—to decide what to do next. "There was some talk of running me for governor, or some such nonsense," recalled George, with the slight embarrassment of a man who knows he would be good at the job. There was also vague talk, which Cabot Lodge laughed at, of the elder Lodge's chances for the presidential nomination. The talk continued after Cabot Lodge went to Vietnam in August, 1963. "We sat around in my office," Grindle said recently, "eating sandwich lunches and waiting for lightning to strike."

It struck, of course, with the assassination of President Kennedy. By chance, Ambassador Lodge was in San Francisco on November 22, heading for a conference with the President. By no chance, he had scheduled a meeting with Irving Salomon, an energetic political hobbyist who had worked under him briefly when he was chief delegate to the U.N. Salomon, whose ranch near San Diego surrounds the Mt. Palomar Observatory, amuses himself by knowing a great deal about foreign affairs, and by taking on all comers in a bi-weekly question-and-

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answer show over a San Diego TV station. Back in July he had met Lodge at the San Diego airport with a CABOT LODGE FOR PRESIDENT sign taped to his car (Lodge had told him to stop being silly, and had climbed into the car only fter Salomon had unpeeled the sign).

Now Salomon was ready to tell Lodge the results of a private and very selective poll he had taken. Of some 200 influential Republican businessmen from all parts of the country except the South (where Goldwater commands what Republican strength there is), only four men, Salomon said, did not like the idea of Lodge running for President.

News of the assassination broke off the meeting with Salomon. "I had told him what my poll showed and said that I had to have an answer of some kind," Salomon recalls. But Lodge flew back to Saigon without saying a word. Lodge's silence was not a very satisfactory answer, but it was clear that the situation had changed; Goldwater's southern strength was not going to be worth much against a southern incumbent. And Rockefeller had divorced himself from any possibility of being President.

The Lodge people decided to go ahead. Kidder, who had served in George Lodge's campaign, went back to work for Cabot, and Salomon brought in Bob Mullen, a relaxed, amiable public-relations man who had helped organize the Citizens for Eisenhower groups in 1952. Early in January they opened a campaign headquarters in Boston.

A few hours later they shut it again at the urgent request of an embarrassed Massachusetts secretary of state. It appeared that there was a state law against campaigning without the permission of he candidate. Grindle says now that the Lodge schemers knew this all along, and that they opened the Boston shop merely because its closing would stir up home-state publicity. It is this sort of acuteness that drives the professionals to despair.

At any rate they opened another headquarters a week later in Concord, N.H., and this one stuck. Goldberg ran the place with the help of two girl volunteers—Sally Saltonstall, niece of the senator and her college roommate Caroline Williams. The girls were important. They gave the Lodge effort a quality of ardent amateurism which Grindle, who is fond of sounding like an adman, says is "very projectible."

A solid hint of success

While the girls projected, Goldberg was rounding up 14 citizens willing to make what must have seemed the futile gesture of standing for election as Lodge delegates. One man, a Rumford industrialist named J. Richard Jackman, who had favored Goldwater until he heard him speak, wandered into the Concord headquarters and was made state chairman. Grindle, meanwhile, was working on a variant of a mailing technique he had developed for George Lodge. A not very up-to-date list of about 95,000 New Hampshire Republicans was found, and a pledge card was sent to each name. "We're asking them to do an incredibly sophisticated thing," Goldberg said at the time. "We want them to promise ormally to vote for a candidate, then remember his name and write it down correctly on the ballot. No one else thinks voters are that smart." When the pledge cards began to drift back—eventually an unbelievable 10,000 of them were returned, the first solid hint that something unusual was happening in New Hampshire—the names were sent to area captains. The captains were required to attest that they had confirmed the pledges in person and had promised transportation to the polls. A week before primary day a second mailing was sent out, sternly reminding the pledged voters that they were under contract.

For less than $25,000—Rockefeller must have spent more on toothpaste—the Lodge underground won an amazingly easy victory. There was only one bad moment. Barry Goldwater, touchy about the way things were going, had complained about Lodge's noncampaign. "We were terrified that Rockefeller would defend Cabot," Mullen said later. But Rockefeller was just as irritable as Goldwater, and he lashed out handsomely at Lodge. One touch wrapped it up. Grindle, prowling through a film library in New York, came up with a two-minute clip of Dwight Eisenhower telling the voters in 1960 what a fine fellow Lodge was. Patched to a still-photo "scrapbook" of Lodge's career, and spot-broadcast over $2,000 worth of TV time, it was a brilliant piece of honest roguery. "What was great about it," Grindle explains, "is that the editing was terrible, which made us look broke, which we were. Of course, we had to cut the film when Ike began praising Nixon. . . ."

The wily amateur campaigning paid off handsomely, and on March 11, the day after the primary, Goldwater and Rockefeller flashed ghastly smiles, expressing complete satisfaction with the New Hampshire results. They then slogged off west to see what could be salvaged in the primaries of Oregon (May 15), where everyone was on the ballot, and California (June 2), where only Goldwater and Rockefeller are entered. It soon became clear that Lodge was going to be as hard to fight on the West Coast as he had been in New Hampshire, largely because he had no intention of coming back.

In Oregon, Mullen was already receiving an encouraging welcome from Portland businessmen—notably Ralph Cake, an influential banker and former G.O.P. national committeeman—and even a measure of cautious cordiality from the professional politicians. Neither Rockefeller nor Goldwater appeared to be doing much better than in New Hampshire, but, said one businessman, "When my picture appeared in the paper with Bob Mullen, the phone practically fell off my desk. Lodge bloomed like a flower."

Goldberg headed out with the same two girls to open a headquarters, which they decorated with enlarged photographs of the candidate at dramatic stages of his career—in Saigon, at the U.N., accepting the 1960 vice-presidential nomination, with Dwight Eisenhower, in World War II uniform atop an armored car. By early April the Lodge workers had started mailing out nearly 400,000 brochures similar to those used in New Hampshire and destined, hopefully, for "every registered Republican" in Oregon. They had also found an energetic state chairman, a wealthy cherry grower named George (Bun) Stadelman who has good political connections and a useful renown as a former University of Oregon All-America football player. Perhaps even more important, the organizational chart was beginning to show one or two county chairmen. A Lou Harris poll of Oregon voters was more encouraging still. It showed Lodge looking elegant with 46 percent of the vote, and the rest of the pack scraping pie off their faces: Nixon 17 percent,

Publicist Robert Mullen holds candidate's picture in Washington headquarters.

Retired businessman Irving Salomon pins Lodge buttons on friends in Chicago.

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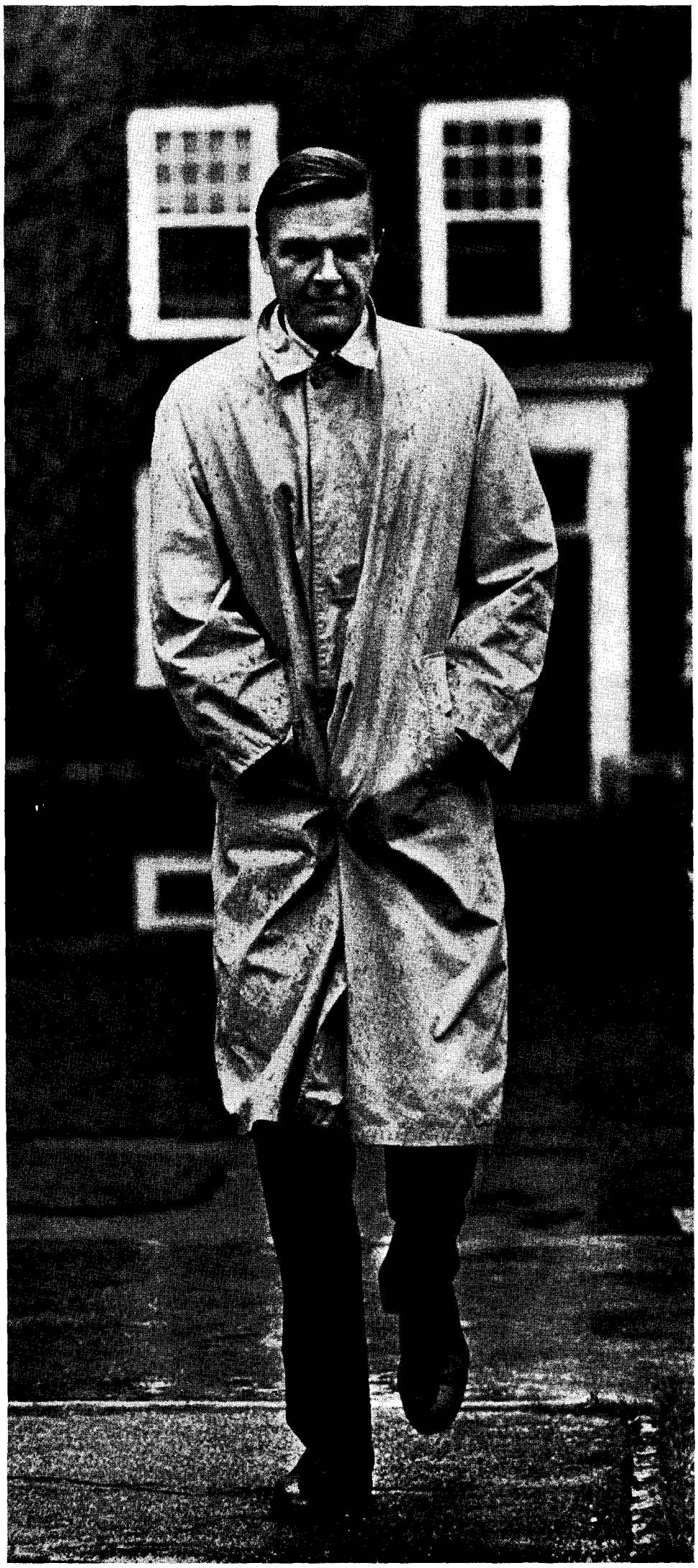
"WHAT LODGE NEEDS IS AN EVENT," SAYS A PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN.



George Lodge, son of the ambassador, walks on rain-spattered Boston street.

Test in Oregon

Goldwater 14, Rockefeller 13, Scranton 4, Margaret Chase Smith 1.

Goldwater, who had threatened to campaign from Tahiti, since Lodge had done so well from Vietnam, pointedly kept out of the state and hoped that hearts would grow fonder—perhaps while their owners contemplated his likeness on billboards bearing the legend YOU KNOW WHERE HE STANDS. Rockefeller, however, made a promising swing through Oregon in mid-April, cheering his supporters considerably. Gov. Mark Hatfield smiled at everyone impartially from his position on the fence—a sign, if anybody needed one, that the race was not over.

But the Draft Lodgers were so confident that they were allowing themselves the luxury of worrying about overconfidence. "We want them (the voters) to know we're damn scared," Grindle said.

Back in Cambridge, George Lodge is playing one of the strangest roles a politician ever played. At 36, he looks astonishingly like his father (at six feet, four-and-a-half inches, he is slightly taller). The two men think differently (says George: "he's an activist; he likes to jump in and solve problems. I'm a brooder"), but their political views are reasonably close. Part of George's job has been routine—denying patiently that his father, or he himself, is running the campaign, and dredging up fresh anecdotes about his father for profile writers.

But once every week or so, George meets Paul Grindle. "I ask him to react as his father would—snap out reactions," Grindle explained recently. Not long ago, after Rockefeller had complained that Lodge was "campaigning from the privileged sanctuary of diplomatic immunity," a session went like this:

GRINDLE: "Rockefeller's vulnerable, but my instinct is that we don't attack."

GEORGE: "Mine too."

GRINDLE: "All right. Now Goldwater is saying the same thing, that Cabot has a duty to come back and make his position known. We say he has a duty to stay exactly where he is."

GEORGE: "Yes, fine. But still, let's not attack."

As the Lodge effort began to be taken more seriously, Grindle, Mullen and Goldberg were too busy answering attacks to make any. It was widely—and accurately—said that the pros' objections to Lodge were that he is an arrogant Boston Brahmin and a lazy campaigner. Goldwater began saying that Cabot Lodge ran "a banker's campaign in 1962. If he had worked harder, Dick Nixon might be in the White House today. The typical Lodge campaign day consisted of a press conference, a long afternoon nap, and an evening speech."

The Lodge camp's position on the great nap issue is roughly that (1) it isn't true, and (2) lying down for 20 minutes in the middle of an 18-hour campaign day is an intelligent thing to do—otherwise you become too groggy to make sense. The truth seems to be that Cabot Lodge is, indeed, an effective campaigner, particularly on television. But he is not a very good No. 2 man. He felt his '60 campaign was senselessly overscheduled by the G.O.P. party men, and that Nixon provided little useful leadership. (By the middle of the 1960 campaign, an aide who traveled with Lodge reports, communications had broken down so thoroughly between the two men that Cabot Lodge was no longer able to reach Nixon on the phone.)

Nixon is the only threat to Lodge, as the Draft Lodgers see it. A few weeks ago noncandidate Nixon was desperate enough—if they read his motives correctly—to fly to Saigon and get himself photographed with Lodge ("a fantastic talent for muscling in," one Lodge man said in disgust). But late in April things looked somewhat better for Nixon; Wendell Wyatt, former Oregon G.O.P. state chairman, announced the opening of a formal, although unauthorized, Nixon campaign.

"Oregon is in the bag," Mullen said cheerfully after the Nixon news. And probably it is—but a good second-place showing by Nixon might head off a hoped-for Lodge stampede at the convention. California? Polls there show that Lodge would win if his name were on the ballot. Write-ins are not permitted in California. "It doesn't matter," Salomon said. "If Rockefeller loses, we get his votes. No deal; there just isn't any place else for them to go. If Goldwater wins, it's expected, and he gains nothing."

Omens continued to appear, most of them favorable. Goldwater got only 65 percent of the votes in Illinois—widely considered Goldwater country—with only Margaret Chase Smith as opposition. And Lodge got 52,000 write-in votes no one had asked for. In New Jersey, the all-write-in primary—not binding on delegates—went easily to Lodge.

Needed now: an Event

And there was some evidence, the Lodge men thought, that popular support was turning into delegate support. Late in April Mullen phoned in jubilantly from Des Moines; the state convention, which had been expected to back Goldwater solidly, gave him only five delegates, with the other 19 uncommitted "but leaning to Lodge," by Mullen's calculation. "The Rockefeller people came to us," he said in some awe. "There's a rash of state conventions at the end of May, and it's all going to fall into place."

Will it? There is certain to be a letdown of some degree when the distant, idealized Lodge leaves Saigon and appears as a living, speech-making candidate. And the professional politicians do not think the delegate support will materialize.

"What Lodge needs is an Event," said one doubtful professional. "I mean something dramatic like Nixon's kitchen debate with Khrushchev. That raised Nixon's polls ten points. But primaries alone won't do it."

If the event materializes—Eisenhower meeting Lodge at the plane would fit the definition—and Lodge wins the nomination, there is still Lyndon Johnson to worry about. But if Lodge's popularity continues to grow at the present rate, it is likely that Johnson will put more feeling than usual into the formula response, "It is with deep regret that I accept your resignation. . . . THE END

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On the job in South Vietnam, Cabot Lodge shakes pilot's hand after helicopter flight over the only country where The United States is fighting a hot war.

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THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES WERE FAR BEHIND HER, BUT SHE HOPED TO BECOME A QUEEN UNTIL

This Prince led Cinderella to death

By CHARLES McCARRY

In the ruined old body of Marjorie Winifred Bird there still lived a beautiful young girl who believed in fairy tales. Dreams had come true in her youth, when one of the richest men in America laid his fortune at her feet and took her hand in marriage. After her husband died, Winifred Bird slept in the jewels that he had given her and dreamed again—this time of the prince who would marry her, establish a monarchy in the United States, and make her "Queen of America."

Winifred Bird's bizarre dream ended tragically, for when her "prince" cam at last he was no Prince Charming, bu a gross, effeminate Romanian who let her die at the hands of a greedy Swiss doctor—and then robbed her corpse. Her lonely death in the littered bedroom of a Swiss luxury hotel ended a tortured decade in which this immensely rich American widow—described by her former nurse as "a pathetic person with the mind of a little girl"—was dominated, drugged and used by a pair of adventurers who catered to her wistful hope of becoming a member of European aristocracy.

The life of Winifred Bird had once made her fantasies seem like the working of destiny. Born in Pevely, Mo., in 1897, the daughter of a poor railroad worker, she became a Ziegfeld Follies dancer in New York, where her blond beauty caught the eye of Wallis C. Bird, heir to a huge oil fortune. Like a modern Cinderella, she married Bird and moved to a glittering 50-room mansion on Long Island's North Shore. But her husband, who had a passion for speed and kept 17 sports cars in a 27-car garage, was killed when his private plane crashed in 1941. Grief-stricken, Mrs. Bird had the wreckage crated and placed in the mansion basement. Her husband had left her an annual income of $300,000 and a maharani's fortune in jewels.

After the Second World War ended, Winifred Bird came to Europe to forget her grief. It wasn't long before a self-styled Romanian "Prince" named Nicolas Sturdza caught scent of her wealth. He attached himself to the rich American and even at his Swiss trial for theft an fraud he declared, with a patrician gestur

Nicolas Sturdza, who claims descent from the kings of Moldavia, sports his "princely" crown in his Paris apartment.

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Dr. Savoy heads for jail after being convicted by a Swiss court for killing Mrs. Bird.

A glittering Mrs. Bird, in dark glasses, enjoys the glamour of a Paris fashion show.

of his thick hand: "There was between us a profound sentiment."

"In reality," said Presiding Judge Bertrand de Haller of the Swiss court, "Mrs. Bird was wholly confused and you profited shamelessly from the situation."

It has been said that financial profit to the Swiss is like love to the French, and a reporter leaving the courtroom commented with a shrug, "In France they have crimes of passion; here we have only crimes of pretense." Winifred Bird, who wanted to be a princess, spent her last sad years in a snare of pretense. With Sturdza in tow, she moved between the great hotels of Europe in a squall of banknotes and a haze of barbiturates. Her mountain of baggage contained a quarter of a million dollars' worth of jewelry and enough sleeping pills to assure oblivion for all the crowned heads of Europe. She smoked 80 cigarettes a day and drank thirstily. She kept exotic tropical birds and fish but they died for lack of food. After her death, hotel servants were ready to tell interested journalists how Mrs. Bird drank hot chocolate containing 12 beaten eggs at midnight, or how she lived on a diet of spaghetti and fruit, or how she sent back an entire dinner because the green beans were an inch too short.

According to Sturdza's testimony, he and Mrs. Bird met in 1950 at a cocktail party in Paris. At that time Sturdza was a salesman of women's hats—reduced circumstances indeed for a man who claimed the title of prince and descent from the kings of Moldavia, a remote region of the old Romania that is now part of the Soviet Union. But Sturdza (later denounced in court by the real prince as an impostor) retained a nobleman's talent for gesture. When, related Sturdza at his trial, Mrs. Bird offered him "one million Swiss francs [$230,000] and $2,000 a month" in return for a promise of marriage, he rebuffed her with a lordly phrase: "Madame, I am not for sale."

In the end, the puffy, balding Romanian relented. Mrs. Bird hired him as her "secretary" at $1,000 a month, plus expenses, to tour Europe's luxury circuit. She had his initials and crest engraved on her belongings, and they began their long search for the elusive European aristocracy. "I introduced her to the ex-queen of Yugoslavia and the ex-queen of Italy," Sturdza told the court. "She loved me." For a time Sturdza used Mrs. Bird's capital to operate a women's clothing store called the "Boutique Nickie" on Paris's fashionable Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré. This shop didn't work out, and he went back to being Mrs. Bird's "secretary."

Their relationship was stormy, and at one point Mrs. Bird considered marrying an acquaintance from Monaco. Sturdza vetoed the project. "Monaco," he said, "is too small." The pace of their life began to tell on Mrs. Bird. In 1958, while they were staying at the Hôtel Beau Rivage, an elaborate Victorian establishment in Lausanne on the banks of Lake Geneva, she suffered a breakdown.

Sturdza promptly called in Dr. Gérard Savoy, a rheumatic physician with a trace of a beard, and eyes that shone like big silver coins behind his spectacles. At that time Savoy's license to practice had been suspended for two years by the Health Council of the Canton of Vaud, which charged that he had conspired with a nurse to swindle a rich patient in Lausanne. Despite his record, Savoy joined the entourage as Mrs. Bird's personal physician at a salary of $1,500 a month. This enabled Savoy to provide his alleged mistress, Mlle. Yvette Luginbuhl of Lausanne, with expensive gifts.

Finally disintegration

After wandering around Europe for a year, Sturdza returned with Mrs. Bird to the Hotel Crillon in Paris, where the former Ziegfeld girl entered the final stages of disintegration. She suffered from an exhausting insomnia, for which Savoy sent huge shipments of barbiturates from Lausanne to Paris, where Mrs. Bird, according to an attending nurse, would sometimes scatter the capsules over the floor and then crawl about on all fours tossing them into her mouth like candy.

By the spring of 1961 she was taking as many as 30 pills a day. In her testimony, her French nurse, Mademoiselle Guillou, said, "She fell in her room; she had no coordination. She could not make a decision for herself."

Sturdza decided to take her back to Lausanne—and to Doctor Savoy—in May 1961. But in the lobby of the Hotel Crillon Mrs. Bird resisted hysterically. "She cried out in front of everyone," Nurse Guillou testified, "that she was being forced to leave and that she would die if she went." Sturdza merely smiled apologetically as he bundled Mrs. Bird through the gilt entrance of the Crillon for the last time.

At the Hôtel Beau Rivage, Doctor Savoy was waiting. Despite her protests that she did not want to see him, he examined Mrs. Bird, and decided to continue her massive dosage of barbiturates. When she refused to sign checks, Sturdza forged some to meet current expenses. Then in June, Savoy reportedly cut off her supply of barbiturates. She had taken 7,750 pills in the preceding nine months, and she was in agony. On July 12 Sturdza phoned a Geneva bank and asked that 10,000 Swiss francs ($2,300) be brought to Mrs. Bird. The money was carried to Lausanne by an officer of the bank, Frédéric Couvreu, who said he was warned by Savoy that the patient was "deranged." He testified he found Mrs. Bird in her bed, wild-eyed and haggard, her arm in a sling. "I cannot sign anything," she told him, "they have broken my arm." Alone with the banker, she whispered that her life was in danger and implored him to contact her New York lawyer, Edward Watts. Couvreu returned to Geneva a troubled man, and told his story to an official at the American Consulate.

On July 20 Savoy went to Geneva for the day. Mrs. Bird's condition worsened, and her nurse called another doctor, who sent for still another physician. The two doctors found a dying woman, her pulse weak and irregular, her breathing labored. They ordered laboratory tests and an immediate blood transfusion, and they advised hospitalization.

Doctor Savoy, returning from Geneva, noted the recommendations of the other doctors. At his trial he said that he did not realize that the blood transfusion was urgently needed, so he ordered the blood through hotel room service. The blood arrived nearly 24 hours later. Judge de Haller cried at Savoy, "You don't order blood as if it were a bottle of champagne! There is no explanation . . . except unbelievable and criminal negligence."

The end came at dawn on July 22, and Savoy certified that the cause of death was a cerebral hemorrhage. The cause of her death, according to a report of the Cantonal Health Council, was the treatment given by Doctor Savoy. The council, barring Savoy from practice for life, stated in its report that he either gave her drugs that he knew would finally prove fatal, or else he was guilty of "unbelievable" incompetence.

On the day of her death, Mrs. Bird's available assets were her clothes, a checking account in a Lausanne bank containing $346, and a change purse containing one Swiss franc (23 cents). Her furs had long since been pawned by Sturdza, and now her jewels were found to be missing. Investigation revealed that Sturdza had deposited the jewels—worth some $400,000—in various safe-deposit boxes in his own name. Some pieces had been pawned in Paris and Geneva, and others had vanished over the border into Italy. Mrs. Bird, explained Sturdza at the trial, had given him the jewels because he was "the man I love."

Also missing was Mrs. Bird's 13-page will. This eventually turned up in Sturdza's safe-deposit boxes; he had concealed the document, he said, at Mrs. Bird's request. A lawyer representing Mrs. Bird's heirs—her brother, Ralph Kendall of Denver and nephew, Benjamin Berdan of a Chicago suburb—suggested that Sturdza's real motive was to trade the will to the heirs in exchange for the right to keep the jewels. Judge de Haller called Sturdza's actions "the behavior of a thief."

Despite the abundance of witnesses, Savoy and Sturdza were not brought to trial until nearly three years after the death of their victim. The sentences finally handed down were light even by the lenient standards of Switzerland, where premeditated murder carries a maximum penalty of 20 years. Sturdza was convicted for acts of fraud and theft, including stealing $200,000 in gems from the dead woman. For this he was given a four-year prison term with the prospect that he will be a free man in about two years. Savoy, convicted of killing Mrs. Bird by giving her a fatal dose of drugs, was sentenced to a mere seven years in prison, with nearly two years already deducted for time spent in jail while he was awaiting trial.

Both men insisted upon their innocence to the end. "Her death," Gérard Savoy told the court, "was as much of a shock to me as if she had been a member of my own family." THE END

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THE EXPLODING UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Photographs by Jack Fields

A fine and famous state university, facing an avalanche of students, is developing radical solutions to the problems that will soon harass all of American higher education.

By William Trombley

Students at the University of California's Berkeley campus will soon be treated to something brand new in education. When the bell rings to end a physics lecture next fall, the 550 assembled undergraduates will not move on to another class. In effect, the next classroom will come to them. A rotating stage will carry the physics professor from sight and thrust into view his counterpart in chemistry.

Unlike many expensive and eye-catching educational innovations, the rotating stage of Berkeley's new Physical Sciences Lecture Hall has a strictly utilitarian purpose: By eliminating the waste of time in reassembling bulky experiments for each lecture, it will enable the university to teach elementary physics and chemistry to 3,000 students in a single day.

For a university with California's staggering enrollment—more than 62,000 this year—such efficiency is vital. It is one of Cal's answers to a problem which faces higher education throughout the nation, but which has already reached the acute stage in California: the explosive growth in the number of high-school graduates seeking a college education. Not only are there more youngsters in this age group than ever before; the percentage of them planning to attend college is constantly increasing—from only four percent in 1900 to nearly 40 percent now.

The number of new college entrants last fall was about 1,000,000—a 20 percent increase in four years—and next fall 1,500,000 are expected—up 50 percent in one year. College education is thus rapidly becoming a problem in logistics, and the

With the Pacific Ocean for a background, modern-dance students from the university's Santa Barbara campus use the beach as a rehearsal stage. Most of

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University of California has met the challenge by developing a wholly new kind of educational institution—a leviathan known as the "multiversity."

Cal can cope with its enormous enrollment only because its students are spread over seven separate campuses, which dot the map of California from San Francisco almost to the Mexican border. Central control over this far-flung educational empire is maintained by a president—Clark Kerr—and an administrative bureaucracy in Berkeley, though each individual campus enjoys considerable autonomy under its own chancellor.

Taken together, they form a sort of academic alphabet soup. U.C. is Berkeley, the "mother campus," and U.C.L.A. is the Los Angeles division. These two account for three quarters of the university's total enrollment. Then there are U.C.D. (Davis), U.C.S.B. (Santa Barbara), U.C.R. (Riverside), U.C.S.D. (San Diego), and the U.C. Medical Center in San Francisco (U.C.M.C.S.F.?). Two new campuses will open in the fall of 1965—U.C.S.C. (Santa Cruz) and U.C.I. (Irvine)—and four more are planned for the near future.

The university now employs over 40,000 people, more than some of California's giant aerospace companies, and this year it will spend in excess of half a billion dollars. But size is not the university's only distinction. Its scientists developed the atom-splitting cyclotron and the still more powerful bevatron; discovered Carbon 14, anti-matter, plutonium and the chemistry of photosynthesis. Its physicists run the Los Alamos and Livermore Radiation laboratories for the Atomic Energy Commission, and other experts from the university serve the state and federal governments in many capacities. Its liberal-arts professors have written volumes that are not only important research documents but, rare in the academic world, are readable as well. Its agriculture professors have provided the technological base for much of California's highly mechanized mass agriculture.

"The University of California has some form of contact with nearly every person in its region," says President Kerr. The Survey Research Center at Berkeley is studying juvenile delinquency in next-door Richmond. Researchers on the Riverside campus have discovered which fruits and vegetables are most severely damaged by smog. The U.C.L.A. Theater Group, a professional company sponsored by U.C.L.A.'s extension division, provides Los Angeles with some of its best theater.

Indeed, the influence of the university seems to have no limits. One or two of *Playboy's* nude PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH have been identified as U.C.L.A. coeds, though the university vigorously denies that the girls were ever enrolled. And a Berkeley senior who goes by the unscholarly name of Autumn Lee is an anthropology student by day and—*gaudeamus igitur!*—a stripper on San Francisco's Broadway by night.

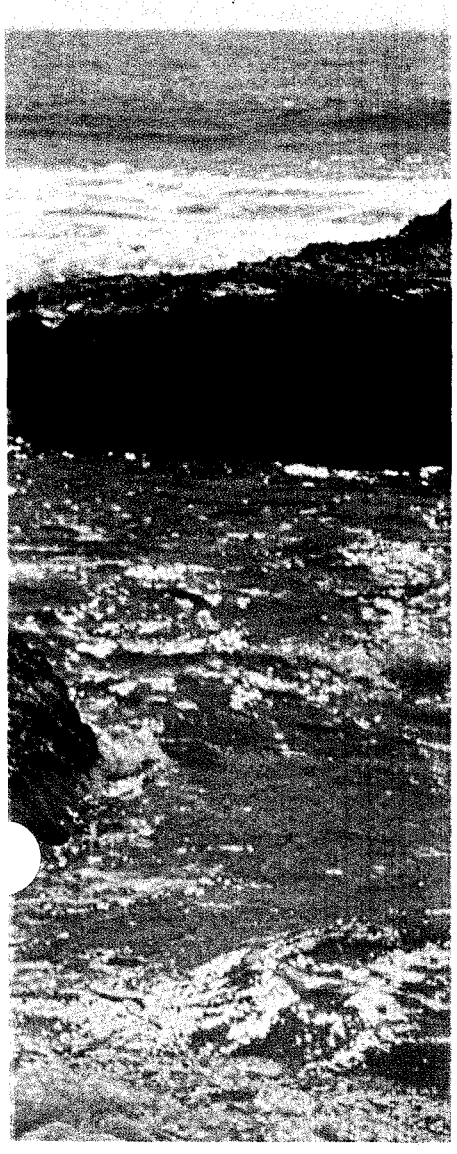
But, as big and diverse as the university is already, it is on the way to becoming truly vast. Within the next ten years its student body will grow from the present 62,000 to well over 100,000. It will have to hire almost 4,000 new professors, approximately doubling its faculty. Berkeley and U.C.L.A. will reach their enrollment maximums of 27,500. The Davis, Riverside and Santa Barbara campuses, each of which started as a small school with limited purpose, will become fully developed universities with enrollments of 10,000 to 15,000. And Santa Cruz, San Diego and Irvine will be on the way to rivaling Berkeley and U.C.L.A. in size.

There is some question, however, whether quality education can survive such a massive assault of numbers. "I used to try to think of every student as made in the image of God," says History Professor Raymond Sontag, "but when there are hundreds in a class I'm afraid they become just hunks of flesh." This question is important not only for California but for the nation as a whole. If the gigantic colleges of the future manage only to teach more students less, they will have failed their test.

The University of California goes into this battle with several advantages. First, unlike many other state universities, it does not have to accept every high-school graduate who presents himself at the door. According to the state's Master Plan for Higher Education, adopted by the legislature in 1960, the university is required to admit only the top 12½ percent of high-school graduates. California's 18 state colleges and 70 junior colleges handle the rest. Moreover, the plan assigns teacher training to the state colleges and reserves Ph.D. instruction for the university, thus clearly differentiating the separate tasks of the university and the state colleges at all levels. Theoretically at least, this eliminates the kind of competition for state funds that has damaged higher education in other states.

There are built-in dangers to Cal in the plan. First, as an English professor at the Santa Barbara division points out, "The

Cal's seven divisions are near the coast.



During the noontime class break, students at Berkeley cluster around campus fountain.

President Clark Kerr heads semi-autonomous chancellors of the university's divisions.

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Among the university's Nobel Prize winners are chemists Wendell Stanley and Willard Libby (top row), Melvin Calvin and Harold Urey (bottom row).

Education at Cal is efficient but impersonal:
"You're just a number here," says one student.

Exploding University

top 12½ percent of high-school graduates are not necessarily the best students." Second, a university with so large a proportion of graduate students—next year the university will have about 44,000 undergraduates and 22,000 graduate students—always runs the risk of slighting the undergraduates in favor of the postgraduates. Nevertheless, the Master Plan is unquestionably a boon to Cal in its battle to provide a first-class education to an expanding student body.

A second advantage is that the Board of Regents, a group of prestigious private citizens appointed by the governor to run the university, handles most of Cal's business with the legislature. The members, drawn from the state's moneyed Establishment, take their work seriously. "They do an extraordinary job," says one professor. "They act as a buffer between the university and the state, so that the faculty and administration can concentrate on their proper business."

Finally, the university has a remarkably able president in Clark Kerr. "I don't believe in the indispensable man," says Hale Champion, the state's Director of Finance, "but I can't imagine what would happen to the University of California if they didn't have Kerr."

At 53, Kerr is a slight, bald man with a guarded smile, a cold handshake and an air of detached reserve. A former economics teacher, he was named president in 1958, when Robert Gordon Sproul retired. Unlike Sproul, who ruled by edict, Kerr rules by accommodation, by constant conferring and consultation, seeking a consensus before making an important decision. This approach may spring from his years of experience as an arbitrator in labor-management disputes, experience which continues even today. He served on the three-man Railroad Emergency Board in 1963 and is a member of President Johnson's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy.

"He is a master at delaying tactics," says an aide. "He can see a consensus forming when nobody else can, and he will stall and stall to keep a question from coming to a final decision." Kerr himself sees nothing particularly remarkable in this. "If you can keep something from being decided until you have a maximum of agreement," he says, "obviously you are better off."

Kerr lives in El Cerrito, five miles from the Berkeley campus, with his wife Kay and his sons Clark Edgar, 21, and Alexander, 18, and his daughter Caroline, 13. He also does much of his work at home. Each day a corps of eight secretaries at his office in University Hall culls the most important papers which have come to his desk. These are packed in a large cardboard box and taken to Kerr by a university driver late each afternoon. By noon the next day the papers are back in University Hall, each bearing a tiny scribbled notation in green ink.

"Those secretaries and the notes in green ink *are* the president of the university," says one disgruntled administrator who has seen Kerr only twice in six months. "There is no Clark Kerr."

But in spite of his inaccessibility and his insistence on a consensus—or more likely because of these characteristics—Kerr manages his balancing act with faculty, students, regents, politicians and the public as few university presidents have been able to do.

These, then, are the University of California's main assets as it strives to meet the incredible demands of the next decade. The assets are impressive. They must be if there is to be any hope of success, for the obstacles to be overcome are staggering in their size and complexity.

For instance, the university's relations with the United States Government are chaotic and must be put in order. In 1964-65 the U.S. will pour a total of $79 million in research funds onto U.C. campuses. Three separate divisions of the university—Berkeley, U.C.L.A. and San

Ralph Freud (foreground) directs U.C.L.A. Theater Group, professional drama company sponsored by university, in Eugene O'Neill's rarely produced "Lazarus Laughed."

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Diego—rank among the 10 educational institutions in the country receiving the most federal research money.

While this money brings many blessings—expensive equipment and first-rate scientists—it also brings trouble. By dangling a few million dollars in front of the university's nose, the Government can ruin plans for orderly development of a department, a campus, or the entire university. Professors find themselves working on specific applied research jobs for the Government: a better mouse trap or a better nuclear bomb—rather than on the basic research which most scientists like to think is their main concern—or on teaching future scientists.

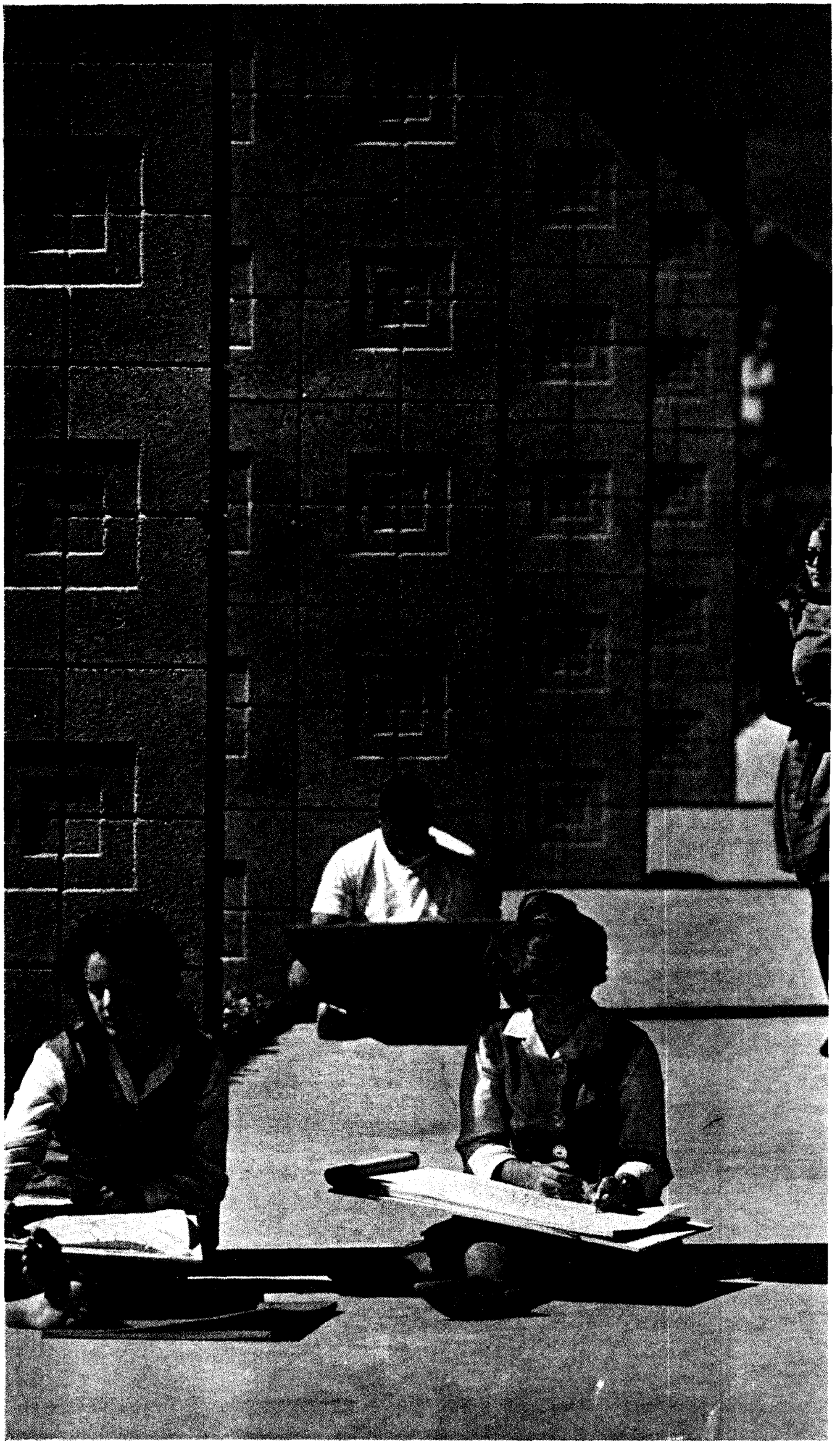
"The university administration is caught between trying to maintain a public-relations image—'good teaching for all'—and the practical need to get good research men because they and only they bring prestige, government money and large gifts of private funds," says Berkeley Physics Prof. Harvey White. "There is much talk about fine teaching just now, but most of it is talk. If a student in a large lecture course gets a good discussion leader, he's just lucky. Most of them aren't good teachers; they were taken on for their research capabilities, not for their teaching skills."

Another unresolved problem concerns the extent to which the university should serve the state of California. In the most elementary sense, of course, the university does serve the state—by educating many of its children. Beyond that, however, basic decisions must be made as to how far the university should go in solving specific nonacademic problems such as how to combat smog or juvenile delinquency, or how to devise a better tomato harvester. One school of thought, especially strong among Berkeley scientists, sees the university's duty as basic research, not "problem solving." Others say that the university's obligations to the state are all-important. "You see here the overwhelming American tradition of the monastic approach to scholarship coming into conflict with a strong tradition of public service," says Prof. Martin Meyerson, dean of the College of Environmental Design at Berkeley. "A certain tension between these two groups can be very fruitful, but the tension may increase beyond tolerable levels."

The most basic and most complex problem of all, however, is what to do about the university's enormous size. In the dim past, gone beyond recall, a Berkeley student could reach any point on the campus from any other point, in 10 minutes, on foot. Today, with 25,500 students, and nearly 11,000 faculty and staff members crowded onto the campus, automobiles have taken over, and the parking sign has become almost the symbol of Berkeley. One wit even suggested that the university's athletic teams be outfitted in "traffic yellow and black, with 'No Parking' lettered on the back."

More serious than the traffic problem, of course, is the huge size of many classes. Physics 10, a course many liberal-arts majors at Berkeley take to satisfy their science requirement, has had as many as 1,500 students at one time, and since no one room on campus can hold that many, closed-circuit television is used to carry the lectures to other chambers.

Enrollment in Professor Sontag's course in European Diplomatic History has jumped from 150 to 450 in the past 10 years, and this year Sontag turned away 250 students because he refuses to use a



Outdoor education is characteristic of California. Here, art students at Santa Barbara sketch in the patio of the arts building.

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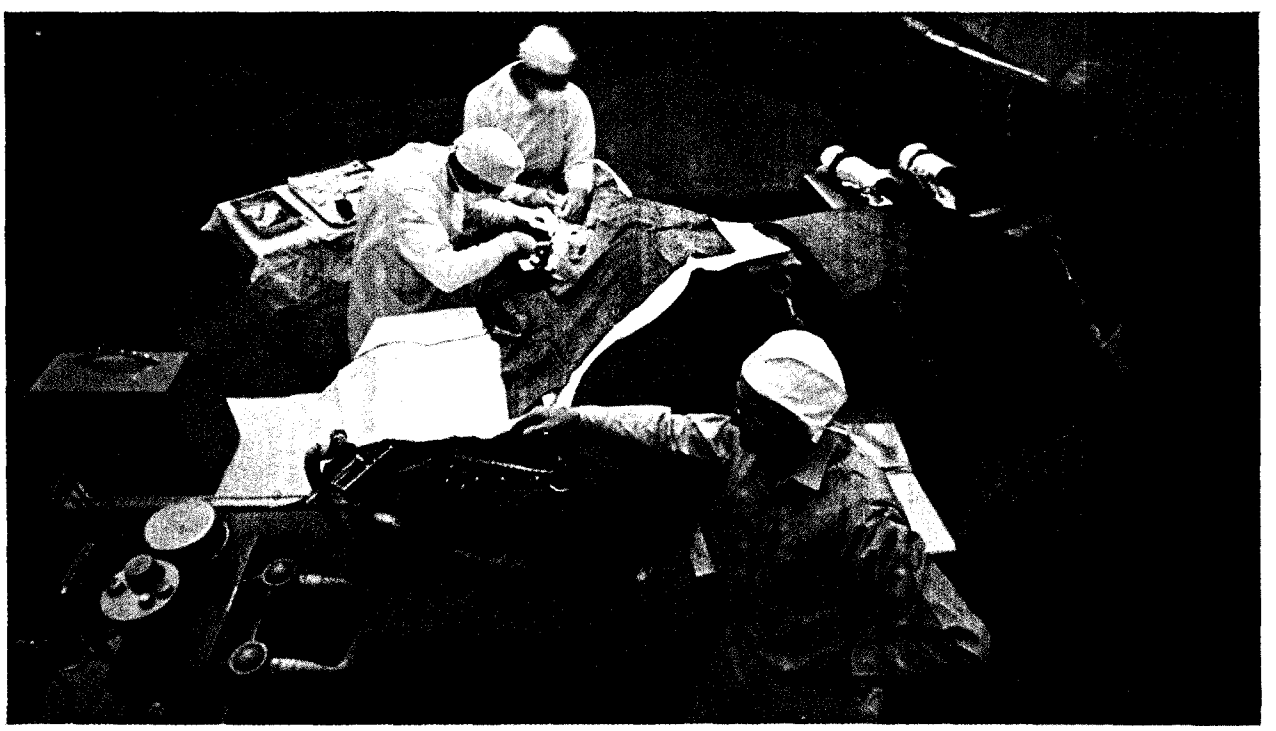
While his wife dances, U.C.L.A. musicologist Mantle Hood (rear, center) plays lute with Javanese orchestra.

The university employs 40,000 people, spends $500 million a year.

Though it hardly ever snows in balmy Los Angeles, students at U.C.L.A. turn out eagerly to master fine points of skiing.



At Davis campus—formerly a school of agriculture—a veterinary intern operates on the leg of a Thoroughbred race horse.

microphone and confines the lectures to the largest hall his voice can fill. Sontag cannot possibly grade all the papers written by the 450 students in this class, so most of that work is done by three graduate student "readers." But Sontag does try to keep office hours faithfully for the benefit of students who want to drop in and talk to him. "The kids come in here in droves," he says. "They don't talk much about their work, though. They talk about all sorts of problems, and I sit here and listen. I don't say much, but it seems to make them feel better to have somebody say *something* to them or even just listen to them."

The size and impersonality of a campus like Berkeley unquestionably make many students feel lonely and confused, and this probably helps account for the increased numbers of students requiring psychiatric help. This year, campus administrators were shocked to find that 10 percent of the student body was seeking such help—double last year's rate. "As a freshman or sophomore you're just a number here," according to senior Gene Johnson, who says he knows "lots of kids" who fell by the wayside because they were overcome by Berkeley's size. But, Johnson adds, "By the time you get to your junior year you find the people you want and then it's all worthwhile."

"The multiversity is a confusing place for the student," President Kerr acknowledges in *The Uses of the University*. "He has problems of establishing his identity and sense of security within it. But it offers him a vast range of choices, enough literally to stagger the mind. In this range of choices he encounters the opportunities and the dilemmas of freedom."

The spirit of bigness seems even more intense at U.C.L.A. than at Berkeley, though its enrollment is smaller (21,000 this spring, against 25,500 at Berkeley). The Berkeley campus is graced by several small glades, which form islands of tranquility in a sea of academic busyness, while the U.C.L.A. campus, like the city around it, is a wild confusion of new buildings, streaking automobiles and people in a hurry. "This is a university on the make," a loyal son says admiringly.

The specter of numbers is also rising over the once-peaceful campuses at Davis, Riverside and Santa Barbara. Enrollment at Davis, where students still ride bicycles, drink milk and speak to strangers, jumped from 4,000 to 5,000 this year and will go to 6,000 next year—doubtless to the detriment of the homey, healthy atmosphere on which the campus has prided itself.

At Santa Barbara, growth in enrollment has outpaced building to such an extent that trailers have been pressed into service as classrooms and offices. "I hear it's so crowded at Santa Barbara you can't find room to park your surfboard anymore," says a professor at another campus, smiling unsympathetically. More important, one advanced literature course of the kind best taught to a group of no more than a dozen students, has an enrollment of 55 this year. The professor does not consider his graduate students experienced enough to grade papers for this course, so he grades them all himself. To retain his sanity, he has assigned fewer papers than in the past. The end result is that both classroom and independent work have been weakened by the unwieldy size of this class.

Thus the problem of bigness is not

Coed jots a hasty note at Davis, where automobiles have yet to replace bicycles. ▶

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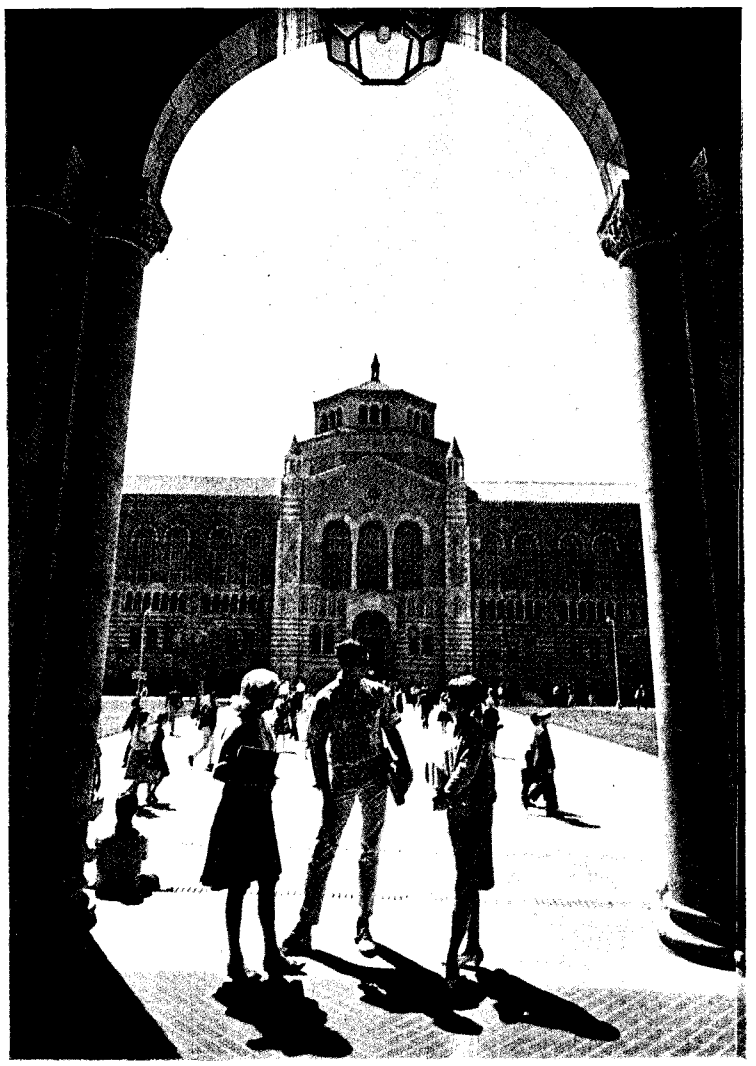

With U.C.L.A. library in background, students chat in Royce Hall arch.

Already huge, the student body will double by 1975.

Exploding University

just the problem of logistics but the problem of a decline in teaching—especially at the undergraduate level and most especially in the freshman and sophomore years. At Berkeley and U.C.L.A., which have large numbers of graduate students, the problem is particularly acute. "Many senior faculty men want to turn over all beginning courses to younger men," Berkeley Chancellor Edward Strong admits sadly. "Fortunately, some of them still give a great deal of themselves to undergraduates. I wish there were more, but I don't know how to get them."

It is worth noting in this connection that many Berkeley and U.C.L.A. faculty members send their own children to smaller campuses of the university. President Kerr's older son, for example, is a junior at Davis, and so are the sons or daughters of Chancellors Aldrich (Irvine), McHenry (Santa Cruz) and York (San Diego).

Santa Cruz and San Diego are both planning to avoid the evils of bigness by subdividing into smaller components. At Santa Cruz the plan is to build 15 or more separate colleges, each with an enrollment of 500 to 1,000. The emphasis will be on undergraduate instruction in the liberal arts. The life of a student, both academic and nonacademic, will focus on his individual college unit, much as it does at Cambridge and Oxford. Thus, it is hoped, even when there are several thousand students at Santa Cruz, as there will be in a very few years, the individual student will be able to find the identity and security of which President Kerr speaks.

Santa Cruz Chancellor Dean McHenry, a bald, smiling man in his middle 50's, has in mind nothing less than "a confederation of small colleges about the size and quality of Swarthmore or Mills." One day recently he drove a visitor to the center of the campus-to-be—a journey which had to be made by four-wheel-drive truck because there are no roads yet. Sweeping his hand out over the beautiful hilly site overlooking Monterey Bay, he spoke of the future. "When I am an old man," he said, "if we have 20 of the best small colleges in the country on this campus, we will have accomplished what we are setting out to do."

Four hundred and fifty miles south of Santa Cruz, on a bluff overlooking the Pacific at La Jolla, another group of university men—the faculty and staff of the new San Diego division—are trying to turn a different set of academic dreams into reality. In 10 years this campus expects to have 10,000 students, but, like Santa Cruz, San Diego plans to divide the campus into smaller, self-sufficient units. There will be 12 colleges, each group of four making up a sort of university-within-a-university. Buildings are rising for the initial group, and the first undergraduate students—about 200 freshmen—will enter next fall.

In most ways, however, Santa Cruz and San Diego are very different. Santa Cruz begins with nothing but empty fields, and its emphasis will be on liberal arts and undergraduate training. San Diego, on the other hand, will emphasize science and graduate study, and it already is a first-rate research institute, with a formidable faculty and a picked group of graduate students. In a sense, therefore, it is being built from the top down, perhaps the only university ever to be so constructed. At the peak is the Scripps Institute of Oceanography. This research center, resting on the La Jolla shore in a climate so balmy that one wonders how any work can be done there at all, has been responsible for many of the most significant discoveries about the sea of the past 20 years.

In the late 1950's Scripps expanded by adding an Institute of Science and Technology, which quickly attracted one of the most brilliant science faculties in the world. In 1959 the regents decided to establish a full-scale university at La Jolla. This year 280 graduate students in the sciences make up the entire student body of U.C.S.D. Yet the faculty already numbers over 100, including two Nobel Prize winners and 12 other members of the National Academy of Sciences.

"Our basic premise is that if you have only 15 physicists you can have the best physics department in the country, even if you don't have another department on campus, *if* you have the right 15 physicists," says Dr. Roger Revelle, director of the Scripps Institute and the man most responsible for the existence of U.C.S.D. in its present form. Revelle is a tall, sad-eyed man who speaks softly but has a cast-iron will. "We will not fill billets," declares Revelle. "There is a kind of Gresham's Law of Faculty that I have seen work too many times—bad faculty drives out good. You set out to hire so many assistant professors of this and so many associate professors of that and pretty soon you have lost your full professors in everything, or anyway the best ones. So we have said to hell with a balanced faculty. We want to get the best people, even if they are all in the same field."

Basic to the San Diego idea is that these first-rate men and women will teach undergraduates, not confine themselves to working with a few advanced graduate students or merely teach a token course to honors-level undergraduates, as most of the best-known research people at Berkeley and U.C.L.A. do.

San Diego undergraduates will face not only one of the most high-powered faculties ever assembled but also a curriculum probably never attempted before. In his freshman year, whether he intends eventually to be a researcher in plasma physics or a teacher of Oriental languages, each student will take the same subjects: a general humanities course, a foreign language, calculus, physics and analytical geometry. As a sophomore he will take quantum physics and chemistry, cell biology and several elective courses in literature and philosophy.

Criticism from within

The aim is to bridge the "two cultures" of the scientist and the humanist. "It isn't particularly novel to offer this program for science students," says Prof. Norman Kroll, chairman of the Physics Department. "What may be novel is to produce poets who understand the spatial theory of relativity."

Whether the curriculum will accomplish its purpose, even Chancellor Herbert York does not pretend to know. But right now, the fundamental question at San Diego (and at Santa Cruz as well) is not whether the new ideas will work but whether they will even be given a fair trial. Criticism from within the university and from state officials in Sacramento is threatening to stifle these educational experiments at birth.

The larger campuses, Berkeley especially, are smug in the conviction that they already provide the best university education possible. They believe no important reforms are needed. And the smaller established campuses are jealous because so much money is being funneled into San Diego (only relatively small amounts have been spent at Santa Cruz so far). An important official of one of these divisions calls his San Diego colleagues "supercilious superegotists," and adds, "They want to take a bunch of $20,000 full professors and let the rest of us have all the assistant professors. Well, it just isn't going to work that way."

Criticism from state officials is more serious. California already supports what many educators consider the finest system of higher education in the nation, but its ability to pay for that system is coming into serious question. This year California is spending $1.4 billion—half of all state revenue—on public education. "Ten years ago nobody realized we were going to be building schools the way you buy pencils," comments Hale Champion, whose job as State Director of Finance is to balance California's budgets.

Where will the money come from? Not much more can be expected from tax revenues, and bond issues are meeting rapidly stiffening voter resistance. Under these circumstances the legislators in Sacramento are inclined to regard as frivolous any experiment in higher education that might cost more money. "We are very concerned about training an elite," says Champion. "We know that a Ph.D. produces 100 new jobs for the state, and we know we need those jobs. We buy that argument from Kerr. But how much loving care can you give to each Ph.D.? So long as there is money enough to go around, we're for new ideas like Santa Cruz and San Diego, but when we have to cut we'll cut from the top and those will be the first to go."

President Kerr is the man in the middle. He defends the Santa Cruz and San Diego experiments when they are challenged by state budget cutters. But privately he works to narrow the field of that experimentation. "Diversity with unity," once his favorite phrase to describe the development of the new campuses, has given way to "diversity within the bounds of reason." In recent months Kerr has placed a ceiling on the hiring of high-salaried professors at San Diego, and has proposed increasing the number of freshmen to be admitted.

These moves do not sit well with the faculty and staff at San Diego. "Kerr either can't or won't make clear the realities of 'diversity,'" says one San Diego man. "Each campus must specialize in one thing or another. If Kerr is going to insist that all the campuses are interchangeable parts—that students can attend one division or another, transfer from one campus to another, and it will all be the same, just one big, happy family, then he is going to compromise the entire system."

This puts the question harshly, but it is a basic question for which Kerr must produce an answer. He must somehow find a path between the state's legitimate demands that the University of California educate large numbers of youngsters, well and cheaply, and the equally legitimate demands of excellence. With his talent for achieving a consensus, the chances are that he will succeed. If he fails, the future will look bleak not only for his own university but for all higher education in America. THE END

Dean McHenry, chancellor of Santa Cruz, relaxes on empty site of his future campus. ▶

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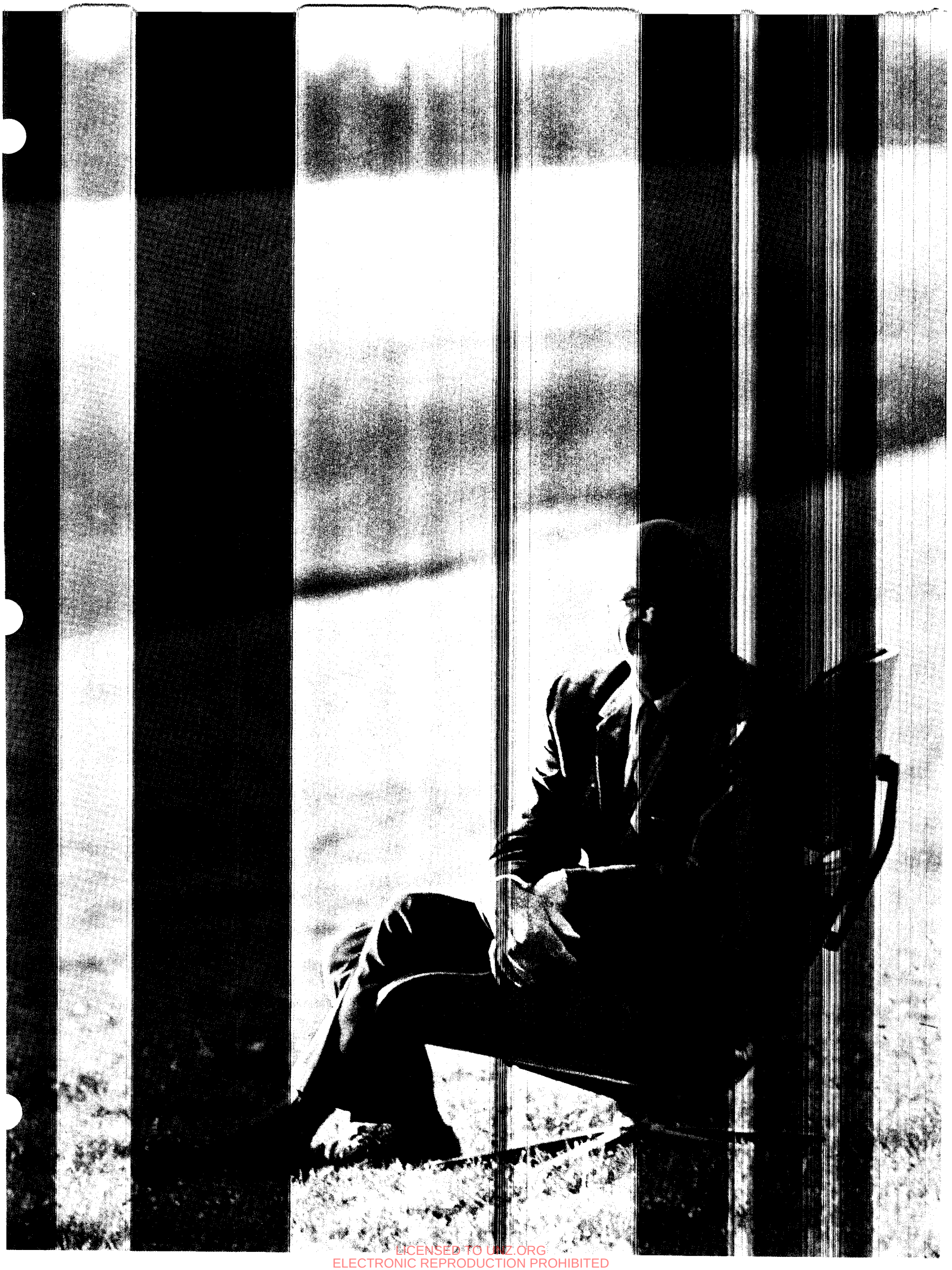

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In service at Trinity Episcopal Church in Wheaton, Ill., Rector Richard Winkler lays on hands to transmit the experience that inspires glossolalia

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The name glossolalia sounds as strange as the act itself. But this practice of praying in "unknown tongues" spreads, and brings prophecies of still stranger things to come.

'AND THERE APPEARED TO THEM TONGUES OF FIRE'

By McCANDLISH PHILLIPS

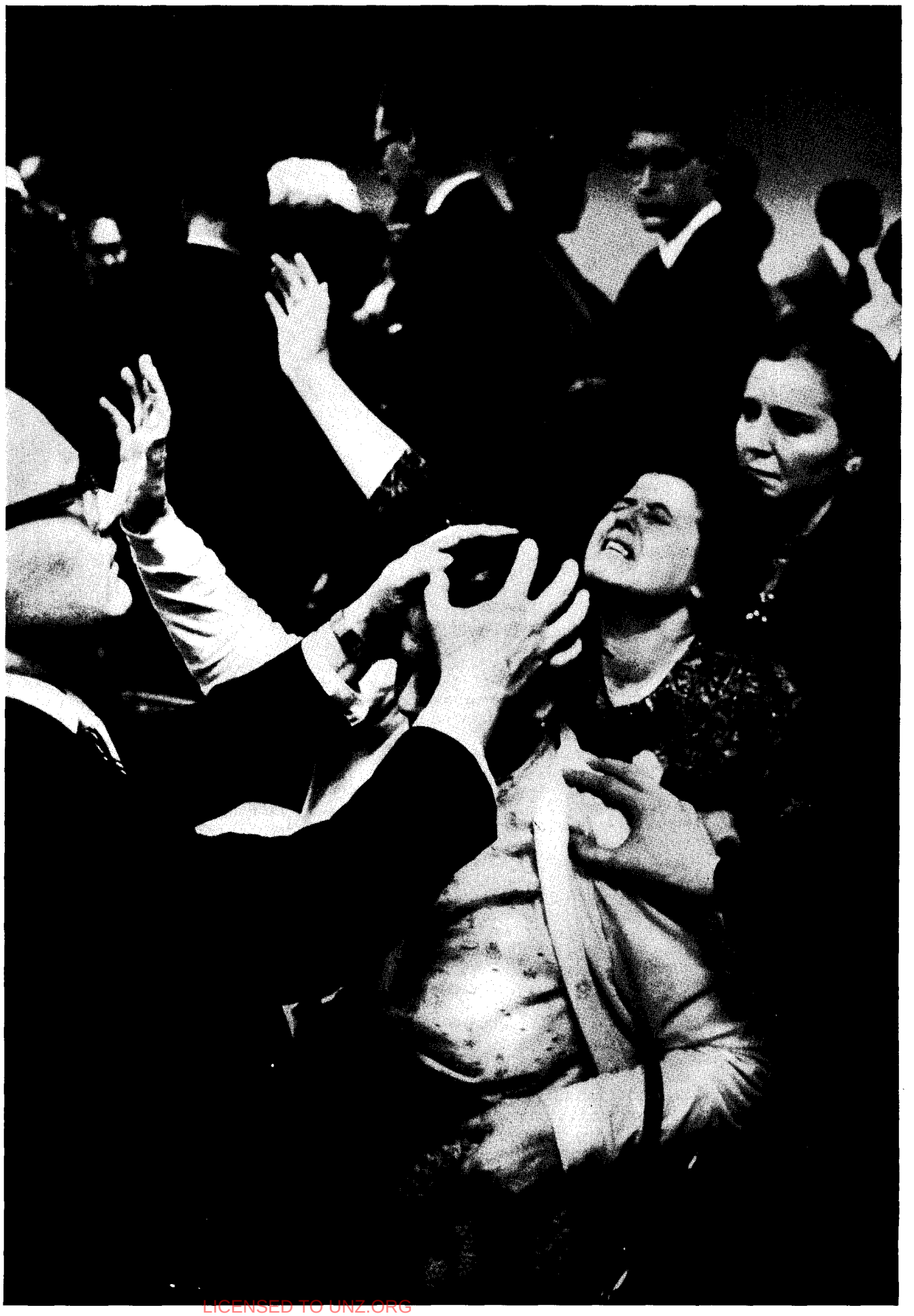
Photographs by Charles Harbutt

The Rev. Dr. Howard M. Ervin, a handsome, strong-featured man of 48, was attending a ministers' convention in Miami when the strange experience began. Another minister put his hand on Doctor Ervin's head, "and," says the latter, "something like a series of bolts of lightning went down my spine."

Doctor Ervin, who is pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Atlantic Highlands, N.J., did not understand what had happened, and he put it out of his mind for the rest of the day. "The next morning," he recalls, "I woke up just soaked with perspiration. I did not know then that it was the heat of the Holy Spirit. As I stepped out of the shower and pulled a towel around my shoulders, I heard words rolling inside me. I thought, My subconscious is just regurgitating what I've been hearing here. But then I had a vision of ticker tape and I saw 'Sa-da-ma-li' printed. As I spoke this, few more syllables came vocally."

Shortly Doctor Ervin was using these words to pray: "Shan dama lai kushaiah hodhaiah salamah maqaiah shan dama lai maqaiah muriah." The words are not part of any known human language, and Doctor Ervin has no idea what they mean. "A while later," he says, "I put my hands up and began to praise the Lord in these words He'd given me—and my tongue took wings. I just worshiped Jesus."

Something similar happened to the Rev. Frank A. Downing, the 40-year-old pastor of Baltimore's Belvedere Baptist Church. Praying in his study one evening, and feeling a strong sense of thanksgiving, "I began to praise the Lord, and in this spirit of praise I began to say words I did not know." One night not long afterward he was awakened at about three A.M. and found himself unable to sleep. "I got down on my knees. Kneeling there by the bed, with my eyes closed in prayer, bright lights began to flash before my closed eyes, almost like lights running down an airstrip. There seemed to be some form to the lights, and I found myself praying, 'Lord, if this is You, and You are trying to speak to me, slow these lights down so I can see.' Almost immediately the lights slowed down, and they were letters, and they looked very much like the news flashes that sometimes run across the bottom of a television screen. 'FEAR NOT.' I read the words as they went by. 'ONLY BELIEVE AND YOU SHALL DO SIGNS AND WONDERS IN MY NAME.' The vision stopped as suddenly it had begun. I took my Bible from the ght table and wrote the words down in the flyleaf of my Bible. Then I got back into bed. It was only then that I realized



Charismatics at meeting in New York City feel the spirit and show the outer signs. ▶

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that I had not put on the light, and it was totally dark outside, but the room was illuminated by a light, and as I lay there with this light illuminating the area around the bed, it moved away from the bed and into the recesses of the room and began gradually to fade, almost like turning down a rheostat."

What had happened to these two clergymen is happening to hundreds of others, and to thousands of laymen in nearly every major Protestant denomination in the United States. It is a rapidly growing movement called the Charismatic Renewal, from the word "charism," meaning "a special divine or spiritual gift . . . conferred upon a believer as an evidence of . . . divine grace." Those who take part in this movement claim to have experienced a wide variety of apparently supernatural phenomena, ranging from prophetic visions to miraculous cures of the sick. But the most bizarre such phenomenon is the sudden outpouring of prayer in unknown languages. This is known as "glossolalia," or speaking in tongues. A young Presbyterian minister, for example, was struck by it while riding down a highway. "I'd drive along in my little car," he recalls, "saying three words that God had given me. Then one evening as I was on my way down to the church for a wedding rehearsal, I was praying these three words, and I just broke forth into a whole language. It wasn't anything that I had done. It was as though I had been striving to get through a prayer barrier, and the wall suddenly fell away."

The charismatic movement began on a tiny scale in the major denominations in about 1956, with perhaps 20 ministers openly involved. The movement began spreading very rapidly in California in 1960 and has been gathering velocity ever since. It is now established in every state and has begun to appear in England and on the European Continent.

In the last three or four years nearly every mission board and every large Protestant organization has seen its ranks suddenly penetrated by this phenomenon. College students were quickly caught up in the movement's advance. Students at Yale, Dartmouth, and Princeton Theological Seminary—including Phi Beta Kappa members—are now praying in unknown tongues. Charismatic prayer groups have sprung up in colleges and seminaries in at least 15 states in the Northeast, the North Central States and on the West Coast. Their appearance has astonished chaplains. "Charismatic time bombs are going off in schools and universities all over the country," says the Rev. Dr. Harald Bredesen, a Dutch Reformed minister who is a sort of charismatic envoy to the nation's campuses.

Praying in tongues has recurred at intervals throughout the Christian era, although it did not affect large masses until early in this century. Its advocates were quickly expelled from the established churches, whereupon they established the Pentecostal churches. For 50 years it remained the almost exclusive possession of the Pentecostal churches, which drew their members largely from the lower economic, social and educational strata. One of the most uncanny aspects of the current revival, however, is the way glossolalia has leaped out of its proletarian Pentecostal setting. Passing over the middle-class churches in between, it has made a startling appearance in the aristocrat of Christian communions—the august, decorous Episcopal Church whose members largely come from the best economic, social and educational quarters.

Glossolalia thereby made an arc from pole to pole across the whole Protestant horizon. Subsequently the fallout from this arc has been showering down upon Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, as well as many smaller denominations.

Today it represents a broad cross section of American Protestantism. According to Dr. Stanley C. Plog, a psychologist at the University of California who questioned more than 350 members of the movement, it includes more than 40 separate denominations, though the largest groups are Episcopalians, Baptists and Presbyterians (11 percent each). He found incomes ranged from $100 to more than $1,600 a month, educational levels varied from three years' schooling to graduate degrees. Curiously enough, he found that a large majority were Republicans. As a whole, he found the movement to be "a reaction to mass society, a reaffirmation of the individual and his importance."

The spread of this movement has dismayed a number of Protestant leaders. Some fundamentalists call it a "work of the devil," and Dr. William Culbertson, the president of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, one of the country's oldest fundamentalist schools, warned the entire student body against praying in tongues. In California Bishop James A. Pike has put a virtual ban on praying in tongues within his diocese. A pastoral letter went out a year ago from his office in Grace Cathedral atop Nob Hill in San Francisco and was read in all the Episcopal churches of central coastal California. Noting that "a number of our clergy and hundreds of our laity have personally experienced this phenomenon," Bishop Pike declared that the use of glossolalia had reached a point at which it was "dangerous to the peace and unity of the church" and a "threat to sound doctrine and policy."

Warning of "heresy in embryo," he urged the clergy "not to take part in the movement to nurture and spread the practice of speaking with tongues and not to invite preachers or speakers who have this purpose."

Ministers both for and against glossolalia see the practice as a possible threat to the present order of things. Some welcome this because they think the established order has become anemic or irrelevant and badly needs shaking up. Others are appalled. Several denominations, including the Episcopalians, have launched formal investigations.

To adherents of the charismatic movement, their beliefs are fully supported by the Bible—specifically in the second chapter of the Book of Acts: "And in the last days it shall be, God declares, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy. . . . And I will show wonders in the heaven above and signs on the earth beneath, blood and fire, and vapor of smoke. . . ."

In the same chapter occurs an account of the event to which believers in the gift of tongues hark back for inspiration. On the day of Pentecost the disciples were gathered to pray in Jerusalem when ". . . suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." (Acts 2: 2-4)

To the believers in the charismatic movement, these words must be taken literally. "More or less commonly in Protestantism we've believed many of these historic reports of miracles and supernatural events, but we've regarded them as something for another time," observed Dr. Francis E. Whiting, director of the department of evangelism and spiritual life of the Michigan Baptist Convention. "We're just as rationalistic as we possibly could be. This is the disease of the church. The only way I know that a genuine renewal is going to come is for us to find the religion of the New Testament—which seems to me a very powerful religion, not too widely seen. Ever since I was called to the ministry, I have had the inescapable conviction that the New Testament means exactly what it says—the miracles and supernatural events and particularly this matter of knowing Jesus Christ as a personal, inner reality. I'm not at all interested in talking in tongues as such, but I am interested in finding the life of the New Testament. We've got to find this, because if we don't, we're going to go out of business. By the year 2,000 the pagan population of the world is going to grow from two billion today to about five billion. All we have to do to go out of business as the Christian Church is to stay in business as usual."

The disease of nothing

The Very Rev. John J. Weaver, the tall, white-haired dean of Detroit's Episcopal Cathedral of St. Paul, puts it even more forcefully. "The disease today is nihilism—nothingness," he says. "And I don't mean philosophical nihilism; I mean *lived* nihilism, the kind you find in hospital beds, in the office. The problem today is lack of power, spirit. The bones are dry and dead. We need a new strengthening of the spirit. I think the reason we are seeing speaking in tongues today is that the world is so fragmented and torn, and in the midst of all this loneliness and fragmentation the Christian needs a fresh indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

"I don't think the Christians were singing *Quo Vadis* in the Colosseum; I think they were praising the Lord in tongues. There is no essential difference between 'the man in the lonely crowd' today and the lonely man who was thrown to the lions except that different kinds of lions are eating him up. Today's man is fighting invisible animals. The Lord edified the other man by giving him the gift of tongues.

"Ministers from virtually every denomination have received the gift of the Holy Spirit in our cathedral," he added. "I don't know where they come from, how they get here, but they come."

The most widely known, and one of the original, charismatic meetings is held in the United Presbyterian Church at Upper Octoraro, Pa., on the rural fringe of Philadelphia. The white-stuccoed stone building, in continuous use for 120 years, sits on a grassy rise amid the hills and hollows of 20 pleasant acres. Giant white oaks, taller than the church, raise ancient arms in silent benediction. On Saturday nights cars from at least three states swing by cow sheds and cornfields into the church parking lot.

Here, six years ago, the meetings began with five to eight people in attendance. It was a routine prayer session until one after another of its members broke forth into tongues. Marianne Brown, wife of the Rev. James H. Brown, was first. She was filled one night with a feeling of thanksgiving for the healing of her daughter, and she began to pray in tongues.

Pastor Brown says he cannot explain how the eight-member prayer meeting grew to its present average size of 200 to 300. "I never advertised it," he says, "but word got out, and the Spirit of God just began to draw people. One night we had 600 here. We've had five Episcopal rectors in the meeting at one time. We get a good representation of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Mennonites, Quakers, Episcopalians. Nothing can keep them away—snow, ice, slush, rain. They come."

Pastor of the church for 24 years, the Reverend Mr. Brown is a lean, tall, cordial man who laughs a good deal out of what appears to be sheer delight. In the prayer meetings he sometimes becomes so lost in adoration that he raises his head and arms to heaven and lifts his feet lightly in place in an act of worship called dancing before the Lord. On Sunday mornings he conducts a formal worship service in the regular Presbyterian order, without charismatic manifestations.

"Our major function is praise," Mr. Brown explained to me before one of the Saturday-night meetings. "We use the Old Testament Psalms as our worship manual, and we do exactly what the Psalms tell us to do. We lift up our hands in the presence of the Lord and we magnify Him with our whole heart. We sing a hymn over and over, and each time the spirit of praise gets higher. At the end of singing it in English, we may sing it in the language of angels."

When the meeting began at 7:35 that evening, there were seven other ministers present. Pastor Brown stood at a plain wooden lectern and looked out over his congregation, mostly young adults. The meeting moved at a quicker pace than formal worship services, and there was a large measure of direct participation by laymen. Though there were several short addresses by ministers, there was no sermon. There were prayers, Scripture readings, solos, many hymns. Faces beamed as the churchgoers sang *We'll Give the Glory to Jesus.* Later several wept as *Abide With Me* was sung softly twice in succession. Then a red-haired youth of about 20 stood and said he had struck his head on something in the afternoon and still felt dizzy. Six people rose in various parts of the congregation and surrounded him. They placed their hands on his head, lifted their faces toward the ceiling and prayed silently, their lips moving, for a minute or two. Then they returned to their seats. There were rapturous smiles on many upraised faces as *His Name Is Wonderful* was sung at length. The music stopped.

"Let's just praise Him," Mr. Brown said. Some of the people began singing in low chanting tones that rose and fell in a sort of liturgical pattern. Behind, melody could be heard with such impromptu exclamations as "We love Thee, O Lord," "His mercy endures" and "Glory to the Lamb." Nearly all hands were raised overhead. Tears streamed from a young woman's eyes. The singing ended very suddenly, as if by signal, though there *was* no signal, and the hall became profoundly silent.

Into the silence a woman began to speak in tongues. Her voice was tiny and, but for the depth of the silence, would have been lost. When she finished, the Reverend Mr. Brown waited perhaps

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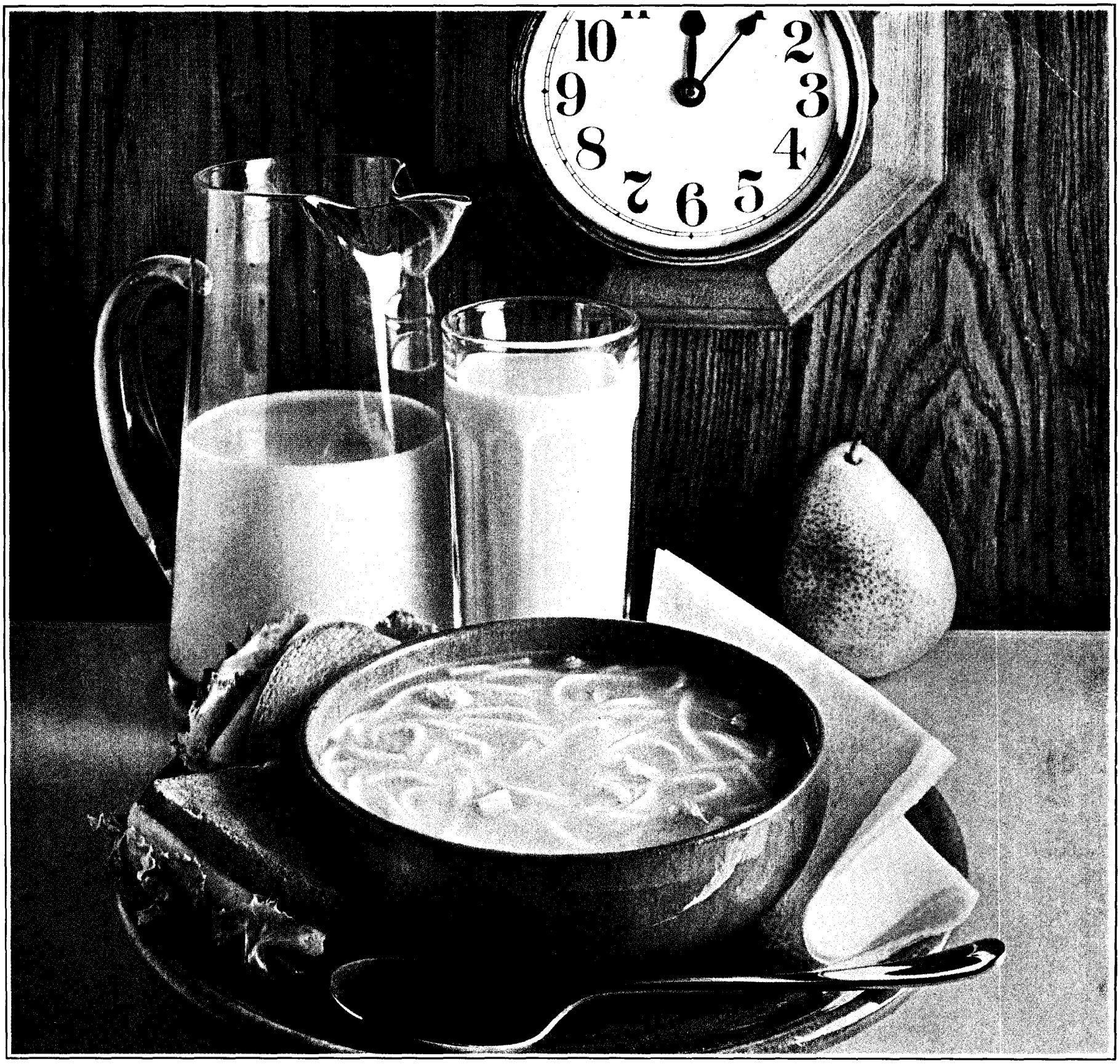

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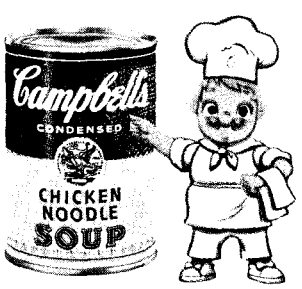

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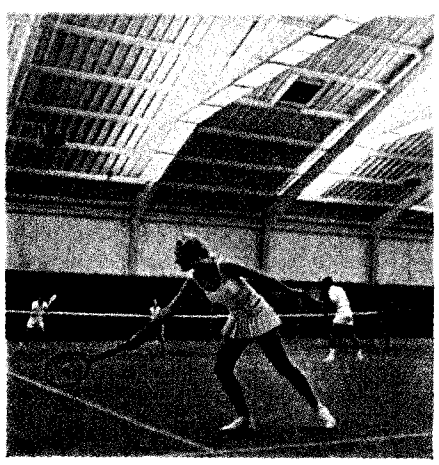

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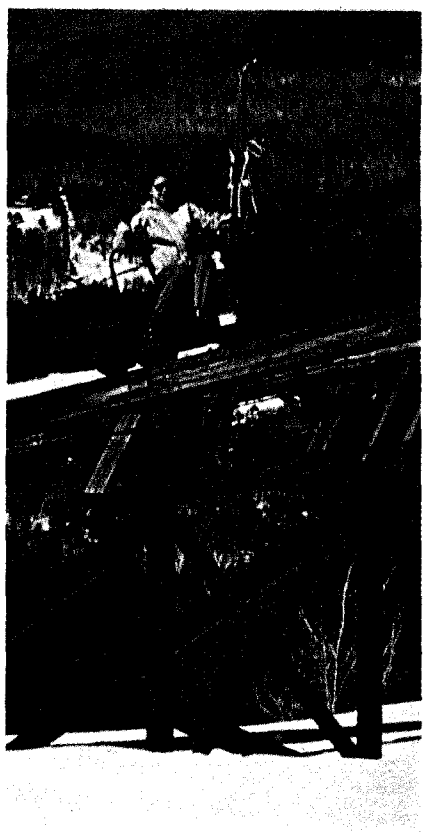

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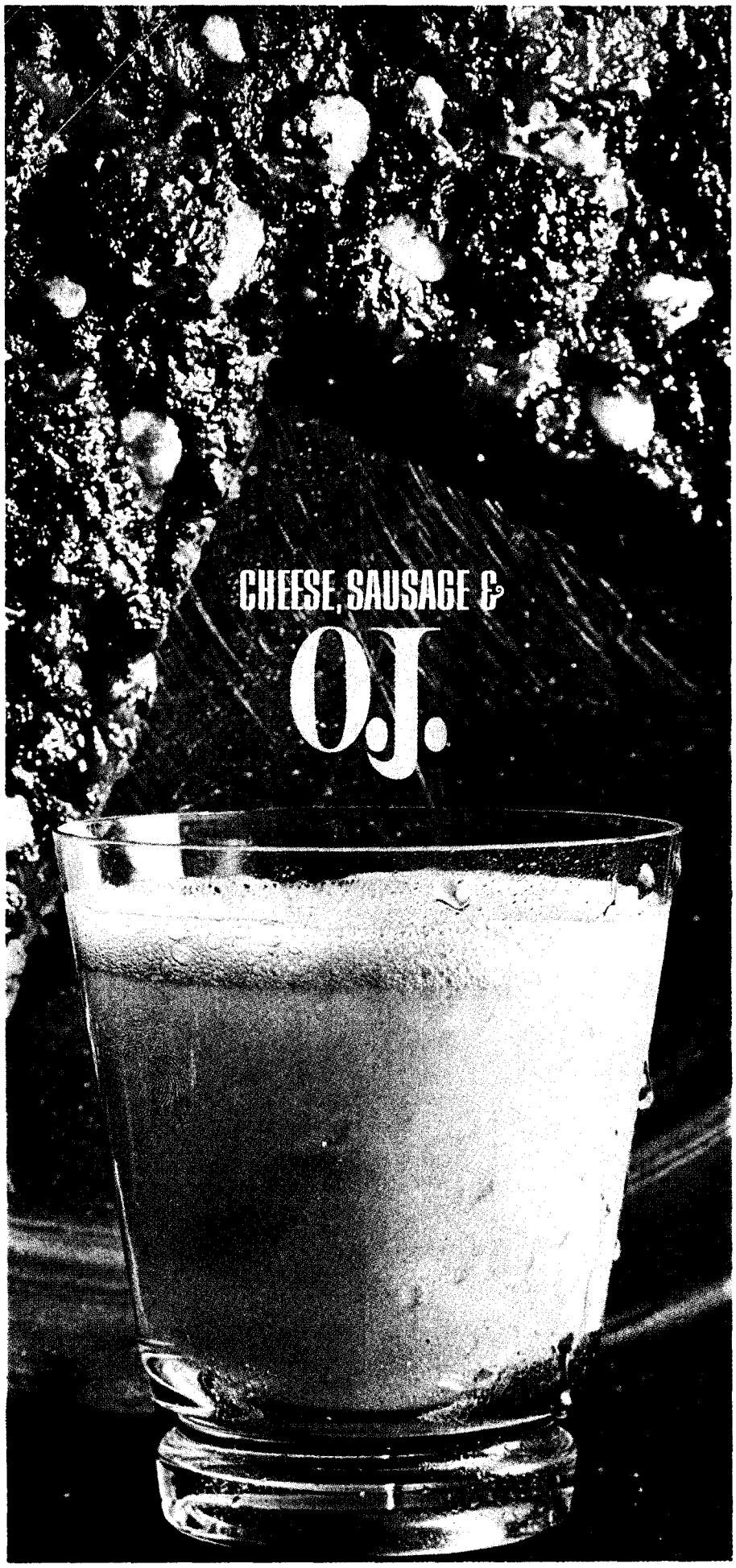

Some people tag orange juice "for breakfast only." Which makes no more sense than eating ice cream only in summer. Because O.J. (Florida orange juice) goes as great with your p.m. pizza as it does with your a.m. toast. Probably greater. Because, wide awake, you're more keenly aware of the luscious flavor of it. Have a glassful of frosty, fresh-frozen Florida orange juice with your very next pizza pie, pinochle game or TV snack. Or your next anything!

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eight seconds. Then, with eyes closed, he gave this interpretation:

"I shall have a people, saith the Lord, who shall do exploits in the land and be a praise unto my name. The sick shall be made whole, those bound in prison houses of sin shall be set free, for I will yet demonstrate in the land that I am the Lord of hosts and the King of kings. So shall signs and wonders be wrought in the earth. I shall be thy courage when thou art afraid, and thou shalt bring glory to my name."

Several visiting ministers spoke. One of them, a Presbyterian, told the meeting, "I came all the way through the ranks of conservative teaching, and my heart breaks, because conservative Christians sometimes call this fanaticism. But I say that unless you and I get fanatical, we will have a dead Christianity!"

Pastor Brown dismissed the meeting at 10:15 but invited those who needed special help to come forward for prayer. Eleven people knelt at the edge of the pulpit platform. Two or three ministers or laymen went to each, standing or kneeling beside the worshipers to pray and give counsel. The lights in the church did not go out until 12:30 A.M.

As in this meeting, the charismatic movement often includes not just speaking in tongues but a whole variety of apparently supernatural events. On the West Coast it is alleged that "tongues of flame" have fleetingly appeared during some charismatic services. The wife of a Methodist minister tells of a "room that was filled with a beautiful, supernatural blue light."

On a wet, snowy night in February, 1962, a young sales engineer named Ronald Haines was flying home from New York to Richmond, Va., and recalls that "everything was fine until we got over Washington. Then the captain came on the P.A. system and said he thought we had damaged the front landing gear in taking off. He told us to prepare for an emergency landing." At home in Richmond, Ronald's wife, Mary, an Episcopalian, was reading in the living room, but something troubled her. "I had a nagging feeling I should pray," she says. "It was extremely persistent."

In the plane, men were stationed at the emergency exits and told how to get them open. "We were told to lean forward as we landed," Ronald says. "There were fire engines below and the field was closed." The time was 9:30 P.M.

"I went into the dining room and started praying at twenty past nine," Mary says. "As soon as I got on my knees I had a vision. I saw a plane coming down, and when it landed, the wheels went out from under it. Suddenly it tipped over on its side and a fire blazed all around it. For twenty minutes I prayed both in English and in tongues. Then this nagging feeling I'd had all evening was suddenly gone." Three hours later Ronald walked in the front door. "Boy, did we have a close call!" he exclaimed.

"Wait," Mary said. "Let me tell *you* what happened."

Perhaps the most controversial aspect of the charismatic movement is its belief in faith healing, a belief which medical scientists completely reject. "Our healing ministry is carried on in my study in church after services," says the Baptist Rev. Howard Ervin. "We have seen at least six men instantly relieved of addictions of long standing. We saw a blood clot disappear immediately. An appliance repairman who had torn cartilages in both knees was healed instantly. He could barely walk when he came in for prayer, and afterward he *ran* out of my study and down five steps to his car. He was absolutely free."

The Baptist Rev. Frank Downing of Baltimore reports a similar experience. A woman approached him after a service and said her son had suffered so many abscesses of the ear that scar tissue was mounting from repeated lancings, and her doctor feared the boy's hearing might be impaired. The Reverend Mr. Downing visited the home and found a "little preschool-age fellow lying on the couch in great pain." He prayed. When he finished praying, he saw that "there was a discharge coming from the ear." The pain left and the boy seemed well. The next morning the doctor could find no trace of the scar tissue.

While scientists dispute such "cures," they are equally puzzled by the phenomenon of speaking in tongues. Commonly, when a charismatic speaks in tongues, another member of the group will interpret the message. Less involved observers, however, have grave difficulty making sense out of glossolalia. A survey made by the Episcopal Church found that glossolalia "stresses open vowels and a general lack of harsh gutterals, somewhat in the manner of Hawaiian or a Southern romance language." Research for the report was based on repeated hearing of this form of prayer. Quite often it sounded to the ear of the investigator like some form of Chinese or Far Eastern dialect:

Baptist minister: "Sala ka taiyestsa. Sai chung tung chava dieva zandali cheya chungolo mochoko kotorie toka. Chang chung kuye sayesheh neveesaya. . . ."

Episcopal priest: "Okhazhevanai toree kafaouzheevra doudela. Zhour dena dasteeprathos dai brou zheedavra taneen."

Despite its widespread and continuing occurrence among Christians in this century, glossolalia seems never to have received an expert linguistic analysis—except once. Tape recordings of Doctor Bredesen—the campus missionary—praying in tongues were played to a group of linguists in Toronto. The conclusions of the assembled scholars were set forth in a 2,260-word analysis which went into deep detail about "alveolar and alveopalatal, labial and velar" sounds, and declared these sounds "closest to some of the Malayo-Polynesian languages." But it was found to be "highly improbable that this is a human language." It was also stated by the director of the study that for Doctor Bredesen this was undeniably a "spiritual experience."

"If this had been gibberish," says Doctor Bredesen, "wouldn't they just have said so?"

Next July Doubleday will publish the first full-length study of the glossolalia revival, *Tongues Speaking: An Experiment in Spiritual Experience*, by the Rev. Morton T. Kelsey, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Monrovia, Calif. Though Father Kelsey is not himself a glossologist, he has observed the phenomenon in 30 members of his church, including his assistant rector.

"My basic feeling," says Father Kelsey, "is that glossolalia comes out of the collective unconscious." This is a conclusion drawn from studies at the C.G. Jung Institute in Zürich and a correspondence Father Kelsey had with the late Doctor Jung himself. It was Jung who originated the hypothesis that each human psyche is in contact with a vast reservoir of collective experience out of which human consciousness has arisen.

As Father Kelsey explains it, speaking

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in tongues is similar to dreaming. "In a dream," he says, "the ego is relaxed, and another part of the psychic structure takes over so that images present themselves to the consciousness. In tongues, instead of a visual image coming before the consciousness, you have a motor response taking over." Father Kelsey says that glossolalia is the product of "no neurosis, no psychosis, no seizure and no hypnosis. A person can turn speaking in tongues on and off like a faucet. There is no more seizure than in going to sleep."

Those who speak in tongues do not always use meaningless words, however. "A missionary who had served in Mexico came to us," says Doctor Ervin, "and asked us to anoint her and pray for her healing. I prayed in tongues, and when I finished, the missionary said that I had prayed, 'God be propitious to this needy soul' in Spanish. I do not know Spanish."

For a time Doctor Ervin's wife Marta was antagonistic to the charismatic movement, but she said that at one meeting she heard "an Italian fellow who spoke atrocious, broken English that was just irreparable. And then, when he spoke in prophecy, he spoke the purest English, in an elevated diction and style. It was simply beautiful." That convinced her, she said, of the possible validity of prophetic utterance today.

What glossolalia does

Does praying in meaningless sounds really serve any Christian purpose? I asked the Rev. Morris G. C.Vaagenes Jr., 33-year-old pastor of a Lutheran church just outside St. Paul, Minn., precisely what glossolalia does. "It's getting something off your chest," he said, "in a way that just praying with your conscious mind can't. When we pray with our conscious mind, only a fraction of our total mind is able to pray. Praying in tongues gives the subconscious a chance to express itself, so that one's whole being, one's whole personality can speak to God. When a person doesn't know what to pray for, he can pray in tongues and grapple with the matter through that prayer, and many times the answer comes to him immediately afterward."

The young minister said he discovered that the Lutherans who were praying in tongues were not people of low intelligence but instead just the opposite—they were highly respected in the church, and included some of the ablest pastors and some of those of highest rank in their seminary classes.

Pastor Vaagenes began a weekly meeting in his home, and in less than a year seven other groups, four in Minneapolis and three in St. Paul, sprang directly out of it. "When you find that you have people sitting up the stairway," remarks an Episcopal rector, "it's time to form another group." Once a month all these groups meet together in a church.

"In our house meetings we put a chair in the center of a living room filled with twenty-five or thirty people," he said. "We state that if anyone desires prayer or the laying on of hands for some specific need—a hunger for the anointing of the Holy Spirit or if they need healing—to take the chair and share the desire with the group. Different people gather around to join in prayer and lay on their hands. There may be tongues spoken at this time, or there may be prophecies that come for the person. We sense a real presence of God at such a time."

In his pastoral letter warning against the practice of glossolalia in the California diocese, Bishop Pike disparaged the feeling of discovery that excites practitioners of tongues. "Glossolalia," he said, "is a psychological phenomenon which has been known over many, many centuries, quite apart from any particular religious orientation; in more extreme forms it is associated with schizophrenia."

Behind the pastoral letter was a 20-page report by a nine-member study commission that reported to the bishop. Its members included two practicing psychiatrists and six clergymen. The report said glossolalia had been widespread in the mystery religions—"It is referred to by Plato, Vergil, Plutarch and early Egyptian writers"—and that it was not, per se, a religious phenomenon.

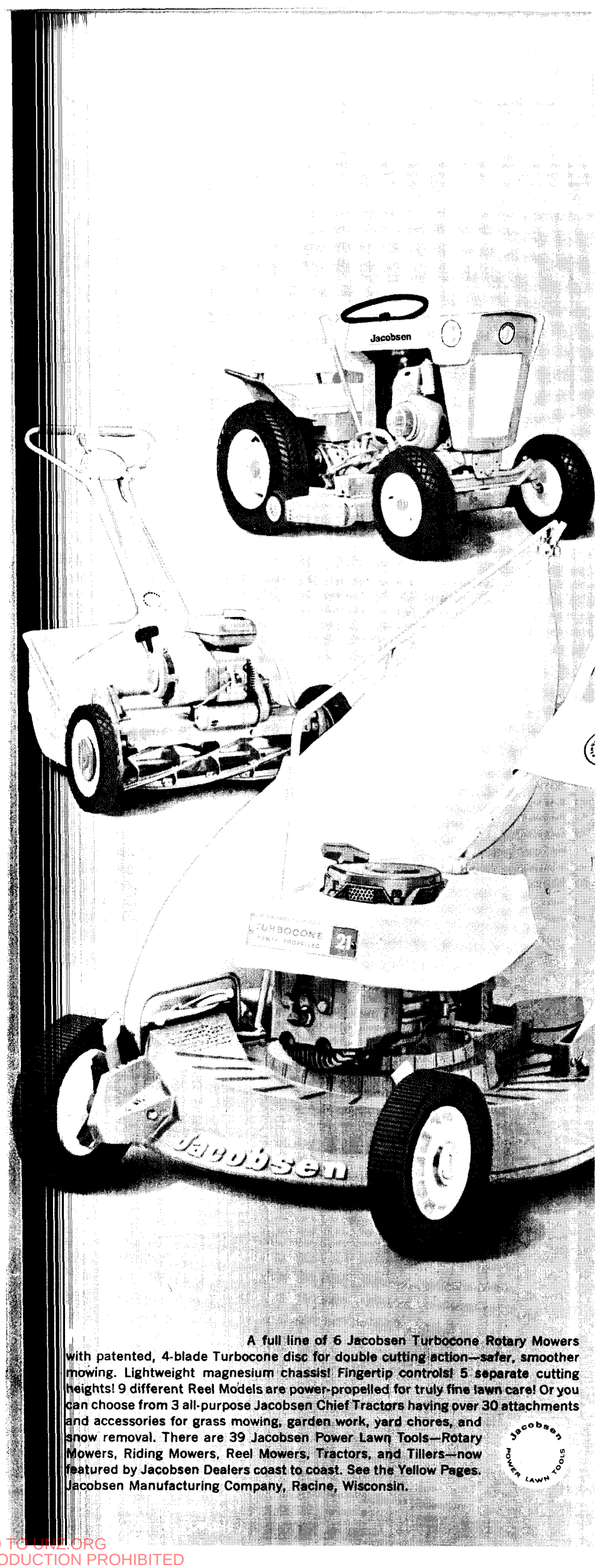
One church that has come under the restrictions of the bishop's letter is Holy Innocents Episcopal Church in Corte Madera near San Francisco. It is a high-church parish, and inside the small building mobiles slowly twist and glide. Its rector, Rev. Tod W. Ewald, is a cordial, outspoken and rather authoritarian priest. Before he received the "infilling of the Holy Spirit," Father Ewald had been regarded by other ministers in Corte Madera as dogmatically contemptuous of expressions of the faith that did not coincide with his own. "Now the walls have just crumbled down," he said. "We're all one in Christ. I could no more have said that two years ago than fly.

"We have 350 members, and one third of them have spoken in tongues at our altar, with beauty and wonder and reverence," he said. "We received this Pentecostal experience at the altar rail by laying on of hands." Parishioners from 20 to 70 who had receivedthe experience told of estranged husbands and wives finding renewal of love, of atheist relatives suddenly reaching for God, of off-and-on churchgoers becoming twice-a-week attenders, of tranquillity and a new effervescence. "You just bubble, bubble, bubble," one man said.

Ministers in and out of the charismatic movement recognize hazards of potential abuses, however. The charismatic experiences can create a strong bond across denominational lines, but within single congregations they are sometimes extremely divisive, especially when there are members who are scandalized by speaking in tongues. The most frequently heard complaint is that glossolalia engenders spiritual pride among those who exercise it. The Pike commission admonished those in the movement against teaching that "glossolalia is the essential sign of God's presence and that those lacking it are in any sense second-rate citizens in His Kingdom." To this, most Protestant leaders say a fervent "Amen."

Charismatic ministers say that the excesses of glossolalia, both in this century and in the early church, have been its public use out of turn. According to his writings, the Apostle Paul prayed much in tongues, but he took a dim view of glossolalia in church. Though he wrote that "I thank God that I speak in tongues more than you all," he laid down very specific limitations on its public use, ordaining that no more than one person speak in a tongue at a time, and that there be no utterance in tongues unless someone is present to interpret. A person who "speaks in a tongue edifies himself," the Apostle states, whereas the purpose of a public worship service is to edify the entire congregation.

Though ministers report that church members who exercise charismatic gifts usually serve the church far more actively



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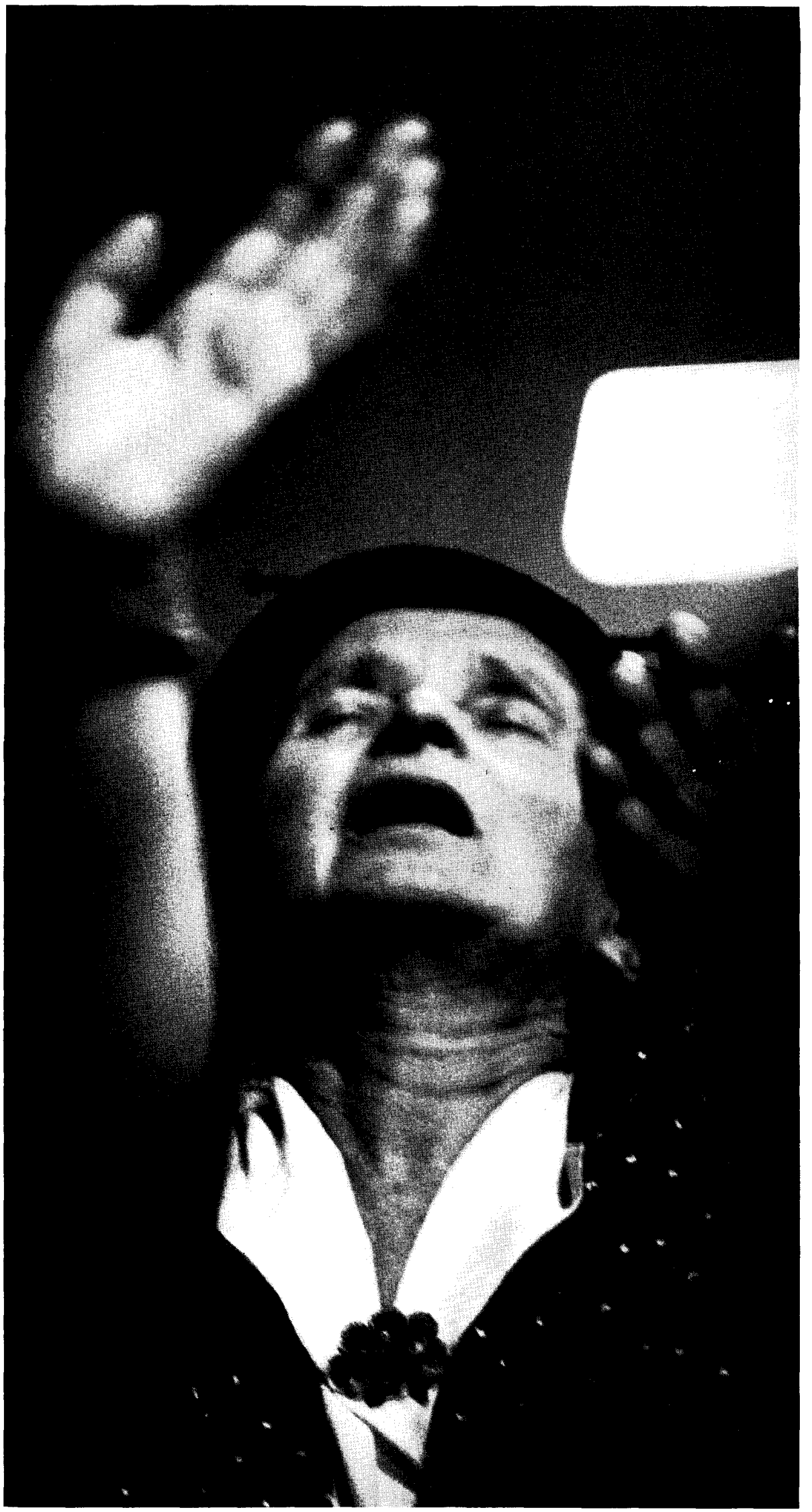
than the average member, they admit that a few develop a "free-lance" attitude, find it hard to submit humbly to the judgments of others and tend to regard themselves as qualified arbiters of a whole range of matters. Sometimes they even switch from church to church, going wherever they will find an audience. Worst of all is the danger of outright counterfeit. The charismatic movement has been troubled at times by people who pretend to gifts. There is a thin line between faith and credulity, and if it is not scrupulously observed, virtually any sham can be put over in the guise of a spiritual gift. "The cure for abuse is not disuse, but proper use," a Lutheran minister says to this. "A disciplined ministry will hold potential abuses in check."

Charismatic ministers say that since the central claim of Christianity is that Jesus Christ is alive and is all-powerful, the church must proclaim Him so today if Christianity is to seize the initiative from powerful pagan world movements. They argue that to deny the supernatural character of Christianity is to deprive the church of its essence and to reduce its teaching to an optional, take-it-or-leave-it moral code. "There ought to be something to distinguish the church of Jesus Christ from a Rotary Club," one minister said. The celebrated religion boom of the 1950's crowded the churches but failed to produce any notable rise in morality or social welfare. And there was widespread talk that the world had entered a "post-Christian" era. Many ministers believe that supernatural gifts were invested in the early church for the emergency of the Apostolic generation, when the church had to survive harrowing hostility—but charismatic ministers argue that the world is as precarious for Christianity right now as it has ever been. "There is a kind of mystic violence abroad in the world today," says the Rev. Dr. John MacKay, president emeritus of Princeton Theological Seminary and one of the foremost ecumenical figures of the time. "In my mind this is surging up in the secular realm at the end of an era, and you have got to match that in the religious realm so that religion becomes a very, very exciting thing that absorbs your whole life in the principle of commitment.

"In the secular realm we see people like the beatniks and the delinquents who have just got to get their whole emotional being in some direction, even in the wrong direction. But the church is orderly. That hour is over," he said, adding a warning: "You could get the historical churches irrelevant to the human situation. One reason is that they're unwilling to face the realities of the kind of relationship to deity which becomes a very exciting thing. They're scared to death of anything that will get your life.

"We are at the end of an era," as Doctor MacKay sees it. "Revolutionary, volcanic forces are at work, and our people won't face that. We just don't want to look at it, you see, at the very time the volcano is erupting."

As the controversy over the resurgence of glossolalia continues, the charismatic himself feels no need to formulate reasoned explanations. He repeats a favorite maxim: "The man who has an experience is never at the mercy of a man who has an argument." THE END



Unknown words like "sala ka taiyestsa" come from worshipers in charismatic state of transport like this woman's.

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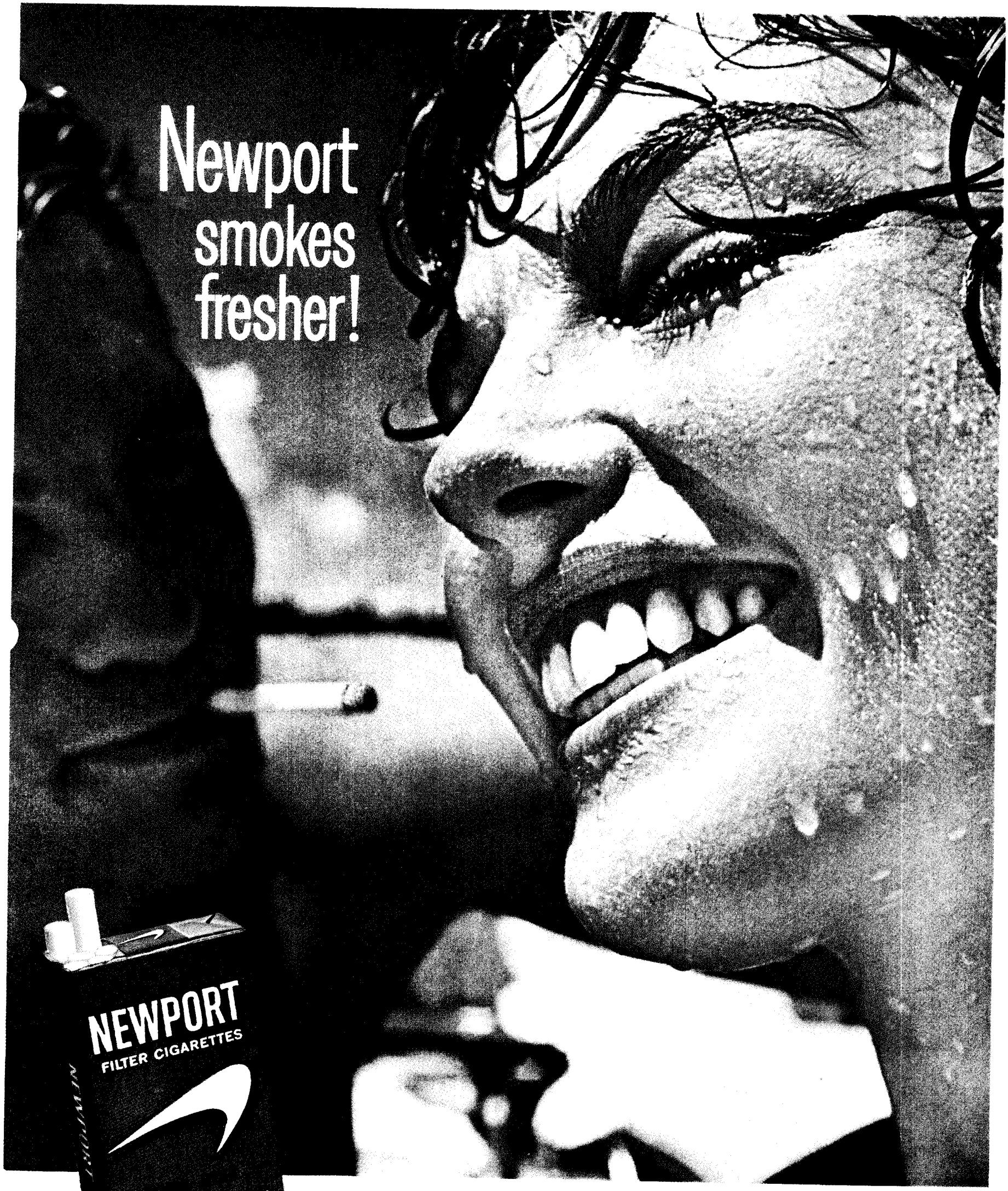

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CAN I STAY HERE?

BY JOHN O'HARA

Life's a brief candle, of course—
but every once in a while there's the daughter of an
old flame to brighten things up.

The famous actress went to the window and gazed down at the snow-covered Park. The morning radio had said there would be snow, and there it was, an inch of it settled on trees and ground, and making her warm apartment so comfortable and secure. She would not have to go out all day. John Blackwell's twenty-one-year-old daughter was coming for lunch, and would probably stay an hour and a half; then there would be nothing to do until Alfredo Pastorrelli's cocktail party, and the weather had provided an excuse for ducking that. As for dinner at Maude Long's, any minute now there would be a telephone call from Maude. Any minute—and this was the minute.

"Mrs. Long on the phone, ma'am," said the maid.

"I'll take it in here, Irene."

"Yes ma'am," said the maid.

"Hello, Maudie. I'll bet I know what you're calling about."

"Oh, Terry, have you taken a look outside? I just don't think it's fair to ask George and Marian to go out in weather like this. I could send my car for them, but that'd mean O'Brien wouldn't get home till after midnight. And he's been so good lately."

"So you've called off the party. Don't fret about it, Maudie," said Theresa Livingston.

"You sure you don't mind? I mean, if you'd like to come to me for dinner, just the two of us. We could play canasta. Or gin."

"Maudie, wouldn't you just rather have a nice warm bath and dinner on a tray? That's what I plan to do, unless you're dying for company."

"Well, if you're sure you don't mind," said Maude Long.

"Not one single bit. This is the kind of day that makes me appreciate a nice warm apartment. Oh, the times I'd wake up on days like this and wish I could stay indoors. But would have to get up and play a matinee at the Nixon. That's in Pittsburgh, or was."

"Yes, it's nice to just putter, isn't it?" said Maude Long. "What are you going to wear?"

"Today?"

"Yes. I always like to know what you're wearing. What do *you* wear when you're just staying home doing nothing?"

"Well, today I'll be wearing my black net. That sounds dressy, but I'm having a guest for lunch. A young girl that I've never met, but her father was an old beau of mine and she's coming to see me."

"That could be amusing. Could be a bore, too."

"I can get rid of her, and don't think I won't if she turns out to be a bore."

"Trust you, Terry. Well, let's one of us call the other in a day or so, and I'm sorry about dinner."

Having committed herself to her black net, Terry Livingston reconsidered. In fairness to John Blackwell she could not give his daughter the impression that his actress girl friend had turned into a frump. Not that the black net was frumpish, but it *was* black net, and something brighter would be more considerate of John, and especially on a day like this. "I'm not going to keep this on, Irene. What have I got that's brighter?"

"Your blue silk knit, ma'am. With that you can start breaking in those blue pumps."

"I wonder what jewelry. This young lady that's coming for lunch, I've never seen her, but her father was one of my biggest admirers, back in the Spanish-American War days."

"Aw, now ma'am."

"Well, it wasn't World War Two, I can tell you," said Theresa Livingston. "And not too long after World War One."

"Try her with one good piece," said Irene. "I always like your diamond pin with the squiggly gold around it."

"With the blue silk knit, do you think?"

"If you wear it over to the one side, casual."

"All right. You've solved the problem. And I suppose I ought to start breaking in those pumps."

"They've been just sitting there ever since you bought them, and the old ones are pretty scuffed," said Irene. "Will you be offering her a cocktail, the young lady?"

"Oh, she's old enough for that. Yes. Let's put out some gin and vodka. They drink a lot of vodka, the young people."

"And I'll send down for a waiter at one o'clock."

"A little earlier. Have him here to take our order at one sharp."

"I won't promise he'll be here. That's their busiest time, but I'll try. In case you may want to get rid of her, what?"

"The usual signal," said Theresa Livingston. "At two-fifteen I'll ask you if you've seen my cigarette holder. You pretend to look for it. You find it and bring it in and remind me that I have to change for my appointment."

"Where is the appointment supposed to be?"

"Three o'clock, downtown in my lawyer's office."

"Just so I make sure," said Irene. "I made a botch of it the last time Mrs. Long was here."

"Oh, well, with Mrs. Long it didn't matter. I wonder if I ought to have some little present for Miss Blackwell. Her father was very generous to me. Some little spur-of-the-moment gift that I won't miss."

"You have any number of cigarette lighters that you don't hardly ever use."

"Have I got any silver ones? A gold one would be a little too much, but a silver one might be nice."

"You've one or two silver, and a couple in snakeskin."

"The snakeskin. Fill one of the snakeskins and put a flint in it if it needs it. I'll have it in my hand. A spontaneous gesture that I'm sure she'll appreciate, just before she's leaving. 'I want you to take this. A little memento of our first meeting.'"

"I'll pick out a nice one. Snakeskin or lizard, either one."

"And you'll see about the drinks? Tomato juice, in case she asks for a Bloody Mary. Now what else? We'll have the table in the center of the room. I'll take the chair with my back to the light. At this hour of the day it doesn't make a great deal of difference, but she's young and she might as well get the glare. You listen to what I order and be sure the waiter puts my melon or whatever on that side of the table."

"Yes ma'am."

"When she gets here I'll be in my bedroom. They'll announce her from downstairs and I'll wait in my bedroom. You let her in. She'll naturally turn right, I imagine, and you tell her I'll be right with her. I don't like that picture of President Eisenhower where it is. Let's take it off the piano and put it more where she can see it. I don't suppose she'd recognize Moss Hart, so we'll leave that there. Dwight Wiman? No, she wouldn't know who he was. She might recognize Noel Coward's picture, so we won't disturb that. That's a wonderful picture of Gary Cooper and I. I must remember to have that enlarged. Gary. Dolores Del Rio. A writer, his name I forget. Fay Wray. That's Cedric Gibbons. He was married to Dolores Del Rio. Frances Goldwyn. Mrs. Samuel. Dear Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. There we all are, my first year in Hollywood. My second, actually, but I have no pictures of the first time. That was a Sunday luncheon party at Malibu. Look at Gary, isn't he darling? He wasn't a bit interested in me, actually. That was when he and the little Mexican girl, Lupe Velez, they were quite a thing at that time. You know, I haven't really looked at that picture in ages. Certainly dates me, doesn't it? And this one. Do you know who that is? I must have told you."

"I never remember his name."

"That's H. G. *Wells*. One of our *great*

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Illustration by James Hill

writers. Not one of ours in the American sense. But British. I think he was out there visiting Charlie Chaplin or somebody. They all went to Hollywood sometime or other. Never mind. I made a lot of money in pictures, and people heard of me that never would have if I'd confined myself to the theater. Well, this isn't getting into my blue knit."

"You have over a half an hour," said the maid.

They went to the bedroom. Irene laid out the blue dress, and produced three cigarette lighters. "You don't want to give her the one with the watch in it," said Irene. "I took notice, the watch is from Cartier's."

"No, I'll take this little thing. I think it must be lizard. Quite gay, don't you think? And doesn't go at all badly with my dress. I haven't the faintest idea who gave me this one."

"Just so it wasn't the young lady's father."

"Oh, no. Not John Blackwell. Downstairs, in the safe, that's where I keep his presents. Or at least I've had most of them reset, but he never gave me any cigarette lighters. He's president of the United States Casualty and Indemnity Company, and his father was, before him. One of those firms that you don't hear much about, but I wish I had their money. Baltimore. Did you ever hear of a horse called One No Trump? A *famous* horse. I'm not sure he didn't win the Kentucky Derby. This girl's father owned him. I'll tell you another little secret to add to your collection. For when you write your memoirs, Mr. Blackwell, John, always wanted to name a horse after me, but of course he was married and I was, too, at the time, and we were both being *very* discreet. I just wonder how much this girl today knows about me. Anyway, John knew he couldn't actually call a horse by my name, but he had a very promising filly that he thought would win the Kentucky Derby. Only one filly ever won the Derby, you know. A horse with the unfortunate name of Regret. So John wanted to name this filly after me, but instead of giving it my name, he gave it my initials. He called it Till Later. T. L. That was our secret. *One* of them, I might add. Oh, dear, I think of all the little lies we told to protect other people. Including this girl that's coming today. *There*. How do I look?"

"Let me just smooth the skirt down over the hips," said Irene.

"It has a tendency to crawl up. I wonder if I ought to put on another slip?"

"You'll be sitting down most of the time. It's not very noticeable. Here's your pin," said Irene.

"Right about here, do you think?"

"Yes. Maybe about an inch lower."

"Here?" said Theresa Livingston.

"Just right."

"There. Now we're ready for Miss Evelyn Blackwell."

"She ought to be here in another five minutes."

"I hope she's prompt."

"She will be, if she knows what's good for her," said Irene.

"Well, if she's anything like her father. He had the best manners of any man I ever knew." Theresa Livingston lit a cigarette, had a couple of looks at herself in the full-length triplicate mirrors. She was alone now; Irene was in the kitchen. Being alone was not bad. Ever since she had rated her own dressing room—and that was a good many years—Theresa had always insisted upon being alone for the last five minutes before going on for a performance. It gave her time to compose herself, to gather her strength, to be sick if she had to be, to slosh her mouth out with a sip of champagne which she did not swallow, to get ready for the stage manager's summons, to go out there and kill the sons of bitches with her charm and beauty and talent. Perceptive of Irene to have realized that this was just such a time, if only for an audience of one young girl. Too perceptive. All that prattle had deceived Theresa herself without for one minute deceiving Irene.

She wanted to remain standing so as not to give the blue silk knit a chance to crawl up, but after ten minutes she was weary. The buzzer sounded, and Theresa heard Irene going to the hall door. It was the waiter with the menus. Loyally Irene was annoyed by the young girl's lateness. "Why don't you just order for the both of you?" said Irene. "Or do you want me to?"

"I'm not terribly hungry," said Theresa. "You order, Irene."

"Yes. Well, the eggs Florentine. Start with the melon. The eggs Florentine. You won't want a salad, so we won't give *her* one. And finish up with the lemon sherbet. Light, but enough. And you'll want your Sanka. Coffee for her. How does that sound to you?"

"Perfect. And it'll take a half an hour before it gets here. She certainly ought to be here by then."

"If she isn't, I'm not going to let her come up."

"Oh, well, traffic. She'll have *some* good reason."

"What's wrong with the telephone? She could of let us know," said Irene. "I'll give him the order and then *you're* gonna have a glass of champagne."

"All right," said Theresa.

"We'll give her till ha' past one on the dot," said Irene.

It was ten minutes short of one-thirty when the girl arrived. "She's here," said Irene. "But you'll have to judge for yourself the condition she's in."

"You mean she's tight?" said Theresa.

"She's something, I don't know what."

"What is she like? Is she attractive?"

"Well, you don't see much of the face. You know, the hair hides the most of it."

"What makes you think she's tight?"

"'Hi,' she said. 'Hi. Is Miss Livingston at home? I'm expected. Expec-ted.' I said yes, she was expected. Didn't they call up from downstairs? 'Oh, that's right,' she said. 'Oh, there's Ike,' she said. 'Isn't he cute?' Ike. Cute."

"Oh, dear. Well, let's get it over with,"

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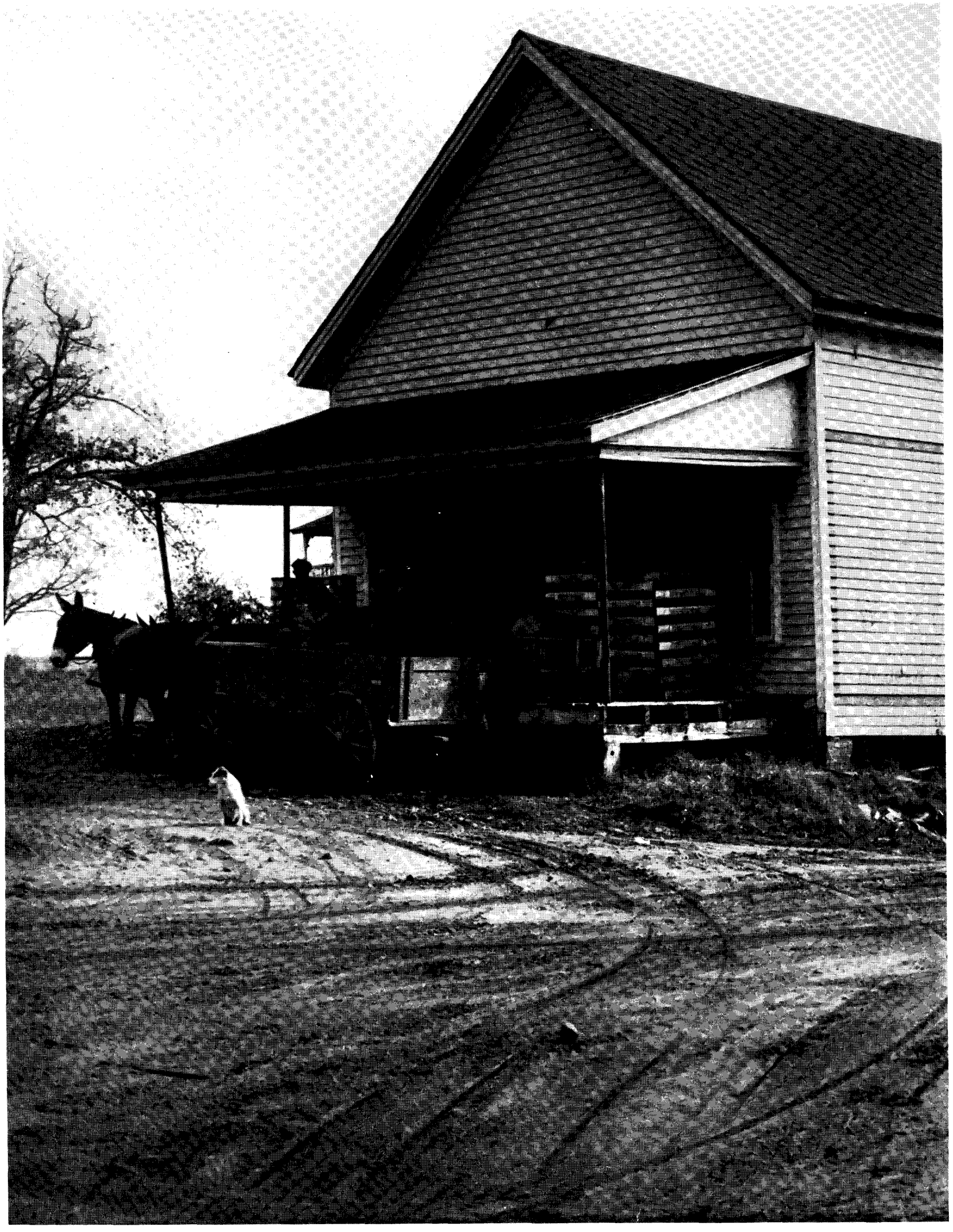

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"We needed new industry but the Little Tallapoosa stopped us cold"

The Little Tallapoosa has always supplied water to Temple, Villa Rica and Carrollton in Carroll County, Georgia. In 1954 it nearly dried up, as the citizens of Temple found when they turned on their faucets. In 1961 it went wild, washing out 17 bridges and miles of roads.

Today, it would take a rain heavier than any on record to damage Carroll County. And a six months' drought would only curtail lawn sprinkling.

The credit goes to the Little Tallapoosa Watershed project.

But Carroll County got more than freedom from flooding and sediment damage. The project helped prevent an economic disaster. After cotton, the county's number-one crop, died, the dairy industry that replaced it could not absorb the unemployed.

Organize to Attract Industry

Concerned citizens organized to attract new industries to the area. They found there was barely enough water to handle existing needs. "We thought we were ready for new industry," said Chester Roush, chairman of the area's Planning Commission, "but the Little Tallapoosa stopped us cold."

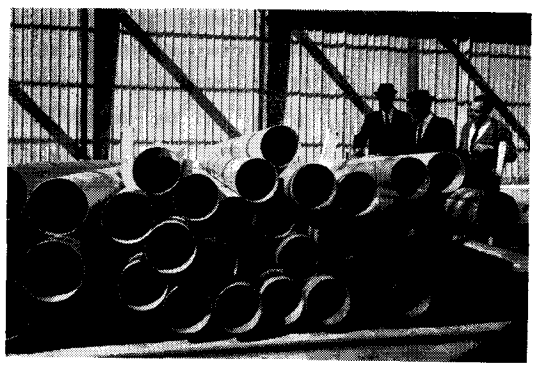
The Towns Act

In the meantime, work started on the watershed project, which involved 14 flood-retarding dams. The city and county authorities found that towns could pay for the enlargement of certain structures to include water storage for as little as $4363 instead of paying as much as $250,000 for a new pumping station. This economy saved the lives of the county's major towns.

Hundreds of Jobs Created

Temple benefited first. It got enough water to meet its future needs. It also added a company payroll of 300 to the 50 employed by the town's only other industry.

Villa Rica needed water to *keep* its industries. Just when it was about to invest in the watershed project, a legal problem blocked needed funds. But Frank Green, farmer, and Harold Smith, service-station operator, knew they couldn't wait. They canvassed the town and raised the money. Certificates were issued to be redeemed with interest from water revenues. Green also got perpetual easements for the reservoir site at no charge from neighboring farmers. Villa Rica's industries stayed and another has located there as a result of having enough water to meet all future needs.



Gains Eight New Industries

Carrollton, largest town in the area, could not supply 2000 gallons a minute when Trent Tube considered moving there. But the town wanted the firm to locate there.

Because of the watershed project, Carrollton got the water it needed. Today, Trent Tube is not only established in the area but planning to expand. Since 1959, the town has gained eight new industries. Four other established firms, including Southwire, the largest, have expanded substantially.

Manufacturing employment in the county has risen 30%.

The Nation's Water Outlook

Problems like these aren't limited to one area of the country. Has your community reached the point where there's no safety margin? No reserves to attract new industry? By 1980, our nation will need twice the water we're using now. Is someone doing the job where you live? To see what you can do, write for "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A." to Dept. P-24, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

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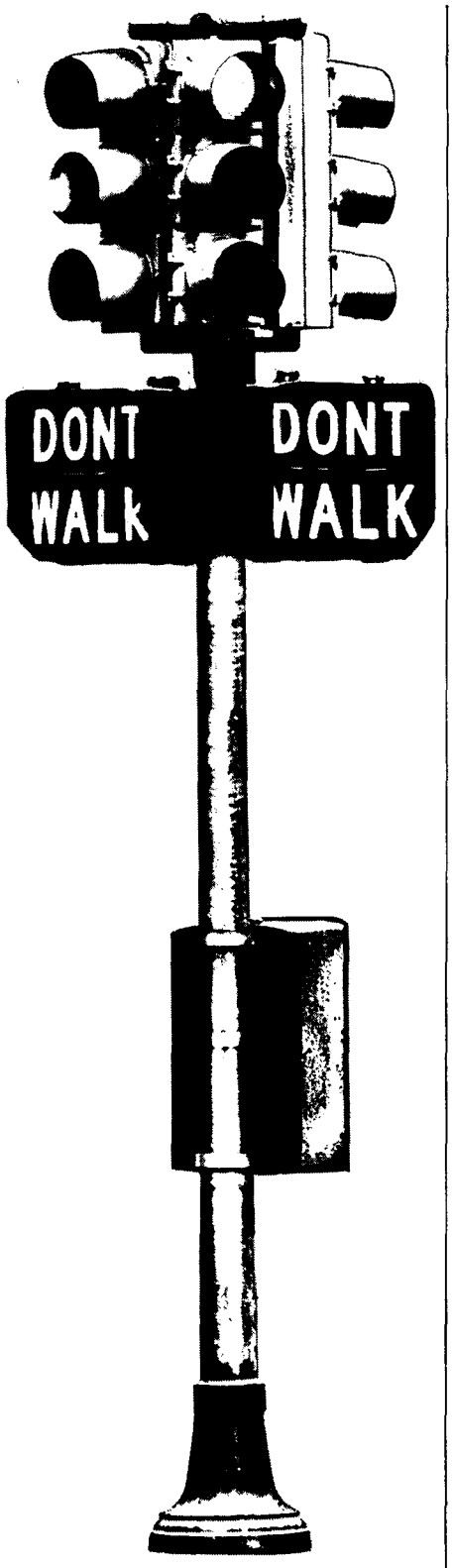
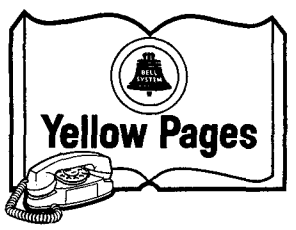


Let your fingers do the walking —shop the Yellow Pages way



said Theresa. "Tell her I'll be right out."

"I'll tell her you're on the long distance," said Irene.

"It might be a good idea to stay with her. Keep an eye on her so she doesn't start helping herself to the vodka. Is she that type?"

"I wouldn't put it past her," said Irene. "I wouldn't put anything past this one. And remember, you're supposed to be going downtown and see your lawyer."

"Yes, we won't need the cigarette-holder bit."

Theresa Livingston allowed a few minutes to pass, then made her brisk entrance, and saw immediately that Irene had not exaggerated. The girl stood up, and behind her lazy grin was all manner of trouble. Theresa Livingston gave her the society-dowager bit. "How do you do, my dear. Have you told Irene what you'd like to drink?"

"She didn't ask me, but I'll have a vodka Martini. I might as well stick with it."

"Irene, will you, please?" said Theresa Livingston. "Nothing for me. I've ordered lunch for both of us. Save time that way, you know. The food is good here, but the service can be a little slow."

"I know."

"Oh, you've stopped here?"

"No, we always stay at the Vanderbilt, but I was with some friends in the What-You-Call-It-Room, downstairs."

"I see," said Theresa.

"I guess I was a little late, but I got here as soon as I could."

"Well, let's not talk about that," said Theresa. "Why don't you sit there and I'll sit here. I was so pleased to hear from your father. I hadn't realized he had a daughter your age. Did you come out, and all the rest of those things?"

"Oh, two years ago. The whole bit."

"And from your father's note I gather you've given up school. Are you serious about wanting to be an actress?"

Irene served the cocktail, and the girl drank some of it. "I don't know. I guess I am. I want to do something, and as soon as I mentioned the theater, Daddy said he knew you. I guess if you were a friend of Daddy's you know how he operates. If I said I wanted to be in the Peace Corps he'd fix it with President Johnson, or at least try."

"Well, I don't know about that, but your father was a very good friend of mine when we were younger. Not that I've seen him in—oh, dear, before you were born."

"Oh, I know that. It's been Mrs. Castleton ever since I can remember."

"What's been Mrs. Castleton?"

"Daddy's girl friend."

"But your father and mother are still married, aren't they?"

"Of course. Mummy's not giving up all that loot, and why should she? Could I have another one of these? I'll get it, don't you bother."

"Well, yes. You may have to finish it at the table."

"Do you want to bet?" The girl took her glass to the portable bar. "First Mummy said they'd stay married till after I came out, although why that's important even in Baltimore. But then I came out, and nothing more was heard about a divorce. If Aunt Dorothy wanted him to get a divorce he'd get it, but being Dorothy Castleton is still a little bit better socially than being Dorothy Blackwell. And they're all old."

"Yes, we are."

"I didn't mean that personally, Miss Livingston."

"I don't know how else you could mean it, considering that I'm the same age as your father and mother. I don't know about Mrs. Castleton, of course."

"Same age. All in their late fifties or early sixties, I guess. Anyway, not exactly the *jeunesse dorée*."

"No. Well, Baltimore doesn't seem to be very different from any place else, does it? And meanwhile, your father asked me to have a talk with you about the theater. Which I'm very glad to do. But *you*. *You* don't seem to have any burning, overwhelming desire to become an actress."

"I couldn't care less, frankly. It's Daddy that as soon as I mentioned the theater ——"

"How did you happen to mention it, though?"

"How did I happen to mention it? Well, I guess I said I wanted to do *something*, but when it came down to what I could do, we exhausted all the possibilities except riding horse shows and modeling."

"So naturally you thought of going on the stage."

"No, I didn't. That was Daddy's idea. This whole thing was his idea. I think he just wanted to name-drop that he knew you. I have no delusions about being an actress, for Christ's sake."

Irene went to the door to admit the waiter with the rolling table.

"You would have lost your bet," said the girl. "I won't have to finish my drink at the table."

"Well, then, it isn't a question of my using my influence to get you into the American Academy or anything like that," said Theresa. "I must say I'm relieved. I certainly wouldn't want to deprive a girl of a chance that really cared about the theater."

"Forget it. I'm sorry I wasted your time, but it wasn't all my fault. Daddy's a powerhouse, and when he gets an idea he keeps after you till you give in."

"Shall we sit down? Why don't you sit there, and I'll sit here," said Theresa.

They took their places at the table, but the girl obviously had no intention of touching her melon. "Would you rather have something else?" said Theresa. "Tomato juice, or something like that? We wouldn't have to send downstairs for it."

"No thanks."

"We're having eggs Benedict," said Theresa.

"Eggs Florentine, ma'am," said Irene.

"Don't worry about me," said the girl.

"Have you had any breakfast, other than a vodka Martini?" said Theresa. "Why don't you have a cup of coffee?"

"Where's the bathroom?" said the girl.

"Will you show her the bathroom, Irene?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Just tell me where it is, don't come with me," said the girl.

"Through that door, which leads to the bedroom. And the bathroom you can find," said Theresa.

"The eggs Florentine," said the girl. "Eggs anything." She left the room quickly.

"I hope she makes it," said Irene.

"Yes," said Theresa. "I think you'd better move this table out in the hall. Leave the coffee. I'll have some myself, now, and you might make some fresh, Irene."

"You're not gonna eat *any* lunch?"

"No."

"Nine dollars, right down the drain."

"I know, but I'm not hungry, so don't force me."

Theresa had two cups of coffee and several cigarettes. "I think I ought to go in and see how she is," she said.

"You want me to?" said Irene.

"No, I will," said Theresa.

She went to the bedroom, and the girl was lying on the bed, clad in her slip, staring at the ceiling. "Do you want anything, Evelyn?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"What?"

"Can I stay here a while?"

"Child, you can stay here as long as you like," said Theresa Livingston.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's for a going-away present for the next man who's late for work."

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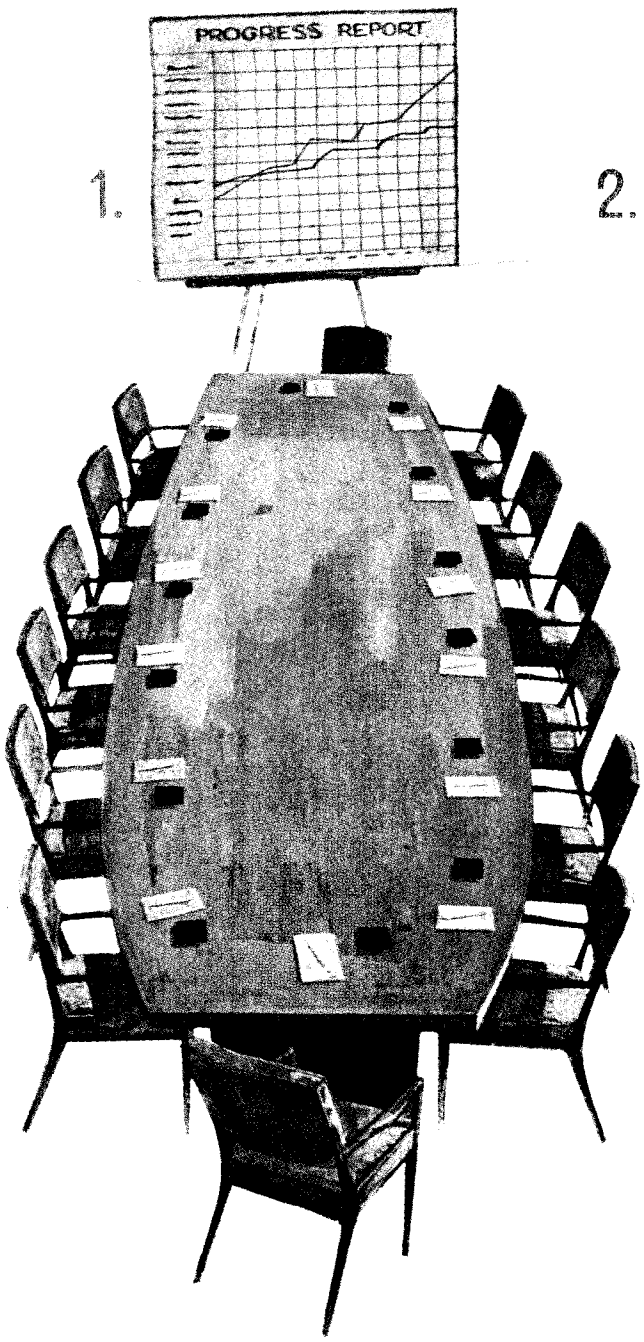

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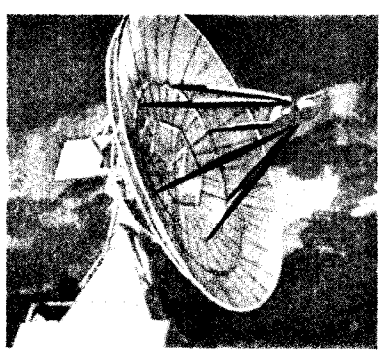

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Mary Deasy, a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, was a concert pianist until she decided in the mid-1940's to devote all her time to fiction. Since then her achievement has been enviable. She has published eight novels since 1948, the most recent, The Celebration, *with Random House last August. Her short stories have appeared in such magazines as* The New Yorker, Mademoiselle, Harper's *and* The Atlantic, *and have then been reprinted in* The Best American Short Stories *in 1945, 1946 and 1953 and in* Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards *in 1945, 1947 and 1962.*

Foreknowledge corrodes character:
For if fate is inevitable, one might as
well relax and enjoy it.

The Fortuneteller

By MARY DEASY

My aunt said first that if I had to go to a carnival I could wait till there was one a little nearer home before she'd see me running off to it with those wild Mangans, but when she heard Sheela Desmond was going, too, she changed her mind finally and gave in.

"Mind you're home by nine o'clock now," she warned me. "And mind you don't follow those two Mangans into any more devilment than you can help."

She was grumbling still when I went off down the street, but I forgot all the trouble I'd had getting leave to go when I came in sight of the Mangans' house and saw Katie and Florrie waiting for me in their best white dresses, with a picnic basket staggering-full between them. Florrie was my age, just going into thirteen, with wild-looking angular arms and legs, but Katie was three years older and already besieged by throngs of fellows. My aunt predicted grimly that she'd fall between half a dozen stools when it came to getting any of them to marry her, but that didn't bother Mrs. Mangan: She seemed to like having the house full of Katie's beaux, banging on the old piano in the front room or yowling to a ukulele on the front steps.

"Wasn't I like that myself?" she said. "I had twenty fellows after me, and what harm did it do me to have my fun before all these soldiers"—giving her nearest available child a good-humored whack—"came marching in to give me orders?"

We walked past Sheela Desmond's house now on our way to the trolley line, and she came out at Katie's whistle—a thin, quiet, intense girl with pale, freckled cheeks and dark hair. She was prettier than Katie, whose best friend she was, but it was always Katie who had the boys around her. Florrie said it was because Sheela was in love with one of Katie's beaux, Larry French; that was why she never looked at any of the other boys.

"Is Katie in love with him too?" I asked, and Florrie hooted and said if Katie was in love with anybody it was herself.

"She collects them, girl," she said, "like you'd collect strings of beads, and don't you ever try to get one of them away from her. I asked her once if I could have Johnny Lawlor when I got to be fifteen, and she said she'd scratch my eyes out if I so much as looked at him crosswise."

We had a long trolley ride before we got out to the carnival; by the time we arrived it was almost four, and Florrie said she was tired of lugging the basket around, and why couldn't we eat now and lighten it a bit.

"I never saw a kid like you," Katie said impatiently. "You might as well have stayed home if all you came for was to eat." I saw her eyes straying around at the Ferris wheel high and black against the hot blue sky, and the carrousel with its prancing horses. "Do you see a soul you know, Sheela?" she asked, as innocently as if the thought had never crossed her mind that they might meet anybody here.

"Ah, they mightn't have come," Sheela said. "We can get along by ourselves, I suppose."

"Doing what?" Katie said. "And me with all of four bits in my pocket. . . ."

She was getting into a temper; she walked on a few steps and then paused to stare sullenly at a fortune-teller's booth, covered with tinsel stars and sickle moons, that stood before her in the path.

"Will you look at that thing, now?" she said. "I think I'll go in and ask are those fellows going to show up this afternoon or aren't they."

"You wouldn't dare," Florrie said promptly.

That was her mistake, because all Katie needed when she was in a mood like that was someone to give her a dare.

"Wouldn't I, just?" she said, and marched boldly up to the booth and walked in.

The rest of us, a little amazed by her audacity, stood waiting outside.

"How would you like to go in yourself?" Florrie said to Sheela. "Maybe you could find out if you're ever going to catch Larry French away from Katie."

Sheela frowned slightly. She looked excited and a little nervous, as if she was trying to make up her mind to something.

"I'm going in," Florrie egged her on. "Do you think I'd miss it now, and have Katie lording it over me that she's been to a fortune-teller and I haven't?"

Sheela told her to be quiet, but when Katie came out she looked at her as eagerly and curiously as the rest of us.

"What did they tell you?" Florrie asked. "You don't look very cheerful about it, whatever it was."

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The Fortune-Teller

"Ah, what would an old faker like her know about it?" Katie asked. She looked cross and a little pale, but she turned it off with a shrug. "I declare to God, I'm ready to go in and ask for my money back."

She wouldn't say any more about it, and wanted to be off and away from the place, but Sheela said suddenly that, since Katie was being so mysterious, she was going in herself and see what it was all about.

"You're wasting your money, then," Katie called after her, but Sheela darted into the booth without listening to her.

Florrie looked at me. "You next," she said. "Or do you want to be the only one that doesn't dare?"

She knew she had me when she put it like that. I thrust my scruples over my aunt's foreseen disapproval into a corner of my mind, and when Sheela came out, looked defiantly at Florrie and walked into the booth myself.

I'd had time enough to see that Sheela hadn't looked any happier than Katie when she'd come out, and I didn't blame her when I'd got inside the booth. It was dark as sin in there, with only a couple of candles on the table, their flames standing straight up in the smothery air. The small light they gave showed me a round table draped in black, with a crystal ball and a pack of cards lying on it, and a big woman with a lot of blowzy hair and some kind of colored shawl on sitting behind it. The place smelled terrible: stale scent and whiskey and candle wax all mixed up together with something like incense.

I stood there, not knowing what to do next, and looking at the fortune-teller. She was sprawling in the chair with one arm over the back of it, and she didn't move when I came in; only her eyes went up and down me as if I'd been some sort of creature she'd never seen before.

"Another one of them," she said all at once, so suddenly that I jumped. She had a deep voice that slurred over the syllables as if she were too contemptuous of them to say them properly. "Only this time a little younger—not after the boys yet, are you, sugar? Or not so your mammy'd notice it."

It wasn't at all what I'd expected: I felt as if I wanted to run straight out of there without even waiting to hear my fortune. She must have seen I was ready to bolt, because all at once she pulled herself up in her chair and asked me to sit down. There was a chair drawn up to the table opposite hers; I pulled it out and sat in it rather distrustfully.

"Let me see your hand," she said, and I put it out, feeling how hot her own were when she took it. When she bent over it I could almost feel the heat radiating too from her broad bare neck and black-covered bosom. "Yes now," she said at once, when she had glanced at my palm. She raised her head and looked at me almost maliciously, as if she had seen something she had expected to see and found it rather amusing. "That's a short life-line you have there, my girl," she remarked.

I stared at my palm, which seemed somehow out of my possession now, with her holding it in her own and reading strange secrets about my future out of it. I didn't know what she expected me to say, so I didn't say anything, and somehow my silence seemed to irritate her; she threw herself back in her chair, letting my hand go, and said she wondered did I believe her.

"I don't know," I started to say honestly, but I stopped in the middle because she wasn't listening to me; she was muttering something about "dirty little tramps—and butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, to look at them ——"

I slid my chair back a little from the table; her eyes were off me, and I thought I might just get up and run. But before I had got the chair back from the table she had pounced on me with her eyes again.

"You're not going?" she said. "You haven't had half your money's worth yet. Isn't there something you'd like to ask me? Maybe something about a boy, now?"

I shook my head; I was beginning to be really frightened, and I wondered how Katie and Sheela could have let me come in here, knowing what I would be getting into.

"You've got a boy, haven't you, sugar?" the fortune-teller said, still in that queer, slurred, contemptuous voice.

I said candidly that my aunt thought I was too young for boys.

"Your aunt thinks," she repeated it. "And what do *you* think?" And then suddenly she slapped one hand down hard on the table and said my aunt was right, they were all a lot of dirty blackguards, and you couldn't trust one of them. "Not one of them—do you hear that?" she said. "They're all alike."

I thought for a moment she was going to forget me again, but all at once she heaved herself forward and gathered up the cards. "We'll just have a look at these—shall we?" she said. "We'll have a peep at them and see what they tell us."

I sat there in the half-darkness and waited as she made some queer motions above the cards, and then began to separate them according to some ritual of her own. After a few moments she asked me to turn up the top card of the pile she had set before me. I had the feeling that she was waiting with expectant malice for me to do it.

I turned the card. It was the ace of spades, and she glanced at it quickly and then back at me again, with a queer serious look coming over her face.

"Do you know what that is?" she said to me, lowering her voice, so that the two of us seemed to be conspirators together in the dark little booth.

I said, more scared every moment, that it was the ace of spades.

"The death card," she said. My heart went down like a lump of lead. I watched her gathering the cards up slowly. "Ah, it's no use going on now," she said. "I've never seen it to fail—death inside the year—and what good will that pretty face be to you then? I'm sorry for you, dearie, but the cards never lie; it's all been written in the stars."

She seemed to have no objection to my going then, and I stumbled out into the sunlight again as if I were waking out of a nightmare. I'd hardly got two steps out of the place before Florrie was at me.

"Cripes!" she said. "You look worse than Katie or Sheela. What is she telling you in there? I can't get a word out of either of them."

I glanced from Katie, who looked sulky, to Sheela, who looked tense and determined; whatever the fortune-teller had said to them, I was sure it couldn't be half so bad as what she had said to me.

"I wouldn't go in at all, if I were you," I said to Florrie.

I wanted to tell her about it, but I felt that if I put the whole thing into words it would make it seem real and important, instead of the way it was now—something that I might have dreamed, but that hadn't really happened to me. Outside the booth, I could almost convince myself that that was true: It was hard to believe in the stifling darkness and the ace of spades staring up at me off the black-draped table while the sun was shining brightly and the noise of the carnival was all around me. Only the music of the carrousel was disturbing; I remembered hearing it faintly all during the time I had been inside the booth, faint and brassy and jangling persistently like a tune from hell.

It was no use, though, trying to stop Florrie from going in. If I had told her there were thirty demons inside, she would have gone in anyway to look for herself, and come out to tell me she had counted them and there were only twenty-nine. We stood outside waiting for her, and after a minute Katie, who was still looking sulky, brightened up; she said wasn't that Johnny Lawlor and Larry French coming along the path toward us.

"Larry French," she repeated dramatically. "And he told me on Friday he probably wouldn't be coming near the carnival at all, because he was going to New York to be an actor. There's all the faith you can put in a man!"

I knew from the way she said it that Larry French would be having a hard time with her that afternoon; she wasn't the kind of girl you could turn off and then expect to pick up when it suited you. When the two of them came up she addressed herself altogether to Johnny Lawlor, so that Sheela for once had Larry to herself. He was a dark boy, only passable-looking, I thought, in spite of what he at least seemed to believe were romantic eyes, and I often wondered what made Sheela so mad about him. He wanted to be an actor, and was always talking about going to New York to be on the stage, but now that he was out of high school everybody thought he ought to get himself a job and begin to pay back the rather dotty old aunt who had brought him up since he was ten.

He stood there now, watching Katie flirting with Johnny and paying little attention to what Sheela was saying to him, till Florrie came out of the booth. I looked at her to see what effect the fortune-teller had had on her, but she was as serene as a summer day, and even had a kind of air of smug superiority. She took the fellows in at a glance, and profited by the situation to pocket a half-dollar, put up by the two of them, with which to treat herself and me to the Ferris wheel or carrousel while they went off with Katie and Sheela.

I had some superstitious kind of fear, after the warning the fortune-teller had given me, that if I went up in the Ferris wheel the whole thing might collapse and hurl me to an early death, but I didn't dare tell that to Florrie, who was acting irritatingly superior as it was. So I pretended instead that I preferred spending the money on the wheel of fortune and the fishpond, and as a result we had a battle of words that ended in her going up in the Ferris wheel alone while I, in a fury, squandered my money on chances on hideous umbrellas and Kewpie dolls that I didn't want.

In the end it was hunger that brought us together; we had to join in a hunt for Katie and Sheela, who had gone off with the picnic basket. We finally found Katie with Johnny Lawlor, but neither they nor we knew what had become of Sheela, who had disappeared somewhere, Katie said, with Larry French.

"Now that she's got him, she means to hold on to him, I suppose," Florrie

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I made my first million by being born."

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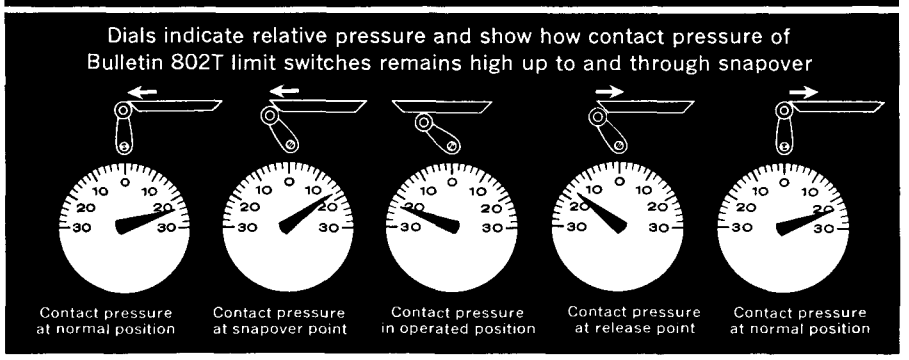
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The Fortune-Teller

said. "I hope you're not planning on waiting for her."

Katie said no, indeed, it was after seven already; she was put out, I thought, no matter how she had treated Larry French, that he had deserted her for Sheela. She began opening out the basket a little too fast, pretending to be having a great time with Johnny, and paying no attention to Florrie and me. That suited Florrie, who was a great glutton, though she was so thin you'd never suspect it, and she didn't mind it either when Katie left us with the basket and went off again with Johnny.

It was getting on toward nine o'clock by that time, and I knew what I had to expect from my aunt if I started home much later than that, so I was relieved when Sheela finally came drifting down the path from the hills behind. She was alone; she said Larry had had to go home to pack for New York, and that she had met Katie and Johnny and told them she'd bring us home with her. She looked serious and happy and a little desperate; I'd never seen her that way before. When Florrie offered her what was left in the picnic basket she said she wasn't hungry, and all the way back on the trolley she sat at the window without saying a word to either of us, with her hair blowing and that rapt, reckless expression on her face.

I didn't see much of the Mangans during the rest of that summer. When I got home from the carnival it was nearly eleven, and the next day my aunt had a word with Mrs. Mangan on the head of it, with the result that all nine of the Mangans weren't on speaking terms with all three of us for several months. Finally, one day in October, Florrie and I made it up at school, and to seal the reconciliation she let me in on her greatest secret.

"Sheela Desmond's going to have a baby," she said, "and her folks have found out, and tomorrow they're sending her off to her aunt in Chattanooga so she can have it there and nobody know."

I stared at her in disbelief. For a moment I thought she had only been pretending to make up with me so she could draw me into believing an outrageous lie like that; but when I accused her of it she crossed her heart and said if I didn't believe her I had only to wait, it would be all over the neighborhood before the week was out.

"Her father thought it'd be Larry French," she said, "because Sheela never cared about any other boy but him; and he was fool enough to go raging over to that dotty aunt of Larry's, wanting to know where Larry was so he could make him marry Sheela. Of course the old girl told him her Larry didn't know any more than her dickeybird how Sheela had got into trouble, and only for her being sick in bed this week she'd have it all over the neighborhood by now; when Mr. Desmond left she was screeching something about vindicating her poor boy's good name."

I kept my skepticism long enough to ask her how she knew all this, but she had an answer for that too: Sheela, who had had to talk to someone, had told Katie, and Katie had known about it before anyone else.

"She's going over tonight to say good-bye to her," Florrie said, "and she said I could come along too if I'd spend a quarter to give Sheela a handkerchief or something, and then skin off after I'd handed it to her. Sheela thinks it's the last time we'll see her alive," she added, almost nonchalantly. "That old fortune-teller told her last summer it was written in the stars that she wouldn't live out another year, and she's sure now she's going to die having the kid."

I had almost succeeded by that time in burying the fortune-teller's prediction under an accumulation of common sense, prayers and sheer forgetfulness, but Florrie's words brought it back to me as if it had happened the day before. If the fortune-teller had predicted disaster for Sheela, she had also predicted it for me; and in sudden horrified clarity I faced the fact that if she turned out to be right about Sheela, she was equally likely to have been right about me.

I listened to Florrie chattering on. Sheela, she said, hadn't said a word to her family about whether it had been Larry French or not, but Katie, who knew how to get around her, had got it out of her fast enough that it had all happened that evening at the carnival. As Larry had been on such bad terms with Katie that day, he had paired off with Sheela, naturally enough—"and after that," Florrie said, "what with his being so down about the way Katie was treating him, and Sheela being so much in love with him, it all happened before either of them had time to think about it."

"And won't he marry her now?" I asked.

Florrie shrugged. "Ah, she doesn't even know where he is," she said. "Didn't Katie tell her, when she first found out about it, to write and let him have it straight—that she was going to have a kid, and the kid was his? But she wrote him some kind of moonshine instead about how she had to see him, and all they'd meant to each other, like she was Lana Turner in the movies, and all she got back from him was a letter saying he was sorry about the past, and he'd made up his mind he needed more experience in life to be an actor, so he was going to Europe on a tramp steamer the next day. He'll have plenty of experience if Mr. Desmond ever catches up with him," she added, smiling with a peculiar knowing relish.

I didn't know how she could laugh about it; it seemed to me that the situation was as darkly interesting as any I had ever met in books. I had a sudden desire to see Sheela myself, as I might have if she had been going to be hanged, and when Florrie offered to bring me along with her that evening I took her up at once.

We met shortly after suppertime that night, and walked down the street together to the Desmonds' house. It was a chilly fall night, damp after a rain. When we got to the Desmonds', Katie whistled for Sheela and she came out, looking pale, with a bitter, restless look on her face.

"Oh, it's only you, Katie," she said, when she saw us.

"Who did you think it would be, then?" Katie asked. "I've brought these kids along; they wanted to say good-bye."

I noticed how Katie treated her, with a kind of scolding good humor, as if she had been an invalid she had to coax. Florrie handed Sheela the handkerchief then, and she took it and thanked her, but the next moment she seemed to have forgotten it already; she looked as if she were off somewhere all by herself, away from any of the rest of us.

"You can wait for us here," Katie said to us, drawing Sheela's arm through hers. "Sheela and I have got to talk."

They went off down the porch steps and slowly down the walk toward the

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street; as Florrie and I stood watching them, the sound of their low voices came floating back to us through the misty dark. I couldn't understand what they were saying, though, till all at once Sheela raised her voice and said passionately, "Ah, what do I care now whether I live or die?" Katie put her hand on her arm, and Sheela stood there with her head bowed, quiet and rigid; then they both turned and came back toward the house. I noticed the queer, reckless look on Sheela's face as she came into the light that fell from inside the door; it was the look I had seen there the night of the carnival, as if she had tasted all the fruits of the world and knew now that the end of everything had come for her.

She left for Chattanooga the next morning, and early in March we heard that she was dead—of appendicitis, the Desmonds said, though by that time the whole neighborhood knew enough not to believe that. I heard the news in the evening when my uncle told it to my aunt, and his words were like the clap of doom sounding for me. I hardly touched my dinner; as soon as I could get away from the table I went upstairs to my own room. It was still three months till June, when the year the fortune-teller had given me to live would be up, and it seemed like a long time to wait to be sure that the same thing that had happened to Sheela wouldn't happen to me. Not the same thing but, one way or another, the same end—death. I thought of telling someone about it—my aunt, even Florrie—but it still seemed to me, as it had on the day of the carnival, that somehow, if I didn't bring it into the open, it would remain only the nightmarish shadow it was now, instead of turning into a reality to be faced in the full light of day.

The morning before the funeral Florrie came up to me at school. She said she and Katie were going over to the Desmonds' that evening to see Sheela, and asked if I wanted to come along. I said I did. Florrie had the easy, hypocritical solemnity of all the Mangans in the face of death, as if none of them could ever die. They seemed to protect one another: there were so many of them, and all so arrogantly healthy and unafraid.

We went over to the Desmonds' around eight o'clock. It was a freezing night, with light snow on the ground; it was hard to believe this was the same street we had walked along in the June sunlight of the afternoon of the carnival. I thought how Katie had whistled for Sheela and she had come out to join us; and now she was lying inside in an unhearing stillness that would never move again for all Katie's shrill summonses.

She looked cold and lovely that night, lying there with the freckles on her pale cheeks and her mouth set in that queer rapt line it had had ever since that afternoon at the carnival. Florrie and I knelt in the whispering quiet to say a prayer for her, and then went out of the house again, leaving Katie behind talking to Mrs. Desmond. When the night air struck me I began to shiver.

"What's the matter with you?" Florrie asked. "Haven't you ever seen a dead one before?"

I wanted to tell her that, if the fortune-teller's prediction was true, in three months I would be lying as Sheela was lying now; but I didn't dare. As if she had some inkling of what was in my mind, though, she began talking of the fortune-teller herself.

"Would you believe it," she said, "maybe if that girl hadn't been such an old goose as to believe what that fortune-teller told her last summer, all this wouldn't have happened to her? Katie said she told her herself it was just that—thinking she was going to die so soon—that made her go on that way with Larry French that night. Did you ever hear of such a ninny, to pay attention to old guff like that?"

I drew away from her sharply. "It wasn't old guff," I said, almost passionately. "She told her it would happen, and it *did* happen, and now it's going to happen to me ——"

Florrie stopped in the middle of the sidewalk and looked at me closely.

"Don't tell me she told you the same thing too," she said, in an infuriatingly calm tone. "And you're believing it now, the same as Sheela?"

"Why wouldn't I believe it?" I cried. "After what happened to Sheela ——"

"Because she told it to all of us, that's why," she said. "To you and Sheela and Katie and me. And do you know why? Because her old man had walked out on her the night before with a blonde, and she'd been on the booze ever since, till she was ready to murder any female that looked a little younger and prettier than she was herself. She didn't catch me falling for that line of hers about a death card; I said what was the matter with her, and she said I was a nosy little tramp, and before I knew it out came the whole story, and I left her bawling her drunk off with her head down on the table and her cards all over the blasted place. . . ."

I had stopped too, listening while she destroyed my fears with the ruthless blade of her cynical wisdom, but I was not relieved; it was another emotion, a wild and unforgiving fury, that was rising in me as she spoke. She must have noticed how I looked, because she broke off to say to me, "I should think you'd be glad to know it was only a lot of old nonsense you were worrying about."

But it wasn't that; it was Sheela I was thinking of. It was Sheela who was dead because she had believed in a dark fate that was only a piece of drunken malice; it was all her faith, and mine, in some high obscure destiny, however tragic, that was sitting cloudily above our lives.

"But she killed her then!" I cried in passionate anger. "She killed her for nothing—for no reason ——"

"Ah, have sense, girl," Florrie said calmly. "If there was any killing in it, Sheela did it herself, because she was fool enough to believe old nonsense like that." She linked her arm in mine. "You've got the creeps from looking at a dead one," she said; "that's what's the matter with you, my girl. You come along home with me and we'll have a game of parcheesi."

I pulled my arm away from her; at that moment I would have liked to fling all her cheap, comforting wisdom, like a blow, into her face. She must have seen the anger in my eyes, for, shrugging, she walked away from me down the street.

It was still and cold and dark on the street when she had left me; the stars shone remotely in a hard black sky. For a moment, panic-stricken, I thought of calling her back, but then I knew that I would not do it. I walked alone, slowly, down the street; in the darkness it was Sheela's ghostly hand I held for companionship under the indifferent stars.

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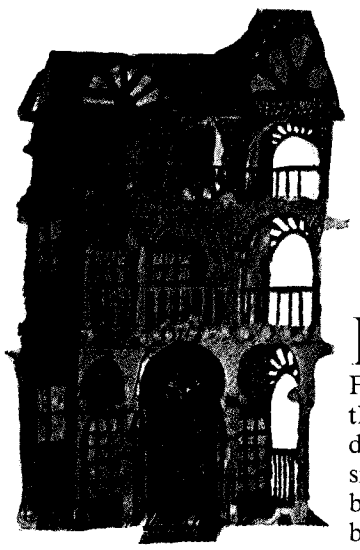

WHAT REALLY MATTERS

I ask myself, will I be living in a place like home, with Formica and chromium in the kitchen? Or will the drainboard be made of little, six-sided tiles like the Kirkbroads had? Aurelia Kirkbroad would say, "Dope, it really doesn't matter."

The tiles were white, with an occasional blue one. Frank Farrell says those tiles were in style about fifty years ago. According to Farrell, the experts believe that practically everything stays in your mind, and you can fish it up if circumstances are right. It can work the other way, too. Important things can be pushed way to the *back* of your mind. I once overheard Doctor Kirkbroad say I was a "cool customer" and "very sharp." He said some other things. His remarks pushed me toward this joint, in a way, though it's more complicated than that. But until recently I never let myself think about that period at the Kirkbroads.

You can see why I like talking to Frank Farrell. He's the librarian here at the Correction Center. You can mention a little thing to him, like these six-sided tiles, and it may lead to something interesting. Farrell is about forty, with a red moustache that wiggles when he talks.

It was the fifteenth of September, three years ago, that I pulled my Olds 88 alongside the hitching post in front of the Kirkbroads' house. That hitching post's an antique. The whole house is an antique—a three-story, shingled place with stained glass above the front door and sleeping porches out back like the older farmhouses out home. The carriage house had been converted into a garage, with overhead doors and a concrete apron. Whenever Eric Kirkbroad came home from Yale it was a three-car family—four, counting mine. It was a quiet neighborhood because after school most of the kids were away taking music lessons, or French lessons, or exercising their horses—not that the Kirkbroads had horses. They went in for sailboats.

I'd come into the city to start junior college, and I'd been invited to live with the Kirkbroads. I went up and used the door knocker. Nothing happened. I knocked harder. There was a scraping sound above, then a clatter like a Great Dane charging downstairs and a bang against the door. The door was thrown open and a frail, white-faced girl frowned at me. This was my cousin, Aurelia Kirkbroad. At the time she was seventeen, a year younger than myself. Her eyes were large and her eyebrows pinched together in a scowl. She seemed to be thinking hard all the time.

"I'm Ken Sprague," I said.

Aurelia kept frowning.

"You don't remember me. I just came in from Mesaville ——"

"Hey, of course!" Aurelia's face changed for a moment as if someone had pulled on a bulb. "I'm Aurelia. Do you remember the time I visited?"

I nodded. "You played at helping me with chores, and they paid you for it. It made me sore."

Aurelia grinned swiftly, then looked out at my Olds. "That your heap?"

"Yeah."

She frowned at the Olds. "We were expecting you," she said. "Come on, I'll help you bring in your stuff."

She carried in some cartons and she got interested in my record collection. "Gosh," she said, "I never heard of these people. Who's Eldred Haines?"

"Just a band leader. He was popular a couple years ago."

"Can we listen to some of these after dinner?"

"Listen to them now."

She shook her head. "I've got to study and do some practicing. That's why I can't entertain you or anything. Is that all right? Just poke around on your own. You're practically part of the family. The others will be home in a while."

I wasn't exactly worried about meeting the family, or how to act at dinner. I'd lettered in basketball at Mesaville and I was secretary of the Corinthian Club, and the group of guys I went with were the elite. Still, there had been an attitude around home that the Kirkbroads were above us. Long before, when Aunt Eliza first married Kirkbroad and ran off to England, he was a broke, unsuccessful actor. But somehow Kirkbroad had become a Doctor of Philosophy,

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By MALCOLM WOOD

Malcolm Wood, born in Denver in 1924, attended Harvard, served in the Army in Europe in World War II, and received a Master of Arts from the University of California in 1953. He reports having had a number of curious occupations, hoping to support his family of four and still have time to write fiction: His current one is instructor of humanities at the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland. He has published stories in many magazines and twice before in the Post.

The rich are very different—especially when they don't have much money.

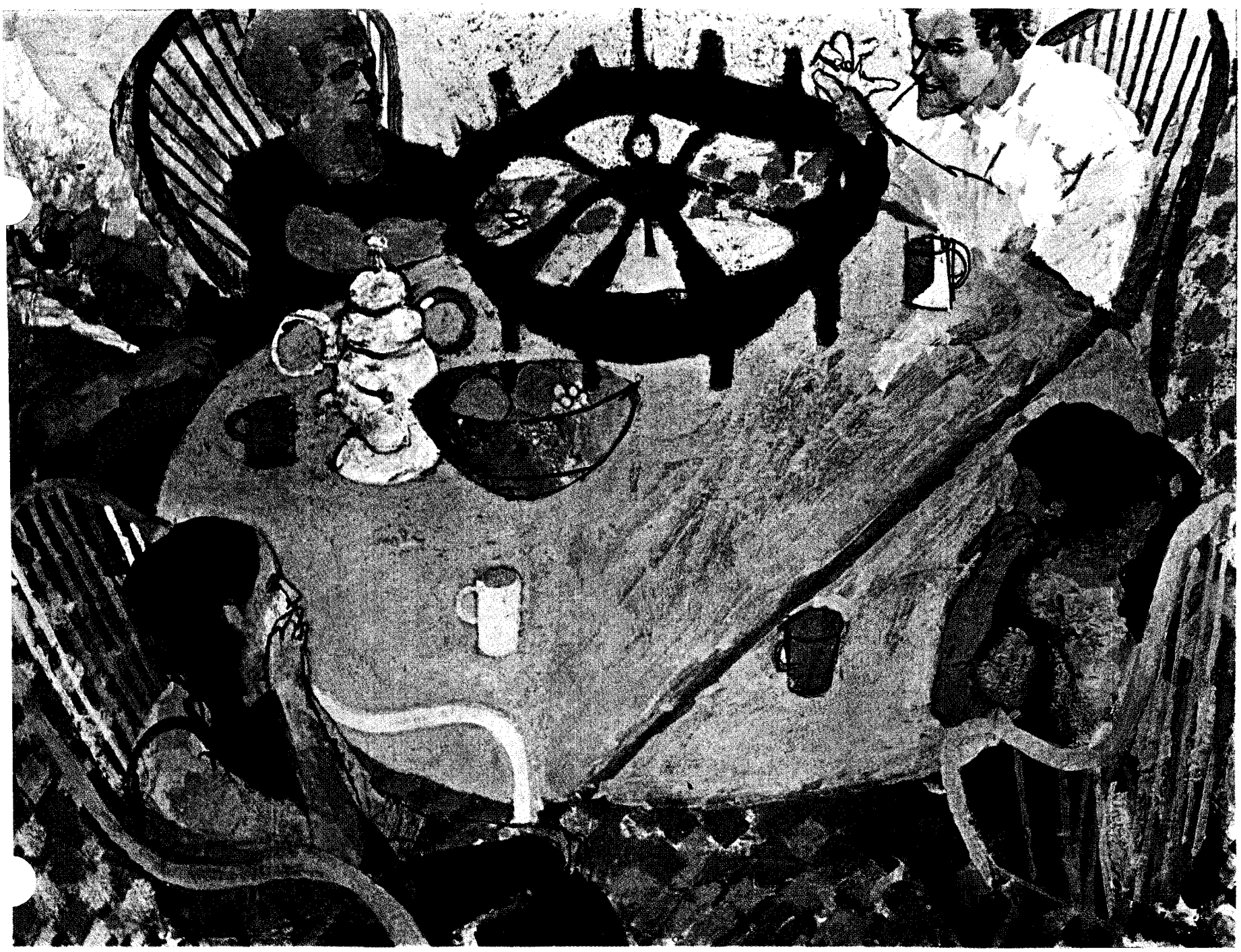
and a college professor, and he wrote books.

I think I expected that every night the Kirkbroads' dinners would be like my stepmother's dinners when she invited in company to show off something new. After we moved from the ranch into Mesaville, my stepmother was always remodeling, and buying new drapes, and getting more appliances. We had a refrigerator and freezer, naturally. And an electric stove, an electric rotisserie, a garbage disposal, a dishwasher, a washer-dryer, an ironer and mangle, a humidifier, and all sorts of little things like a waffle iron and a sandwich grill and an electric skillet. We had three TV's. I guess we lived about as well as anyone around Mesaville.

Aunt Eliza came home in her station wagon, and she reminded me so much of Dad that I felt comfortable. Same bushy eyebrows and square jaw. Even her small wrists and knotty forearms were like Dad's. I suppose those arm muscles came from squeezing the clay around on her potter's wheel.

Gail, three years older than Aurelia and two years older than me, came in next from the university with her arms full of books. Classes at the university had already begun. Gail had a beat-up Volkswagen of her own. She was short, with a good figure—kind of dumpy, though—and cool, gray eyes. We shook hands and she said, "Say, you're *handsome*, Kenneth. You could be a bobby-sox idol. That wave of blond hair is quite a touch." She winked. She wasn't being unfriendly, and certainly not flirtatious. I was a lot taller than she was, naturally, but she made me feel like a kid.

Gail disappeared and a door right near us in the hall opened suddenly. Kirkbroad was standing there. Apparently he'd been in his study all afternoon, ignoring everything that went on. "What time is it, Liz? My watch stopped," he said to Aunt Eliza. He was a small, bald-headed guy with rimless glasses and a bent-down pipe in the side of his mouth. He wore old moccasins, baggy pants that were riddled with holes from pipe embers, and one of those button sweaters



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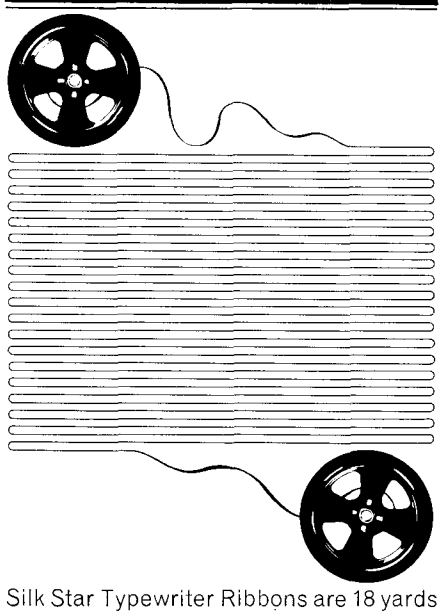

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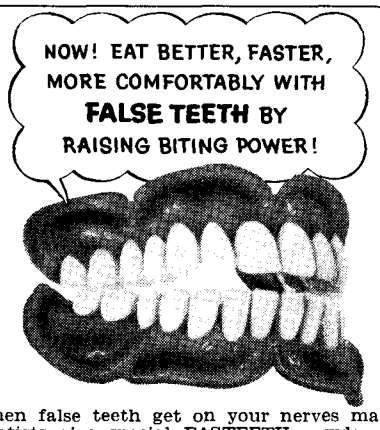

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that baggage agents wear. "I thought I heard a strange voice," he said. His eyes looked at me like a couple of gun barrels.

"This is Kenneth, Alex," said Aunt Eliza.

"Kenneth? Let's see, whose nephew are you?"

"Yours," said Aunt Eliza.

"Never mind, Liz. I mean, which side of the family?"

"He's Holman's boy," said Aunt Eliza.

"Ah! From out on the ranch."

"Well ——"

"Kenneth, don't be offended," said Aunt Eliza. "Alex has five nephews and nieces on his own side of the family, and seven on mine."

"What time is it?" asked Kirkbroad again.

I said that it was six-thirty. I wondered if we were ever going to have dinner.

"Go up and pour the sherry," said Aunt Eliza to Kirkbroad. To me she said, "We have dinner at seven-fifteen."

Kirkbroad climbed the stairs. I looked through magazines in the living room. I could hear the skinny sound of Aurelia practicing the oboe. Aunt Eliza went out in the kitchen and then followed Kirkbroad upstairs. I learned later that one of the porches on the third floor looked over the trees and across the bay toward some mountains. Aunt Eliza and Kirkbroad had fixed up the porch with greenery and comfortable chairs, and just the two of them drank sherry wine up there before dinner every night.

Every single night the Kirkbroads had table wine with dinner. Also different kinds of bread, undercooked vegetables, and meat that was practically raw. The salad was a main course. They never had a regular dessert—just cheese and fruit. After dinner they always brought out an Italian machine and made bitter coffee right at the table.

That first night I told them the latest about home. They didn't realize that Dad had acquired more acreage and hired a full-time dairy manager, or that we'd moved into Mesaville. I explained that Dad spends his time now on beef brokerage. I described our new house casually, and let them know we have a Chrysler Imperial. "Heck, Kenneth," said Aurelia. "I thought you'd be able to teach me where to find eggs, and how to skin a frog. You don't sound like a farm boy at all anymore."

"The country has caught up with the city," I said. "Everybody has television now. Most of my friends have their own cars. My best friend has a new Thunderbird."

I didn't suspect that all this bragging was backfiring. With me the Kirkbroads were already covering up, as if they were wearing masks. But with themselves they were fantastically outspoken. That first night, out of a clear sky, Gail said, "I forgot to tell you, Mother. Last weekend Max and I stayed at the cabin."

Aurelia jerked her head and stared at Gail. Aunt Eliza went on serving up beets, very cool. Kirkbroad was pouring himself wine, and he paused for an instant and looked at Gail with raised eyebrows.

"What happened to the original plan?" asked Aunt Eliza.

"Florence and I were supposed to stay at the cabin, and Max was going to sleep on the boat. But when Florence called home, her mother said she had to come right back, her father was in the hospital."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Ulcers, I guess. Florence took the bus."

"I'm a little surprised at Max," said Kirkbroad.

"It was *my* idea," said Gail. "I insisted. I didn't want to stay in the cabin alone. The papers have been full of stories about rural punks breaking into summer places and terrorizing people. Max was against staying, but I made him."

"It might have been better to come home," said Aunt Eliza.

Gail looked grim. Aurelia said, "Don't be paleolithic, Mother. Let's face it. Any boy and girl can do anything practically anytime they want." Aunt Eliza winced. "All they have to do is go somewhere and park."

"Perhaps you had better stay out of this," said Kirkbroad.

"The subject interests me deeply," said Aurelia.

Everyone smiled.

"We *couldn't* come back," said Gail. "We had to gather our sea urchins on the low tide in the morning."

There was a silence. The older Kirkbroads seemed to be considering whether to probe this delicate matter further, and Gail seemed to be defying them quietly. It was Aurelia who said, "Max *could* have slept on the boat and left you at the motel in Vista Del Mar."

"I suppose we could have done that," said Gail. She darted an icy look at Aurelia, then looked steadily at her father.

Kirkbroad studied the lamb roast. Then he said, "Hereafter, that would be a better way, Gail."

Gail made no reply. It was clear she had deliberately not said a word about whether she and this Max had slept together or separately.

Everybody ate the rare lamb and Kirkbroad offered wine again. Aurelia and I took a little. Then Aurelia said in her grown-up way, "I raised an issue that nobody has acknowledged." (Aurelia talked this way. She was a senior at a girl's prep school where all the kids took Latin and two other languages, and extra math. She liked it.) "Isn't the business of chaperones completely obsolete? I don't date much, but even *I've* had a dozen opportunities to do anything I wanted. I'm talking about parking somewhere in a car. Aren't you just trying to avoid seeing the problem? Or are you worried about *your* reputation if someone sees your daughter and a man coming out of your summer cabin some morning?"

Kirkbroad said, "Aurelia, your mother and I simply want to discourage thoughtless behavior."

Aunt Eliza said in a calm, definite voice, "Making love in an automobile must be a furtive, awkward business—for the girl especially. I should think it would be humiliating. Perhaps it takes place, but this doesn't mean you, or any other young girls, should therefore feel perfectly free to spend whole weekends in summer cabins with men."

"In other words," said Aurelia, "you don't care what happens as long as it's not satisfying, and you don't know about it."

This set Aunt Eliza back, but only for a moment. "Aurelia," she snapped, "I'll be perfectly glad to hear about any humiliating and sordid experiences you may have."

Everyone laughed. Kirkbroad said, "You know by now that we want you girls to enjoy the pleasures of sex *after* you're married. Quite apart from pregnancy and disease, sexual experiments probably damage a person's capacity for a satisfying sexual partnership when the person does marry. I suspect many divorces are caused by the young people's confusion about sex . . . from too much *bad* experience before marriage."

"Authority!" snorted Aurelia. She turned to me. "You see, Kenneth? Around here issues aren't settled by the Bible, or tradition, or science. All issues are settled by Alexander S. Kirkbroad, Ph.D."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I haven't settled the issue," said Kirkbroad. "You and Gail will have to resolve it for yourselves. In the meantime, don't take your boyfriends to the cabin for any more weekends. We can't control everything you do, but we can discourage certain patterns and encourage others."

Aurelia sipped her wine and muttered into the glass, "Hypocritical, bourgeois tyrant." She winked at me.

During dessert the Kirkbroads got into a terrible argument over whether Bobby Kennedy had been pro-McCarthy. At one point Aurelia got up from the table in a fury and hurled her napkin on the floor. Even Aunt Eliza got mad enough to swear. Later I realized that they enjoyed arguments, and that it was usually matters of "principle"—often politics—that got them worked up.

Upstairs in my room Gail said, "Gosh Kenneth, where did you get all the clothes?" We put on some records and they immediately got interested in my Latin Rhythm albums. For the next hour I actually had some fun. I taught both Gail and Aurelia the Cha-cha, the mambo, and the samba. They didn't know any real dances, but they had plenty of rhythm. We opened the door into the hall and I'd dance with one sister until she was exhausted, and then I'd take on the other. I was more used to it. Finally Gail sprawled out on the bed on top of my sport coats and said, "I'm pooped." Aurelia was leaning against the wall. She let her feet slide out until she'd slipped to a sitting position on the floor. She looked around again at my stuff and said, "Criminee, Kenneth, Don't you have *any* books?"

I made some excuse about not having any books, and Aurelia and Gail went back to their rooms. I felt like watching TV, but I hadn't seen a set in the house. I went out and cruised around in my car for a while. I dragged a '57 Plymouth and took him easy. I found a drive-in and had a milk shake and fries. Then I went back to the Kirkbroads. Aunt Eliza told me to help myself from the refrigerator and I found a cold chicken leg and ate it. Up in the hall I could hear violin music coming from Aurelia's radio and no sound from Gail's room. I went in my room and turned out the lights and listened to ROKC, which was the station I and this redhead I'd been going with always listened to. I thought about her. I was lonesome already. Later I heard that right after I left Mesaville she started going with some older guy who had an Impala convertible.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Are you sure we have the right address, Martha?"

During those weeks, miserable as I was, I had respect for the Kirkbroads. Of course it's natural to respect people who have money, but it wasn't just the money. They always tried to cut me in on things—parties, and plays, and eating out at restaurants sometimes. But it wasn't just their hospitality, either. They all lived with the gas pedal right on the floor. They worked like maniacs, and they had fun—their kind of fun, at least. On a Friday night they might all go to a Chinese restaurant and then to a play or a concert. Afterward they'd sit in a coffeehouse listening to folk music and arguing about the play, or about some book, until one-thirty or two o'clock. Did they ever sleep late in the morning? Never. They'd be off to the library, or a biology field trip, or a Young People's Symphony rehearsal, which Aurelia played in. Aunt Eliza would start thumping on her pottery right after breakfast. if it was Sunday, no matter how late they'd been up the night before, Kirkbroad and Aurelia would leave the house at eight o'clock for a sailboat race.

They had their problems. Gail had migraine headaches, and I got the impression she'd had some sort of breakdown once. Aunt Eliza was a chain smoker, so you can figure she was under plenty of strain. Kirkbroad could be sarcastic, really cruel. When they had their terrible arguments over some "principle," you could tell they were sore at each other underneath. And Aurelia talked about her "depressions." I think she was serious one night in the kitchen when she said to Gail, "Do you ever get the rotten feeling that deep down you're superficial?" That broke everyone up. You should have seen the grin come over Aurelia's face when she realized she'd said something really funny.

In many ways I admired the Kirkbroads, yes. But I didn't like them. How could I? Aurelia once told me I was a lousy driver. For once she leveled with me. I was furious. I could drive better

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than that whole family put together. And I found out that this boyfriend of Gail's, Max, was a Jew. His name was Fishbein or something like that. He was a skinny little guy with a big Adam's apple and glasses. I didn't get it. Gail was a good-looking chick. Naturally he was smart, and he had a sense of humor, but I never felt he had much use for me.

Max was a Jew, and Aurelia's best girl friend at school was Negro, which reminds me of something else. I made one friend at the junior college, a guy named Tom who was in two of my classes. All he had was a '52 Plymouth, but he was saving for a Corvette. He was good-looking—tall and blond, kind of like Paul Newman. One Saturday night Aurelia and Gail were showing far-out movies in the big room in the basement, and having a kind of party. They asked me to bring my records in case people wanted to dance afterward. They said I could invite some friends. I invited a girl I'd gotten to know in geology that was good enough looking and stacked. She had fun at the party, all right. She made it plain that it was my cousins and their friends that she thought were so terrific. But I had fun myself. When we came in, Aurelia announced to the whole crowd, "Here's my favorite cousin, Kenneth!" I was grinning. "Isn't that the greatest grin you ever saw?" said Aurelia, and Gail said, "Every night at dinner, Kenneth's smile makes me feel better."

Anyway, this Tom came to the party. He didn't bring a girl, and Aurelia's best friend Melanie, the Negro girl, had come by herself. So Tom stuck close to her. Maybe I'd given him the wrong impression of the Kirkbroads by telling him how they talked about sex and the kind of plays they went to. During the evening he whispered to me that this chick Melanie reminded him of Lena Horne, and maybe she would change his luck. I don't know exactly what happened. He took her home. The next afternoon Aurelia said to me, "Where in hell did you find that boy Tom?"

"He's just a guy from school," I said. "What happened?"

"Never mind. But I'd rather you didn't bring *him* around again."

I asked again what had happened.

"I said never mind. It was pretty traumatic for Melanie, that's all. He isn't very bright."

I must have looked worried, because Aurelia said, "Don't sulk, Kenneth. It wasn't your fault." Whatever it was, I figured Aurelia and Gail really did blame me.

Tom and I both had trouble with the same English instructor. That was another thing. I was doing well in geology, only fair in world history, and poorly in French and especially in English. The first composition was supposed to be about something you knew. I wrote on "What To Do If Your Car Burns Oil." I got an A for content, and a D for grammar and spelling. After that we worked on business letters and I got C's. Then we read this play, *Death of a Salesman*, and had to write about it. I really worked on that paper, looking up all the spelling in the dictionary. This time I got a C on grammar and spelling and an F for content. The instructor wrote on the front, "Incredibly superficial. Are you naïve or callous?" This seemed pretty snotty to me. I didn't understand what he meant, but I wasn't going to ask *him*. I showed the paper to Aurelia.

She read it and a pained expression came over her face. She tried not to show it. When she'd finished reading she looked out the window. She was only seventeen, but believe me, she was smart. Finally she said, "Somehow you missed the point, Kenneth. You're supposed to *like* Willy Loman, and sympathize with him in spite of his faults. Arthur Miller would blame Willy's phony dream, not Willy."

"How can you like a liar?" I asked. "He was weak, and a failure, and he wouldn't admit it. He ruined his two boys."

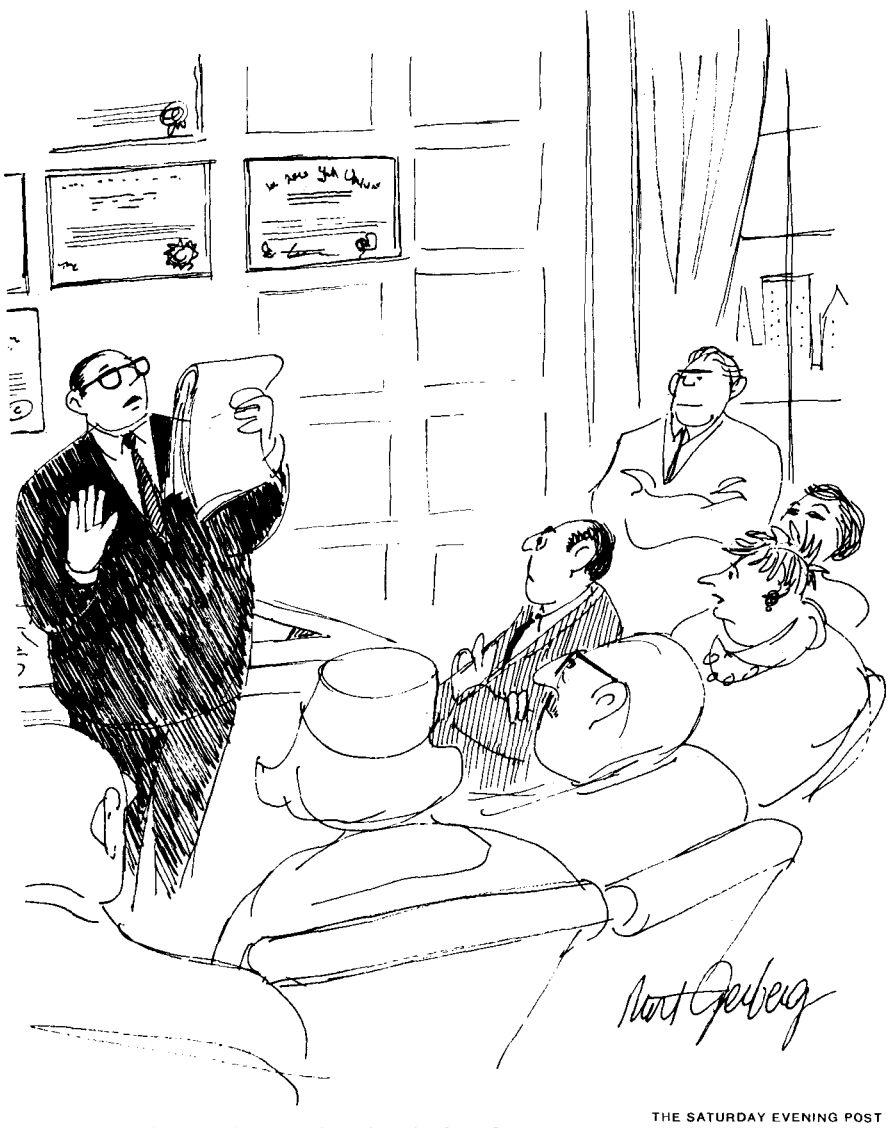
We had a long argument. Since then I've read *Death of a Salesman* again, and a lot of other books besides. Frank Farrell has a record of the actual play in the Correction Center library and I listened to that with earphones. I guess I *was* pretty naïve. I have different ideas about a lot of things now. But it's funny: When you get to telling things that happened, you feel the way you felt back *then*, even if you've changed since. I can still get mad at that snotty English instructor. And I remember that in some ways I enjoyed that argument with Aurelia. It was the first time I ever got worked up about a book. But when it was all over, I felt ignorant, and a little as if I'd been kicked in the belly.

I started playing things super-cool. I made it a point not to start a conversation, never to say anything enthusiastic and definite, because if it turned out stupid, I'd be stuck. "Don't act, *re*act," was my rule. When I was sure of my ground, I'd make some comment that was funny. But I couldn't blast around, saying and doing anything that popped into my head like the Kirkbroads did. For kicks I hung around with Tom at the Broadway Bowl. We'd both practically quit studying. Sometimes on Friday night we picked up quail at the roller rink. Naturally I said nothing about this at the Kirkbroads.

Everything came to a head down at the vacation place. The Kirkbroads called it a "cabin." What a laugh. It was on a hill above the ocean and had enough room to sleep twenty people. Besides a couple of bedrooms and two big dormitory sleeping rooms (one for boys, one for girls) there was a new kitchen, a deck, and a living room with a fireplace.

I agreed to go because, as usual, the Kirkbroads urged me as if they meant it. Aurelia and Gail were inviting friends I hadn't met, as well as out-of-towners that would be there for the sailboat race on Saturday. You always figure there may be one new chick that will go for you. I daydreamed about a brunette who would like my dancing, and be interested in basketball, and maybe have a sports car of her own. Does a person ever get daydreams out of his head?

First of all, nobody would ride down with me. They all had explanations: Gail was going with Max in his brand new M.G.; Aurelia had to take food and extra bedding in the station wagon; Melanie and Aurelia's other friends had their own cars, or wanted to go in the station wagon to sing; and they all objected that my Olds didn't have any seat belts. That whole bunch was fanatic about seat belts. They probably all believed Aurelia's line about me driving too fast. I could have ridden in the station wagon myself, but I knew I'd feel kind of helpless down there without my own car.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... and to my brother-in-law Seymour, who wanted to be remembered in my will—hi there, Seymour!"

When I arrived at Vista Del Mar it was a bright blue day with a hard wind blowing. The surf was huge. Offshore there were millions of whitecaps. I located the "cabin," but nobody was there—just cars and boat trailers. On the door was a note.

Kenneth:
Come down to the harbor before 1:15.
Urgent!
Aurelia

Aurelia and Melanie were alongside the dock in a little sailboat that wasn't as long as my car. The sails looked tremendous and were making a terrific noise flapping in the wind. Other little boats were bobbing around and banging against the floats, and several were already flying across the harbor practically tipped over.

Aurelia hollered at me, "Can you swim?" I nodded. "I need a heavy crew," she said.

I looked at all the ropes going this way and that, none of which I understood. I looked out at the water. The waves were about six feet high, even inside the breakwater. None of the little boats had capsized—yet. Aurelia said, "Don't come unless you *want* to, Kenneth. Melanie will come."

"Can't three of us go?"

"The rules only allow two."

There was Aurelia in her yellow oilskins, no bigger than a minute, with her little pinched girl's face. She was raring to get out there. I couldn't chicken.

Melanie's slicker was too small, and Aurelia warned I'd get soaked and frozen. She urged me again to back out if I wanted. I climbed into the boat, and just my weight made it sink way down on one side. Aurelia showed me where to sit. "You'll have to do everything I tell you, Kenneth, and don't do *anything* I don't tell you. Here, put this on." When I'd buckled the life jacket, Melanie shoved us off. Aurelia tightened some ropes and shouted, "Wahoo!" The sails stopped flapping. In the sudden silence the boat leaned way over and began streaking across the water. The first big wave we came to we went *through*. Water crashed over me like I'd dived through a surf.

I sat up on the high side and leaned back over the water like Aurelia told me I guess my weight did help hold the boat down. Then we'd change course, and I'd have to scramble over to the other side, scraping myself, cracking my shins, getting fouled up in the ropes. Aurelia would holler, "Take up on the jib sheet! Slack off the centerboard pennant!" "Whataya mean?" I'd holler. Then she'd translate into English. There was a terrific mess, with all the boats running toward each other, and then the starting gun went off.

Let's not talk about the next hour. I guess we were out in front right from the first. We ploughed one direction and the another, working toward markers couldn't even see, me scrambling a ducking the boom. Waves kept breaki over us. I was scared. The cold made r shake as if I were having a fit. Aurel kept looking back at the other boats a grinning like a fiend. Looking at me on she whooped, "Poor Kenneth! You' really out of your element. But I love yo You're so *heavy!*"

So we won the race. I shivered fo hours. Everyone kept congratulatir Aurelia, and I realized that we were most racing against men, not just kids an girls. You had to admire her. Someday might try sailing myself if there wasn' so much complicated stuff to learn. Aurelia kept saying, "Congratulate *Kenneth!* He was a terrific crew, and he'd never been out before."

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"How do you like sailing?" the person would ask. "I was frozen and scared to death," I would say, which usually got a laugh. I can see that sailing is a great sport, but for me at the time, the whole thing was a drag. Among other things I ruined a good pair of slacks.

It was a mixed party. Aurelia's friends were mostly seventeen and eighteen. Gail's and Max's friends were in their early twenties. Then there was an uncle and his wife. He was a dentist, and they were about fifty. Then there was a biologist friend of Max's and his wife, who were about thirty-five. They had two tiny kids. It was a complete hodgepodge, and everyone still had fun. Now take my own family, and people out in Mesaville. I've thought about it. Nobody out there thinks of having fun except with people their own age. It's because they're always hiding things from each other. The kids cover up what they really do and think; the parents hide everything important from the kids; and parents *and* kids hide things from the grandparents. With the Kirkbroads nobody covered up anything. Since everyone's so relaxed, they can have fun without thinking anything about it.

I didn't have any fun. Before dinner everyone drank wine and beer and got a little high. Then they had an enormous mess of spaghetti. Afterward hardly anyone thought of drinking, which might have made them want to dance. (I'd brought my records.) Instead they built a fire and began singing. There were two guitar players, and everyone kept singing one song after another—folk songs, foreign songs, old pop songs. Not all of them knew all the songs, but most of them knew most of them. I watched their lips. I hardly knew any of those songs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just don't go near the refrigerator."

Then they got excited about "The Game," they called it. They chose up two teams and wrote the names of books on scraps of paper. Then a member of one team had to act out the title so that his own team (they hadn't seen the scrap of paper) could guess what the book was. They timed how long it took. The whole game was invented for the know-it-alls to show off. There was one redheaded friend of Max's who drove me crazy. He was *always* guessing, and about half the time he was right. When it was his turn to act, he just held up three fingers. "Three words?" asks Aurelia. He nods, and holds up three fingers again. "Third word?" asked Melanie. He nodded. Then he acted like he was shooting a gun. Aurelia said instantly, "*The Great Gatsby!*"

"Right."

"Eleven seconds!" says the dentist, who had been keeping time. Everyone laughed and clapped.

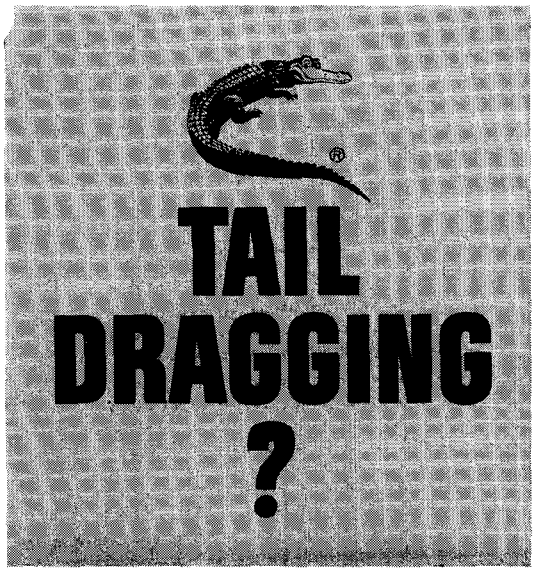
I never made one single guess. When it was my turn to act, my face and arms and legs felt like they were made of cement. I picked out a piece of paper and it said "*Oedipus Rex.*" At that time I'd never heard of it. I went over to the other team and asked them to whisper how to pronounce it. This redheaded guy made a kind of concealed sneer. But it was Melanie, Aurelia's friend, who said, "Books aren't Kenneth's strong point. He thought *Death of a Salesman* was just about a slob who didn't know how to sell."

Everybody gets a big belly laugh. I was too paralyzed to act out anything. I could have killed Aurelia. After about a minute of agony I gave the piece of paper back and sat down. I kept my eyes on my shoes. When the rest of them decided to take a midnight swim (they were crazy: it was almost November and the water was freezing), I put my suitcase in the Olds and took off.

I did one stupid thing. I came to a back road called Eucalyptus Cañon Road and I remembered Max saying his new M.G. had broken down and he and Gail had walked the last two miles to the cabin. I went up that way and sure enough, I found the M.G. parked on a shoulder. I hated Max for having that car. It was a bright red. He didn't appreciate it. He was a graduate student and made good money working in some laboratory. He just went down and bought the car one day like he was buying razor blades.

I removed the fancy FM radio and locked it in my trunk. The road was completely deserted. Then I took my pocketknife and ripped the top a couple times. Then I got in my car and worked over the left side of that M.G. with the end of my bumper. This made a racket and brought me to my senses. I decided I'd better go back to the cabin and cover up.

They were all coming up from the beach, whooping and hollering. Even the dentist. I realized they'd gone in nude, but nothing wild or sexy. Now they were going to make popcorn and coffee and all



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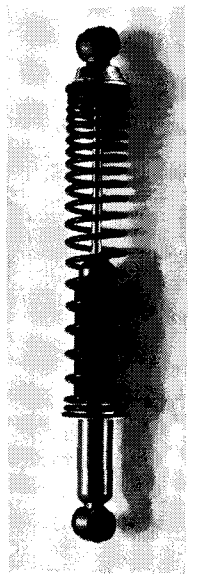

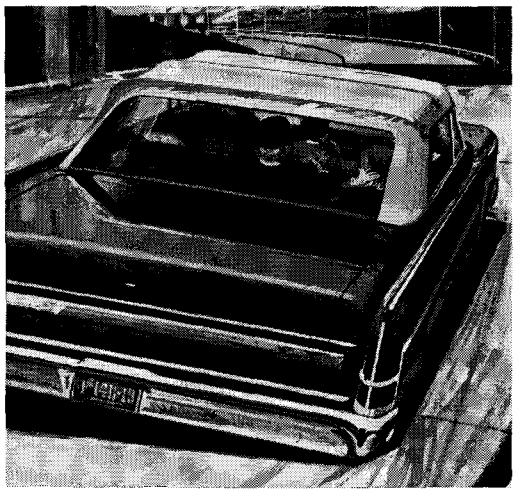

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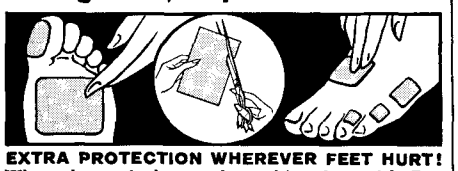

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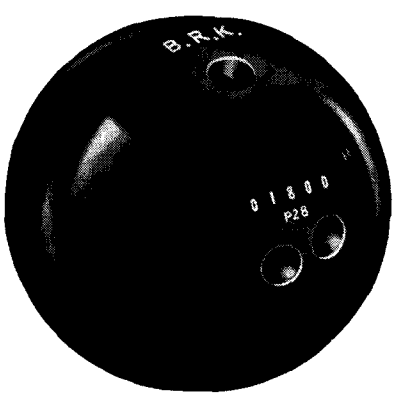

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that wholesome jazz. I kidded around a little and acted natural. I stayed away from Aurelia because she had that apologizing look in her eye. Then I took a long shower and went to bed early. I didn't sleep much. At daybreak I got up and left a note on the kitchen table saying I'd promised to visit Tom, who'd gone home for the weekend to a nearby town.

I never found Tom because his last name was Johnson, and there were about forty Johnsons in the book. So I drove fifty miles to another town that has Sunday drag races, but there weren't any that Sunday. I bought some steel wool and rubbed the red paint off my bumper and I threw the radio into a ditch. I began just cruising around, all the time thinking about things. That valley country was depressing. The squash and cabbage had just been harvested and the fields looked like they'd been blasted in a war. At one point I considered going down the highway at ninety miles an hour until I hit something. I was still way out in the country when my fuel pump conked.

By the time I hitched back to the Kirkbroads it was after three A.M., and I slept through until the middle of Monday afternoon. Aunt Eliza was in the kitchen when I got up. She fixed me a sandwich and some broth, and I told her my car was broken down. She said the station wagon was broken too, that something was dragging on the street. I said I'd look at it.

First I went downtown and bought a rebuilt fuel pump. Then I crawled under the station wagon, and sure enough, a muffler bracket was rusted out. All it needed was a little wire. I was still under there, wiring it up, when Gail's VW rolled into the garage. You'd think they would have noticed me under the station wagon: I guess my own car not being parked out front fooled them.

Old man Kirkbroad was driving. As soon as he turned off the VW ignition I could hear him perfectly. They all just sat there finishing the conversation, the way people do before they get out of a car.

"Quit condemning yourself, Aurelia," Kirkbroad was saying. "You and Gail did your best. Anyway, I suspect you're exaggerating."

"He was about to crack, I tell you. . . ." It was Aurelia's voice from the back seat of the VW. "You should have seen his eyes. I tried to talk to him but he kept slipping away. Melanie feels terrible. The minute she said it, she wanted to cut her tongue out."

"You don't *know* it was Kenneth that wrecked Max's car," said Kirkbroad. "Even if we knew, we wouldn't do anything. It's pretty understandable. I tried to warn you girls that first week. It has nothing to do with Kenneth's I.Q., or his other natural gifts. I suspect he's a cool customer, and very sharp. But here's a kid who has been something of a big shot in a small town. He comes to live with us, and what does he find? He doesn't know anything about books, he doesn't know anything about real music, or tide zone animals, or international affairs, or sailboats, or politics—or anything else we care about. No matter what goes on around here, Kenneth comes in last. He's about nineteen years behind. The things he does know about, we look down on."

"That's an awfully depressing analysis," said Gail.

"Perhaps. But it's an enormous gulf."

"I thought about buying a Model A," said Aurelia, "and having Kenneth soup it up for me. Then he'd be an expert on something. But I don't really want a Model A anymore. I got over that."

A door opened and Kirkbroad got out. His crummy moccasins were about four feet from my head. He went out of the garage. I could see the girls' feet as they got out on the other side. Aurelia said, "Keys, Gail. I've got to pick up Mother's groceries."

"Use the station wagon. I'm going back to the campus," said Gail.

"I can't. There's supposed to be something loose underneath."

Aurelia's beat-up sneakers came around to the side of the station wagon. Suddenly she kneeled down. There she was, looking right in my face. She gave a big gasp, naturally. After she'd stood up again she said, "Come out from there, Kenneth. Really! I don't think that was very fair. . . ."

I didn't get into any conversations. I just gathered all my stuff together and called a cab. Forty-five minutes later I checked in at the Y.M.C.A. That was the last I saw, or probably ever will see, of the Kirkbroads.

I turned out to be very sharp, all right. I went to another city and got a job helping a guy with a used-car lot. I washed cars, answered the phone, made small repairs. After a while he let me sell. He reamed me on commissions, but I made pretty good dough. Eventually I realized twenty percent of his cars were hot—faked motor numbers, forged registrations, payoffs at the vehicle bureau. I dropped a hint to the kid who was delivering this stuff from out of state, and eventually a guy named Ludwig Bohm offered me a deal. "We have an organization," he says. "You got to start at the bottom."

I started at the bottom, and I was picked up on my first run. Bohm hadn't told me the trunk was full of arts and crafts—license plates made from welding together phony numbers from stolen plates that had been cut up.

They sent me here, which hasn't been bad. For a while I was in a daze. But I got to reading more and more books. First I just read mysteries and science fiction. But in the library I'd recognize authors and books from hearing the Kirkbroads argue. One book would lead to another. I read a book by Steinbeck I liked, so then I read all of Steinbeck's books. Same thing with Dostoevsk The more I read, the more I talked about books with Frank Farrell. He's the librarian with the red handlebar moustache. Farrell is definitely not a phony. He helped me file my parole application and he has actually lined up a job for me. I'm going to work for a friend of his who has a book store in Kansas City, Missouri.

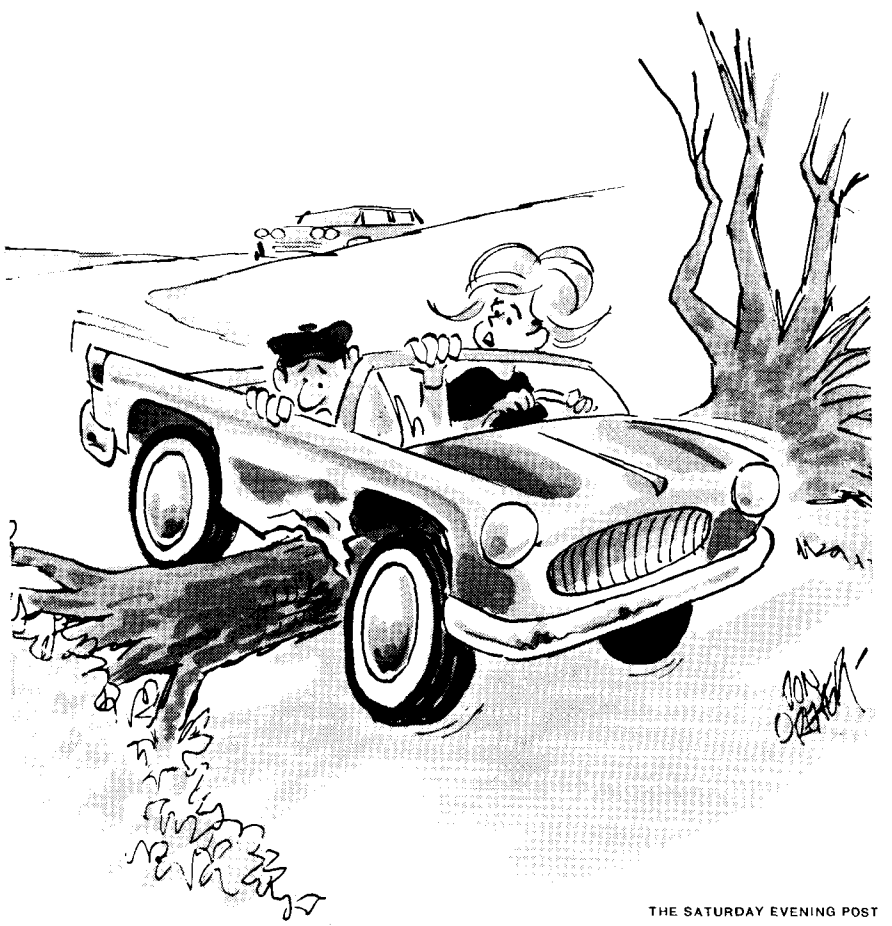
The main thing Farrell did was to make me think about what kind of kid I'd been, and what kind of life to try for outside. Farrell is a lot like old man Kirkbroad. He sees things very clear and he calls a spade just that. After I trusted Farrell, he questioned me about everything before I was convicted. For a long time I hadn't thought about the Kirkbroads, for instance, but when I finally started, I remembered plenty, as you can see.

A thing that hit me hardest was that Kirkbroad was mostly right. That guy was deep. I thought he wasn't noticing me at all.

It's funny how I've built up the Kirkbroads in my mind. I'll never see them again, but if I did go back there, they'd probably accept me. They're like Frank Farrell. They could believe that an ex-con still has a chance. But out home in Mesaville? I'm finished out there.

Naturally I realize I'll never be in the Kirkbroads' league. Kirkbroad would say I'm twenty-two years behind now. But I'm not so sure. I mentioned wondering about Formica or old tiles on the drainboard after I get out, remember? Actually I'll rent a furnished room and cook on hot plate. I may not even own a car. I may save my money and go back to college eventually. Some people say that nobody ever really changes, but I am personally convinced that that's baloney.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Of course I saw it—that's why I shifted into overdrive!"

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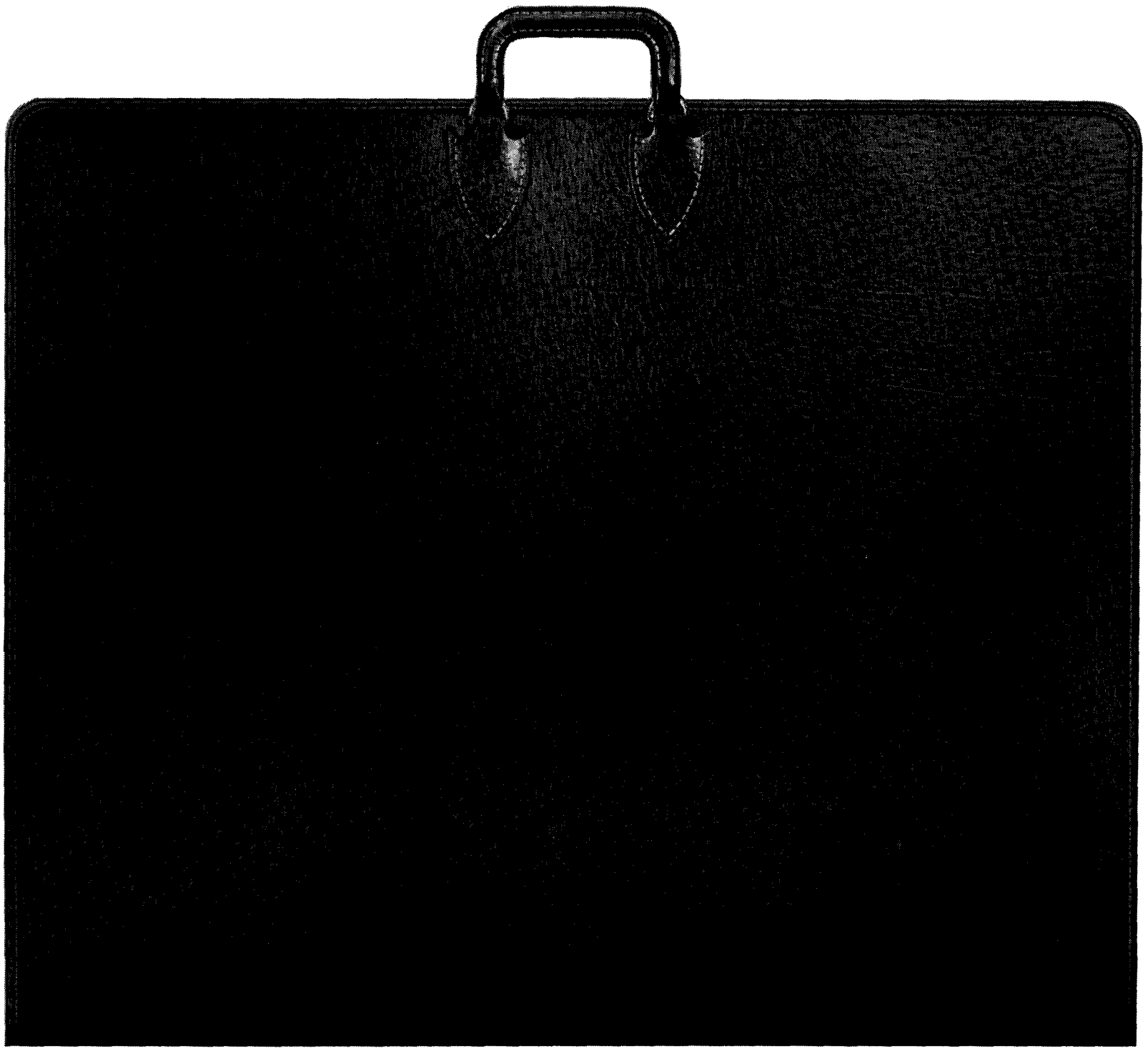

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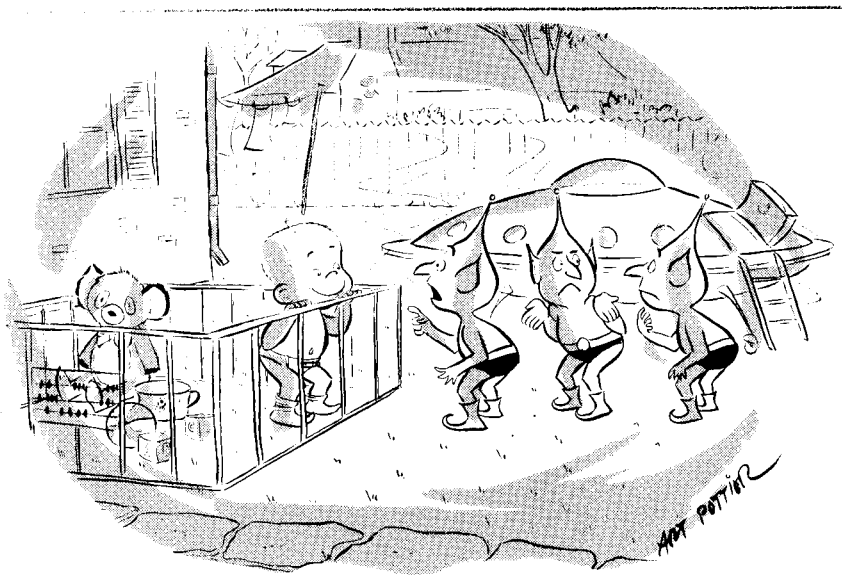
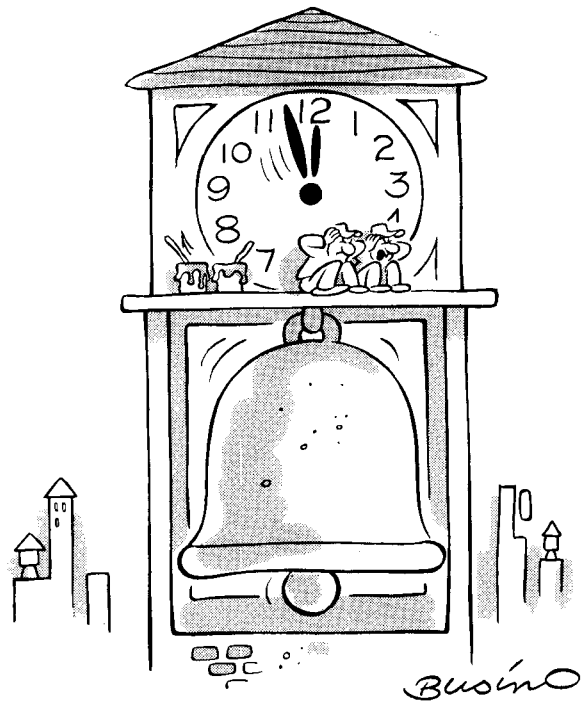
post scripts

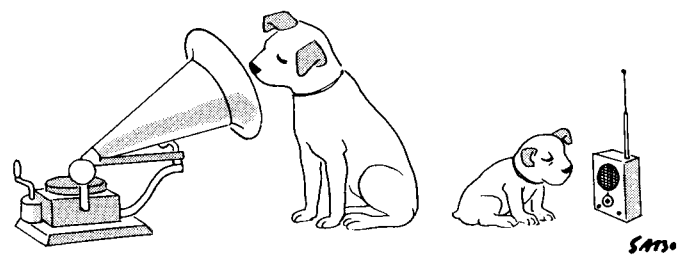


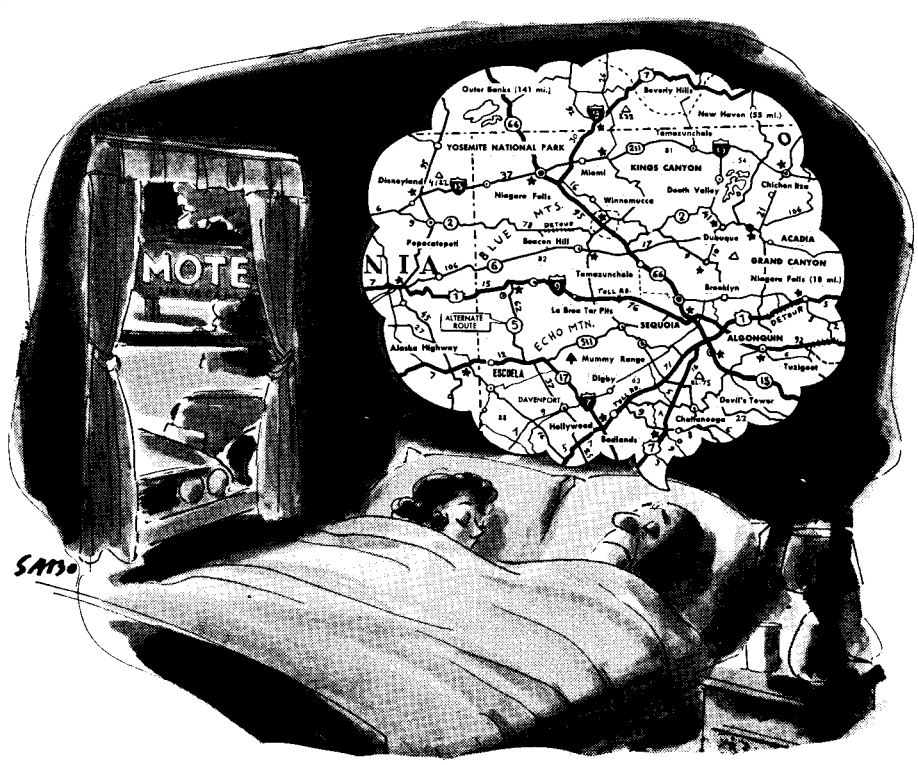
*"Parlez-vous Français? Habla usted Español?
Do you speak English? Sprechen sie Deutsch?"*



"Here comes the part I hate about this job."

"Can't you do anything right, Mogoobu?"





"That about winds things up. Any inhibitions you have left you're going to need."

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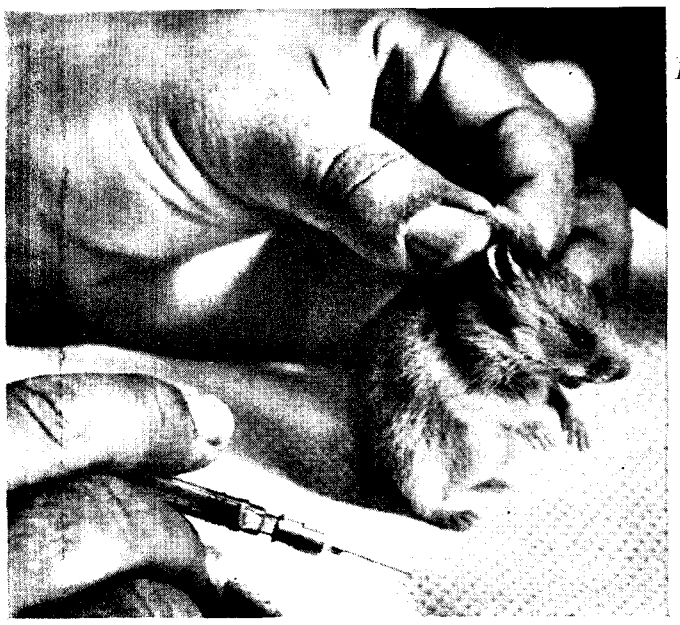

Researcher injects cancer into hamster.

CANCER 2: CHEMOTHERAPY

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Challenged by the world's most resistant disease, scientists are designing new ways to figh

Soon after takeoff from the Boston airport the man in Seat 18A became aware of a ticking sound, a little louder than an alarm clock. It seemed to come from the woman in the next seat. Nervously he rose, hurried forward and spoke quietly to the stewardess. She promptly walked back to seat 18 and touched the woman passenger on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," she asked, "but do you hear a ticking sound?"

The woman smiled. "Yes, of course. It comes from this." She pulled from her jacket pocket a small rectangular object about the size of a miniature radio. "You see, I have cancer, which has spread to my liver. This little machine, which I wind every eight hours like a clock, pumps a medicine directly into my liver."

The stewardess was embarrassed. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I had no idea. . . . It's just that . . . well, you know, passengers do get upset over a ticking sound."

The woman understood. It had happened before. An Ohio housewife, 36 years old, the mother of three small children, she had been flying to Boston every few weeks for a checkup and a new supply of refills for the little medicine pump. It had been keeping her alive ever since her operation nine months before—alive, free from pain and well enough to take care of her home and family. She knew she was not cured, for the surgeons, while able to remove a large tumor in the colon, could not cut out the malignant lumps in the liver. These, without further treatment, would probably have killed her in a matter of only weeks. But the powerful medication, known as FUDR, piped to the sick organ through a small incision just above her waistline, was giving her a precious extension on life.

The eight-ounce gadget on which the woman depended is known as a portable chronometric infuser, developed by Drs. Robert D. Sullivan, Elton Watkins Jr. and John W. Norcross of Boston's Lahey Clinic. It is one more advance in the expanding science of cancer chemotherapy.

Until relatively recently, scientists were sure of only two methods of treating cancer—surgery and radiation. Because of the dangers inherent in quack promises of quick "cures," they tended to be suspicious of any different methods of combating cancer. In the past few years, however, there has been an increasing effort to find other explanations for the mystery of cancer, and other means of treatment. One promising new approach, as reported in last week's *Post*, stems from the theory that some cancers may be caused by still-unidentified viruses. If virus research succeeds in providing effective vaccines and antiserums, science will have found a means of preventing cancer. But that achievement is at best some years in the future. For the millions already suffering from cancer (830,000 in the United States alone) and the millions more who in the years immediately ahead will learn they have it, hope centers on discovery of surer cures. And while surgery and radiation, the traditional weapons, still save or prolong many lives, millions of others need something better—and chemistry may provide it.

During the past decade, largely through a government-financed program, more than 200,000 compounds have been tested against three types of transplanted mouse cancers. Some 50,000 more drugs are currently being tested. About one in each thousand tested on mice qualifies for trial on a few humans hopelessly ill and willing to gamble. Of 200 tried on human patients in the past 10 years, 35 have been accepted as hopeful against 40 kinds of cancer and are being used in major medical centers. All of the most potent anticancer chemicals are highly toxic to the body as a whole, and must be used with extreme caution. One chemotherapy researcher has pointed out that two gallons of a certain combination of these compounds, dumped into New York's water supply, could wipe out the entire population of the city. Hence the efforts, of which the Lahey Clinic's portable pump is the newest, to concentrate the chemical in the cancerous organ or area itself, keeping exposure of the rest of the body to a minimum.

The technique of perfusion was introduced in 1957 by Drs. Edward T. Krementz and Oscar Creech Jr., of Tulane University. They temporarily isolated the cancer-ridden part with tourniquets and blood-vessel clamps and used a heart-lung machine, of the kind used in heart operations, to pump blood, with drug added, through the cancer. They have employed the method on several hundred patients with various kinds of malignancy. Among 53 with pigmented cancers (melanomas) of the limbs, 44 percent achieved "apparent cures." This is almost double the rate attained by the best surgeons. But the patients had to be kept in the hospitals throughout the treatment.

Aiming for greater mobility, Doctor Sullivan and his Lahey Clinic colleagues devised the portable apparatus. They start their patients on a hospital-type perfusion machine to establish proper dosage and make sure the plastic tubing is firmly attached to the artery supplying the cancerous organ. Then, if all goes well, the individual is switched to the pocket model and sent home. The pump contains a thumb-size plastic bottle holding a five-day supply of medicine (about an ounce). This is fed out slowly to the cancer, and when the bottle is empty, the patient discards it and connects a full one.

The Boston doctors find the portable pump especially useful with liver cancers for this reason: After the cancerous portion is saturated with the drug, the healthy part of the liver performs its detoxifying function and breaks down the compound before it can harm other areas of the body. The pump has been employed on 33 patients whose cancers originated in or spread to the liver. Of these, 15 have enjoyed remarkable improvement and are alive from a few months to over a year after starting the treatment. Their massively enlarged livers shrank, as did the tumors themselves, and tests showed liver function more normal. Pain and other symptoms were relieved, appetites picked up and lost weight was regained. The Ohio housewife, during many weeks of harrowing pain before surgery, had lost 46 pounds, most of which she has put back on.

Slow dose less toxic

The portable pump has also been used to treat incurable cancers of the head and neck, the pelvis, and the arms and legs. "After only about a year of experience it is difficult to predict what success the device eventually will achieve," Doctor Sullivan says. "But prolonged infusion has greatly multiplied the therapeutic effects of some drugs—Methotrexate and FUDR—as compared to the same amounts given in single large injections. And certain drugs—5-FU, mitomycin C and streptonigrin—appear to be much less toxic when given slowly."

These complex synthetics with fancy names are the respectable present-day successors to a list of cancer treatments that reaches back into a murky and often unsavory past. The potions and objects tried against cancer read like the recipes in a wizard's cookbook: macerated heads of bees and vipers, snake venom, crayfish stewed in asses' milk, extracts from scorpions and toads, the juices of tumors, head-shrinking fluid from the Amazon, suckling pups stewed in urine, dyes, serums from goat livers, the flesh of gray lizards, and unguents from green frogs.

Some 19 centuries ago Celsus, the Roman, bespoke the curative powers of turpentine; Paracelsus, the Swiss, 15 centuries later, echoed the prescription. The usually skeptical Benjamin Franklin endorsed the application of wooden shells to breast cancers and argued that pokeweed diminished the variety of tumors.

The modern era of cancer chemotherapy began hardly more than two decades ago. And while the Federal Government now supports it at the rate of $34 million a year (more than a third of the National Cancer Institute's budget) the most productive lines of research stem from three early discoveries that preceded the Government's vast program. The first had to do with sex hormones, the second with a war gas and the third with "antivitamins."

In the late 1930's Dr. Charles Huggins, a University of Chicago urologist, concluded that the growth of cancer of the prostate gland is stimulated by too much male hormone. If so, he reasoned, it might be fought with a female hormone.

A patient dying of prostatic cancer gave Doctor Huggins permission to perform a radical experiment. Doctor Huggins castrated the man to reduce the output of male hormone, then treated him with the female hormone, estrogen. The cancer was brought under control, the patient went back to work, lived comfortably and usefully for 15 more years and died of other causes.

Doctor Huggins's work has led to extensive experimentation with both female and male hormones and to some successes in the control of cancers of the prostate, breast, uterus and thyroid.

A second line of anticancer drugs was a by-product of research into the effects of a Nazi secret weapon during World War II. Allied agents had recovered a war gas—nitrogen mustard—from a German ship sunk by bombers off Italy, and scientists at Yale were asked to determine its effects on the body, as seen in animals. One series of tests revealed that nitrogen mustard dissolved in a liquid exerts a highly destructive effect on white blood cells, lymphatic tissue and bone marrow.

Following up this clue, Dr. Thomas F. Dougherty, now of the University of Utah, and Dr. Abraham White, now of Albert Einstein Medical College in New York, injected nitrogen-mustard solution into a fat old mouse dying of leukemia. It suppressed the leukemic blood corpuscles and the rodent became healthy and frisky.

Whispers of a cancer cure spread

This is the second of two articles adapted from Mr. McGrady's book on cancer, "THE SAVAGE CELL," to be published next fall by Basic Books, Inc.

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BY PAT McGRADY
WITH
MURRAY MORGAN

it with potent chemicals.

rapidly around New Haven. They reached a man dying of acute lymphosarcoma. He was in such agony when sitting or lying down that he had to be suspended from the ceiling by straps. The pain-ridden patient implored Doctor Dougherty's wife, Jean, a physician, to test the rumored cure on him. He received the nitrogen mustard by vein and for several weeks enjoyed a new lease on pain-free, normal life. Then resistance to the drug developed, and he died of his disease.

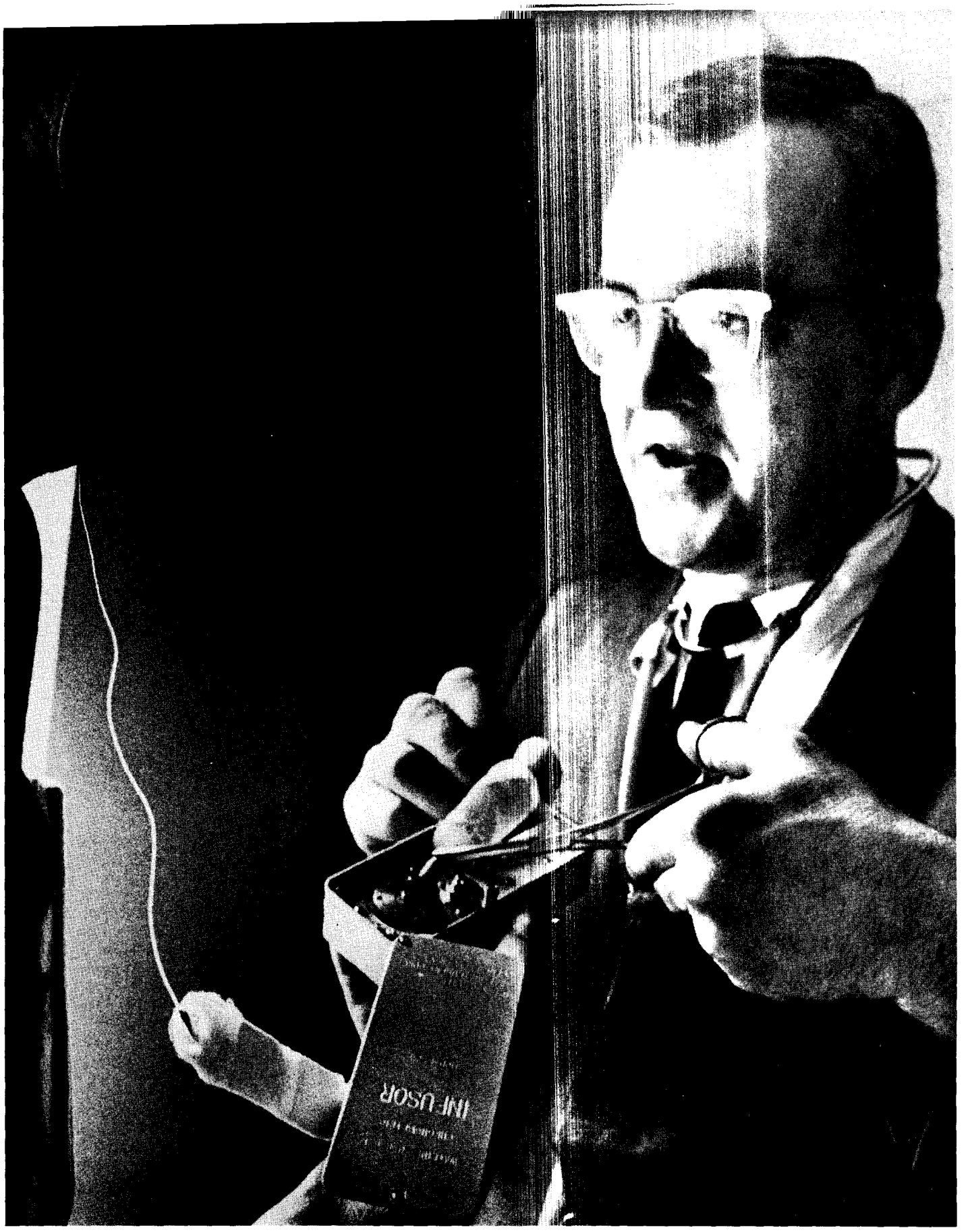
Though brief, the remissions gained by this and other patients led to detailed study and broadened trial of nitrogen mustards and other compounds in the group known as alkylating agents. They are so named because they add an alkyl group (a type of alcohol radical) to compounds with which they react. By combining with protein and other essential molecules, they upset the metabolism of the cancer cell and block its growth and division. So far no alkylating agent has permanently checked cancer without killing the patient. But several have produced temporary favorable results, and much research is under way to find better chemical variations.

The third line of research, headed by Dr. Sidney Farber of Boston Children's Hospital, grew out of his hunch that certain vitamins might increase resistance to cancers. He gave a new B-vitamin, trifolic acid, to children with acute leukemia, but was chagrined to find just the opposite result: While the vitamin temporarily improved their general health, it also stimulated their leukemia.

Doctor Farber then reasoned, If trifolic acid speeds up the leukemia, why wouldn't a folic-acid antagonist, an anti-vitamin or analogue, slow it down?

An analogue is a counterfeit replica of another compound, a chemical look-alike that may be grabbed by mistake in a metabolic process. Doctor Farber's theory was that the hungry, rapidly growing leukemia cells might pick up the vitamin analogue instead of the real vitamin, but being unable to digest it, they would starve and die. Normal blood cells, multiplying at a slower rate, would be less affected by this deception.

To obtain the antifolic compounds, Doctor Farber early in 1947 consulted with the same team of Lederle Laboratories' scientists who had previously synthesized folic acid itself. They had two such compounds already available. Doctor Farber tested one on a very sick child and saw her return briefly to health. By November Lederle had delivered



Dr. Robert D. Sullivan shows patient how to reload portable pump to medicate cancer on his tonsils. Thin tube leads to neck artery.

better analogues, including Aminopterin.

The drug was dangerous, because it tended to depress production of normal white blood cells while destroying the leukemic ones. But parents of dying children were eager to have it tried. The gamble paid off with a number of remarkable remissions. Some children got well enough to return to school and play. A few lost all symptoms for varying periods. In every case the retreat of the cancer was only temporary. Nevertheless, of about 1,000 leukemic children treated in Boston to date, half have been kept alive and in relatively good health for anywhere from 15 months to eight years.

The therapeutic effect of the counterfeit vitamin against leukemia touched off a search for other analogues—for false hormones, amino acids, nucleic acids and other essential compounds—to test against the entire spectrum of human cancers.

Related to this search has been an effort to find an absolute chemical difference between cancer cells and normal cells, something more specific than differences in growth rate. Scientists believe they could exploit such a difference by tailoring chemical analogues that could poison the cancer cells and spare the normal ones. Working with rat livers, Dr. Abraham Cantarow and the late Dr. Karl Paschkis of Jefferson Medical School in Philadelphia discovered such a difference: Cancer cells absorbed a harmless cell food called uracil faster than did normal liver cells. By feeding the rats thiouracil, a toxic analogue of uracil, the researchers were able to poison the cancer without seriously affecting the normal tissue. This pointed the way toward development of other selective poisons.

Dr. Charles Heidelberger of the University of Wisconsin, assisted by chemists of the Hoffmann-La Roche Company, synthesized a more complex uracil analogue, 5-fluorouracil or 5-FU for short. When treated with 5-FU by Doctor Heidelberger's surgical colleagues, Drs. Anthony R. Curreri and Fred J. Ansfield, three to five out of each series of 10 hopelessly advanced cancer patients derived measurable benefit—disappearance of pain and a feeling of well-being that persisted for months. A few with widespread cancers have survived for more than four years. Following his success with 5-FU, Doctor Heidelberger went back to his lab and designed a similar compound, 5-FUDR, or 5-fluorodeoxyuridine, which

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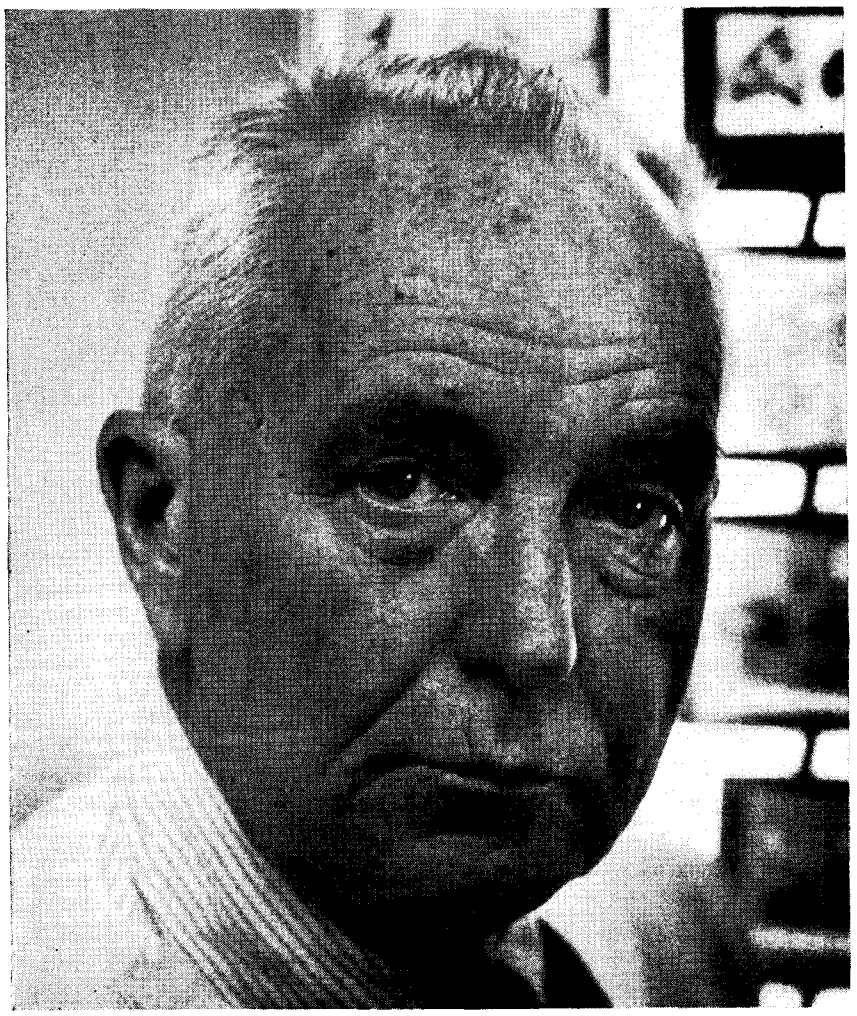
Dr. Charles Heidelberger, Wisconsin biochemist, designed anticancer chemicals.

From 200,000 drugs come a few dozen that may help against cancer.



Dr. Charles Huggins, Chicago, pioneered in hormone therapy of prostate cancer.

proved superior to 5-FU against several malignant tumors, and less toxic.

It is axiomatic that no drug cures human cancer—that the most chemicals can do is restore a measure of health and prolong life. Like many axioms, this may not be entirely true. It begins to look as though one drug—a folic-acid analogue called A-Methopterin or Methotrexate, one of those which Doctor Farber found effective in a delaying action against childhood leukemia—is not only slowing but curing a rare kind of cancer in women, choriocarcinoma.

Choriocarcinoma arises from a bit of the placenta left behind in the womb following childbirth. The disease sometimes disappears spontaneously, but rarely does so after it has started to spread through the body.

In 1956 Drs. Roy Hertz and Miu Chiu Li at the National Cancer Institute began treating advanced choriocarcinoma patients with the Methotrexate. These women would have had only one chance in 20 of cure by traditional treatment with surgery or radiation. Today, eight years after the start of chemotherapy, 75 of the 110 women treated with Methotrexate, alone or combined with an antibiotic, have had sustained remissions.

Recently, with the dosages standardized, the figure has risen above 90 percent.

The great government hunt for cancer chemicals has been expensive in money and time-consuming for scientists. It has been estimated that for each drug that emerges from the screening program to provide some clinical value, between five and ten million dollars is spent in the search. The benefits of Big Research are great. But the combination of millions of dollars and thousands of scientists produces its own side effects: the pressures of competition between individuals and institutions, the lack of imagination in centralized direction and assembly-line techniques, and loss of the spontaneous inspiration that is natural for a creative man alone in a laboratory.

Scientists in the era of Big Research have more and bigger meetings to attend, more forms to fill out, more lab space and equipment to handle, more correspondence to answer—and less time to think. In their coffee-break bull sessions the researchers often complain that the massive drug-testing program has become standardized work, more suited to technicians than to creative scientists.

But the doubts quietly expressed by a growing number of cancer investigators do not focus mainly on the expense of the program. Some of the information gained has definite value. And compared to the cost of cancer in lives and money—medical and hospital bills and time lost from work add up to an estimated $12 billion a year—the $34 million a year is trivial. With one in four Americans now alive destined to suffer from the disease, the screening program is costing only 75 cents per future victim per year.

What some critics do question is the validity of the system by which the candidate drugs are tested. They feel the centralized screening program, concentrated upon the testing of compounds against artificially induced cancers in mice, has become too mechanical, too inflexible, too slow in translating animal results into human relief. Most of the preliminary trials are run against only the three kinds of mouse cancer. Designated by laboratory names as leukemia 1210, mammary carcinoma 755 and sarcoma 180, they were chosen because they yielded consistent results which could be easily compared in thousands of tests. All are cancers which have been transplanted into the mice. If the test drug is not effective against any of them, it is dropped. If it shows an cancer power, it moves up the line, p haps eventually to tests on humans.

But this first hurdle, the critics point out, may be misleading. On the one hand, it is much easier to cure a transplanted tumor than one which grows spontaneously in the mouse. To restrain human cancer is even more difficult. On the other hand, many drugs already proven useful against human cancer—for example, Myleran, developed in Britain—don't work against the three mouse tumors, and therefore would never have cleared the first hurdle in the U.S. program.

Whether any really effective cancer remedies have been missed through adherence to the transplanted-mouse-tumor test, no one can say. But a number of preparations which in the past have shown remarkably promising effects on animal tumors of one sort or another have not been given human trials.

Whatever faults may be laid to the screening program, it has not curbed the range and enterprise of the drug hunters. Combing the list of ancient plant remedies, they have even tried extracts of the mandrake or May apple, and of the mistletoe (used by the Romans as a cancer cure). Some have yielded glimmers of hope—but only glimmers.

In the folk medicine of the Philippines, for example, it was thought that extracts of the decorative periwinkle reduced blood sugar. Hearing this, United States and Canadian pharmaceutical hous (Lilly and Collip, respectively) tried pe winkle extracts as potential antidiabetes drugs. They were useless for this purpose. But the Canadian scientists noted a reduction of white blood cells.

Four drugs made from the periwinkle—vincristine, vinblastine, vinleurosine and vinrosidine—have shown ability to arrest or cure leukemia in mice. This led to their trial in human leukemia, choriocarcinoma and Hodgkin's disease, where they have given brief remissions.

To the family that loses someone to cancer, the vast research campaign may sometimes seem a discouraging pursuit across a wholly dark landscape. But it should be remembered that existing methods of treatment are saving many cancer patients. The American Cancer Society estimates that there are 1.2 million Americans alive today who have been cured of cancer.

While the quest for new anticancer compounds goes on, clinical researchers are learning how to improve the results with drugs they have, often in combination with surgery and radiation. All the weapons must be used with great skill. Underdosage can shorten a patient's survival; overdosage can kill him outright.

Dr. Nylene E. Eckles, who is at the M.D. Anderson Hospital in Houston, Tex., has originated and perfected many methods of employing these weapons, and believes that even the finally "unsuccessful" treatments have great value.

"The goal of chemotherapy, as I see it," she said recently, "is not merely keep a patient breathing. It is to exte the useful and comfortable life of the patient. It's amazing how patients who are called terminal will take up their beds and walk, once they are given intelligent treatment. Their last months and years can be the richest of their lives." THE END

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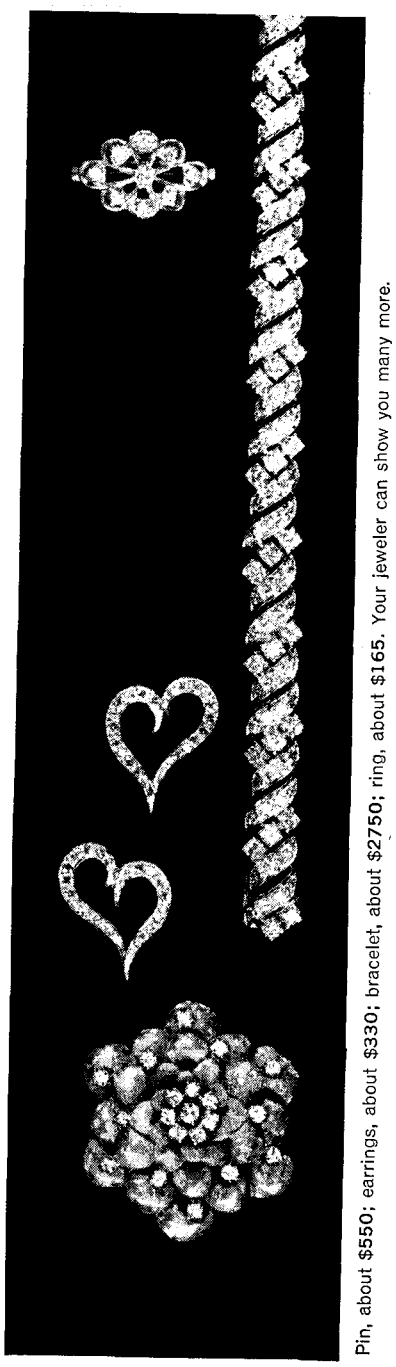

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To learn about the vanishing show girl, the author summoned her courage, stepped on a stage

and sang 16 bars of

LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU

The stage, bare of props and badly lit, held six tons of girls. There were 85 of us, averaging five feet, six inches in height and 150 pounds in weight. We wore a total of no more than eight pounds of clothing. We were chewing, in unison, about two pounds of gum.

The scene was the Lunt-Fontanne, a Broadway theater which was serving as an arena for a mass audition. The audition was for *To Broadway With Love*—a 90-minute survey of American musical comedy over the past 100 years—which will be shown all this season at the New York World's Fair.

It was the largest cattle call—as mass tryouts are known—within the memory of anyone present. And I was there among them. In leotards and tights.

I should explain at the start that I am not a show girl. My parents were in vaudeville, and they taught me a few quick routines when I was a girl. But most of my experience with show business has been confined to writing about it.

My chance to audition came about rather simply. The director of *To Broadway With Love*, Morton DaCosta, is an old friend of mine, and he asked me if I would like to pose as an auditioner to get a backstage look at a vanishing species—the show girl. Like the California condor and the Dutch elm, the old-fashioned show girl, long of leg and dead of pan, is suffering from lack of care. Once there were thousands of roles available for girls who just stood and looked beautiful in musicals and nightclubs, but today there are only about 300 such jobs in the entire world. Soon the classic show girl may disappear entirely, driven into oblivion as a result of Broadway's postwar demand for girls who can sing well, dance well and even act. "Show up on Wednesday, if you're interested," said DaCosta. "Just be prepared to more or less sing 16 bars of *Let Me Entertain You*."

In the interests of sociology and curiosity—and perhaps because of a little hambone—I agreed. But first I kept three important appointments. One was with my hairdresser, who provided me with a garish, wildly teased hairdo which added four inches to my normal height of five feet eight. The next was with a costumer who squeezed me into black tights and a French-cut leotard, the legs ending just an inch short of my hipbone. During my fitting I anxiously suggested that at my age of 30-plus I might be the world's oldest show girl. The fitter replied, "Don't worry about your age, kid. I get all the girls in here, and the only way I can tell how old they are is by looking at their gums. You know, like a horse." My third visit was to my doctor, who fortified me with tranquilizers.

On the big day as I turned off Broadway onto 46th Street and looked for the entrance marked STAGE DOOR, I spotted a girl ahead of me who was wearing bright green nylon stockings. I stood behind her as she gave her name to Maxine Taylor, the stage manager. As the girl accepted the form to be filled out, she carefully spelled her first name T-e-r-r-i. (Almost all show girls seem to have names ending in "i," such as Jerri, Jilli, Milli and Billi.)

After I signed in as "Muriel Roberts," I was directed to a downstairs dungeon that was cheerfully referred to as "the dressing room." It was next to the boiler room, and a network of rusted pipes ran across the ceiling. Splintered wooden picnic-type tables, some battered lockers and three wooden benches provided its furniture. In the room, in various stages of undress, were 20 girls. They were busily filling out the audition forms and also filling out their bosoms with an assortment of materials ranging from gym socks to terry-cloth hand towels. "Hey, they're asking how old we are," one screamed. "Listen," yelled another, "let's make a pact. We won't put *any* ages down." Still another voice called out, "My God, is *anybody* eighteen?"

The fuchsia redhead I was sitting next to—obviously a veteran show girl—eyed me up and down and then said sniffily, "Well, at least you're tall." I could already feel the calm that the tranquilizers had brought me drifting away. "Nowadays," she continued, "anybody and her little sister think they can be show girls. Geez, I can remember the days when show girls used to show up wearing mink coats and big jools. One day I saw a stage manager with about sixteen fur coats draped on him. Everybody was afraid they'd get their's swiped, so he had to wear them all on his shoulders in layers."

I decided to try the cover story DaCosta had provided. "I haven't done anything like this before," I said. "But my husband took a powder on me, and I've never worked before, and I heard the easiest way to make a buck is to be a show girl."

Her face turned as red as the dye on her hair. "Boy, you *are* a dumb one," she snorted. "No wonder your husband ran out on you. If you think being a show girl means guys take you out to dinner and slip hundred-dollar bills under your plate, you're nuts, baby."

At that point a woman shooed all of us on stage. As we went upstairs, I could scarcely see beyond the towering masses of hair, ranging in color from coral to tar. Three of the girls had piled all their own hair on the *top* of their heads and then draped three-foot lengths of false hair over their right shoulders. With their four-inch heels and their six-inch-high hairdos, they were tall enough to qualify for the New York Knickerbockers basketball team.

As soon as they reached the 40-foot stage the girls minced about in the typical show-girl step, hand on hip. At the same time they warily looked over the competition. Just then the pianist idly strummed an arpeggio, and 85 pairs of eyes turned in his direction.

I edged cautiously into the background and eavesdropped on a beautiful blonde. "Just got back from six months of dancing in Beirut, and I met this fantastically rich guy who just showered me with presents." The target of her remark snapped back, "So if you're so rich, what are you doing here?"

A dark-haired girl said to me, "I hear they're gonna ask us to do the Charleston. I mean, really, you simply *do not* ask a six-foot person to do the Charleston." Another wondered aloud, "What are we trying out for?"

At this point, director DaCosta called out from the orchestra, "All right, girls, get in line according to height." I began to feel like a midget as one six-footer after another elbowed me down the line. Even before the pianist began the first strains of *Let Me Entertain You*, an assistant of DaCosta's gently eliminated about 20 girls who were too short.

Don't forget to smile

As we began strutting to the music, one hand on a hip and the other high in the air, more girls were asked to leave. One girl who had promised to help me said in a stage whisper, "Don't forget to smile." I smiled.

DaCosta called a halt to the strut, and once again his grinning hatchet man moved among us saying, "Thank you very much" to those he was cutting out of the show. One of the victims, who didn't understand the "thank you" method of elimination, asked me, "Did that man thank everybody?" I said, "No," and she got the message. "Oh, well," she said brightly, "I'm really a singer anyway."

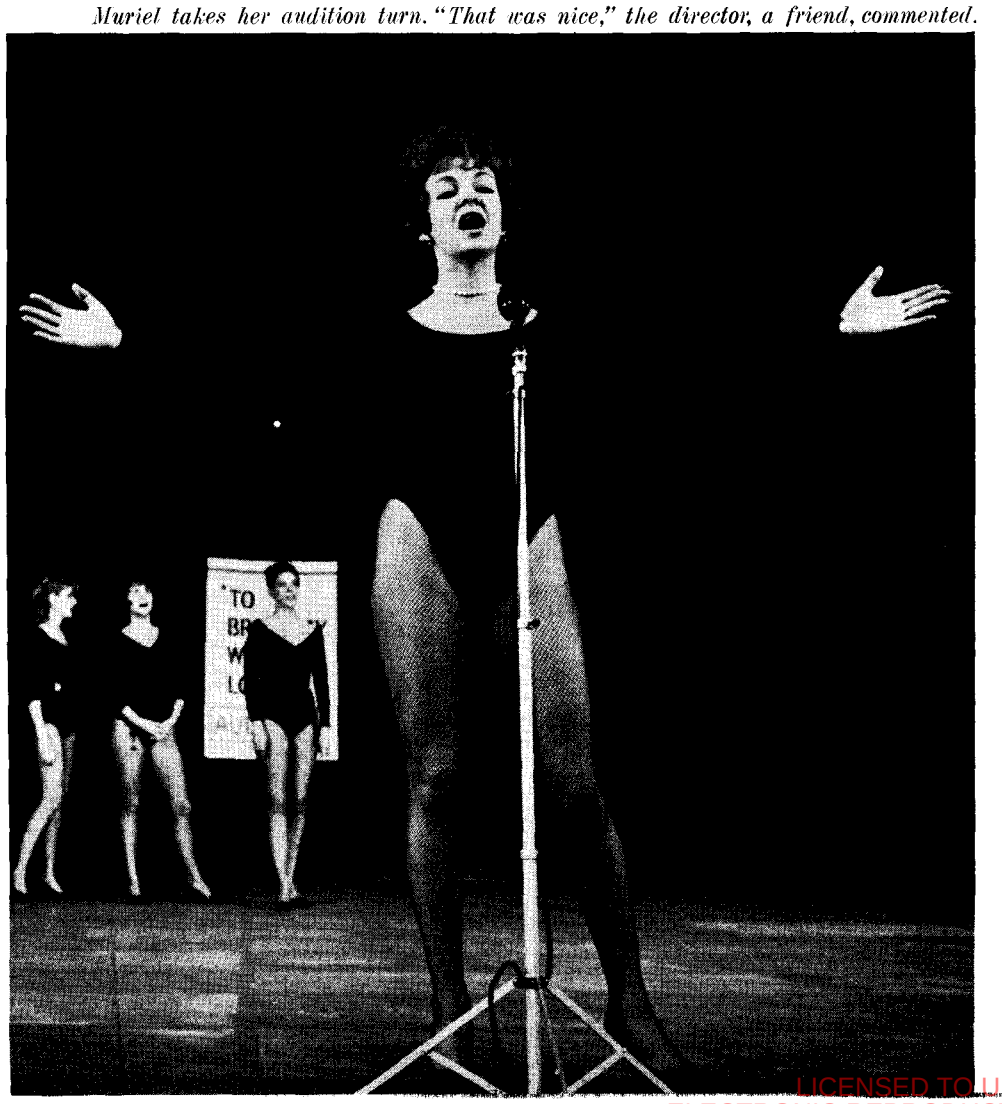
When there were about 30 of us left, DaCosta divided us into two groups. Now it was time for all of us to sing the sixteen bars of *Let Me Entertain You*. I did my turn, and DaCosta gamely said, "That's very nice, Miss Roberts. Please wait." Then one girl stepped forward and said, "I don't know the words, Mr. DaCosta."

"We'll tell them to you," he answered. "Oh," she said, "if you're going to do that, I might as well tell you I can't sing." Said DaCosta, "Thank you very much."

When the singing was over, DaCosta called a break, and the girls all speculated about salaries. One girl said she had heard they could go as high as $500 a week. She was told she had lost her mind. (I learned later that the salary will be $350 a week.) "Whatever we get," said a cobalt brunette, "it'll beat what you get waiting on table." Another girl said, "After the Copacabana or Las Vegas or The Latin Quarter, there's no place to work, and hustling hash is better than starving."

After the break, a red-haired girl who had been sitting on the sidelines in a chinchilla coat stepped to center stage. She was Denise McLaglen, niece of the late actor Victor McLaglen. To the familiar

Muriel takes her audition turn. "That was nice," the director, a friend, commented.



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By MURIEL DAVIDSON

strains of *Let Me Entertain You* she began to sing and remove her long kid gloves. At the end of her number she threw back the coat, let it slip to the floor and stood there wearing nothing but some black mesh and three gummed patches. I wondered for a moment if we were all going to be asked to repeat this performance, but it turned out that Miss McLaglen was a specialist.

While the girls came from all over—at least 25 states and five foreign countries—many showed a common inability to understand what was wanted of them. DaCosta asked one girl from France to walk from left to right. Stroking her false ponytail, she replied, "But sir, I cannot do that. I can only walk from right to left." When a girl from Texas was eliminated, she asked DaCosta in an injured tone, "Aren't you going to ask me to take off my clothes?"

"No, thank you," said DaCosta.

"But then how are you going to see my talent?" the girl asked. DaCosta buried his head in his arms.

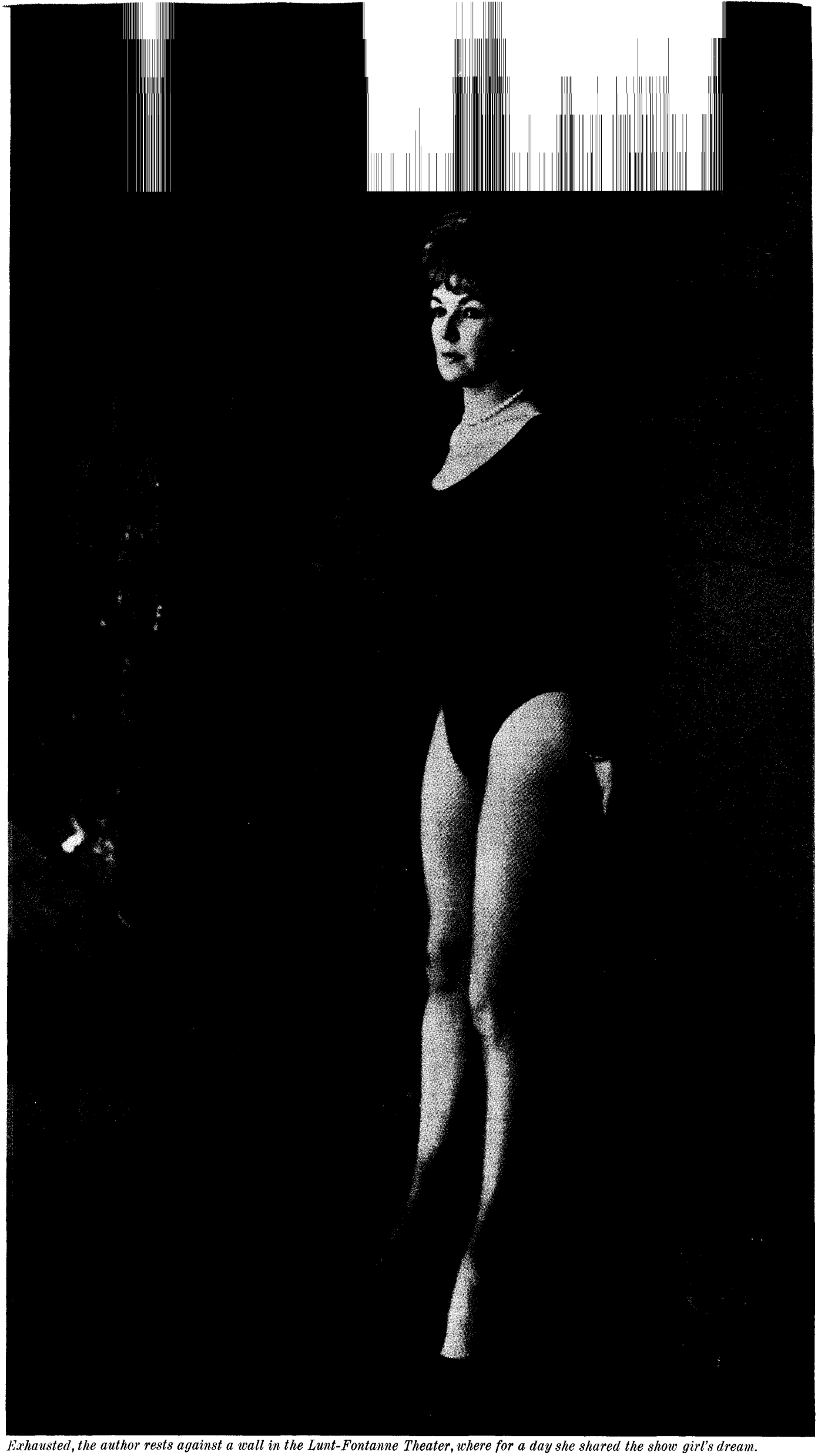
Finally the group was told to Charles-ton. Dancing it successfully in four-inch eels is roughly comparable to running a four-minute mile in snowshoes. One girl flatly refused. "I can't dance," she said. "And besides, I'm a show girl." I tried to coax her, and then I said, "Well, what *do* you do?" And she said, "I stand."

After we had Charlestoned, several more girls were sent home. I saw the rejects looking at me peculiarly when I was asked to stay. I always seemed to be executing a kick while everybody else was slapping a knee. But I kept smiling confidently, and tried to give the impression that everyone was out of step but me. While another group took its turn, a pretty youngster came over to me and said, "Say, who *are* you anyway?" I told her that I was a friend of the director's. She leered and said, "I *thought* so," and moved away.

By this time I was so tired that the afternoon had become a blur. Just as I was about to collapse from exhaustion, DaCosta made his final selection—nine beautiful girls, all in their late teens or very early twenties—and me.

I staggered down to the dressing room where the girls who had been eliminated surprised me with their warmth. They sat on the hard wooden benches, naked or half naked, rubbing their aching feet, bravely pinning up their drooping hairdos and, almost to a girl, they congratulated me. Even when I knew they didn't really mean it, they kept saying, "You were great, honey, just great."

At last I put on my coat and walked out into the lowering darkness along Broadway. One of the girls who had been kind to me wearily accompanied me to a cab. As I got in, she said wistfully, "You're the only one of us who made it, honey. Look at me, twenty-two shows." She shrugged. "Well, I guess there's nothing so old as an old hat." THE END



Exhausted, the author rests against a wall in the Lunt-Fontanne Theater, where for a day she shared the show girl's dream.

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Guarded by Florida policemen, Mrs. Peabody talks with reporters outside St. Augustine jail.

She is the 'grande dame' of an old Yankee clan. Her son is the governor of Massachusetts, her daughter is with the U.N. None of which keeps Mary Parkman Peabody from acting like a present-day New England abolitionist.

DON'T TREAD ON GRANDMOTHER PEABODY

By ROBERT K. MASSIE

"Really, it was quite an attractive jail. It was clean and whitewashed, and there were the loveliest yellow and orange flowers planted along the sidewalks. There were thirteen of us white women in a stone cell with only eight bunks, but we had running water. Next door in another cell there were fifty Negro women. Our food was passed to us under the bars. There weren't enough utensils, so we ate our hominy grits with our fingers. But we managed nicely."

It was late afternoon in Cambridge, Mass., and before beginning to describe her imprisonment as a civil-rights demonstrator in St. Augustine, Fla., 72-year-old Mrs. Malcolm Peabody had served tea. A gleaming silver tea service was on the table before her, and little flowered teacups were on other tables amid the pictures of her children and grandchildren. Mrs. Peabody is the wife of a retired Episcopal bishop. One of her sons is Endicott Peabody, governor of Massachusetts. Her daughter is Mrs. Marietta Tree, now U.S. representative to the United Nations Human Rights Commission. Grandmother Peabody is a tall, slightly bowed woman with high cheekbones and very white hair. She wore a simple gray dress and a single strand of beads. She sat in an armchair which straddled two handsome Oriental rugs; behind her a window seat was piled with fresh mail. In the silences, the tick of a massive grandfather clock filled the house.

"We went to St. Augustine," Mrs. Peabody continued, "because although it is the oldest city in our country, it still is totally segregated. One of Dr. Martin Luther King's followers telephoned me to say that many college students were going to St. Augustine to demonstrate during their Easter vacations, but that they needed some older people too. He asked whether I knew of any people he might call. I said to him, 'Would *I* be of any use?'"

On Easter Sunday Mrs. Peabody flew to Florida with the wives of other Episcopal bishops. One of these two women, Mrs. John Burgess, is a Negro. In St. Augustine Mrs. Peabody and the other ladies entered motels, restaurants, a theater and the Trinity Episcopal Church. They were confronted by a succession of hostile but courteous waitresses, managers and vestrymen.

"We have come for tea," Mrs. Peabody would announce. In case Mrs. Burgess, who has very light skin, had not been identified, Mrs. Peabody would add, "Will you serve my friend, Mrs. Burgess, who is a Negro?"

Mrs. Burgess was not offered service except in the kitchens, and Mrs. Peabody always was asked to leave immediately.

At one point Mrs. Peabody engaged the rector of Trinity Church and his vestrymen in debate.

"Why don't you Northerners stay up North? You've got plenty of problems up there," said one vestryman.

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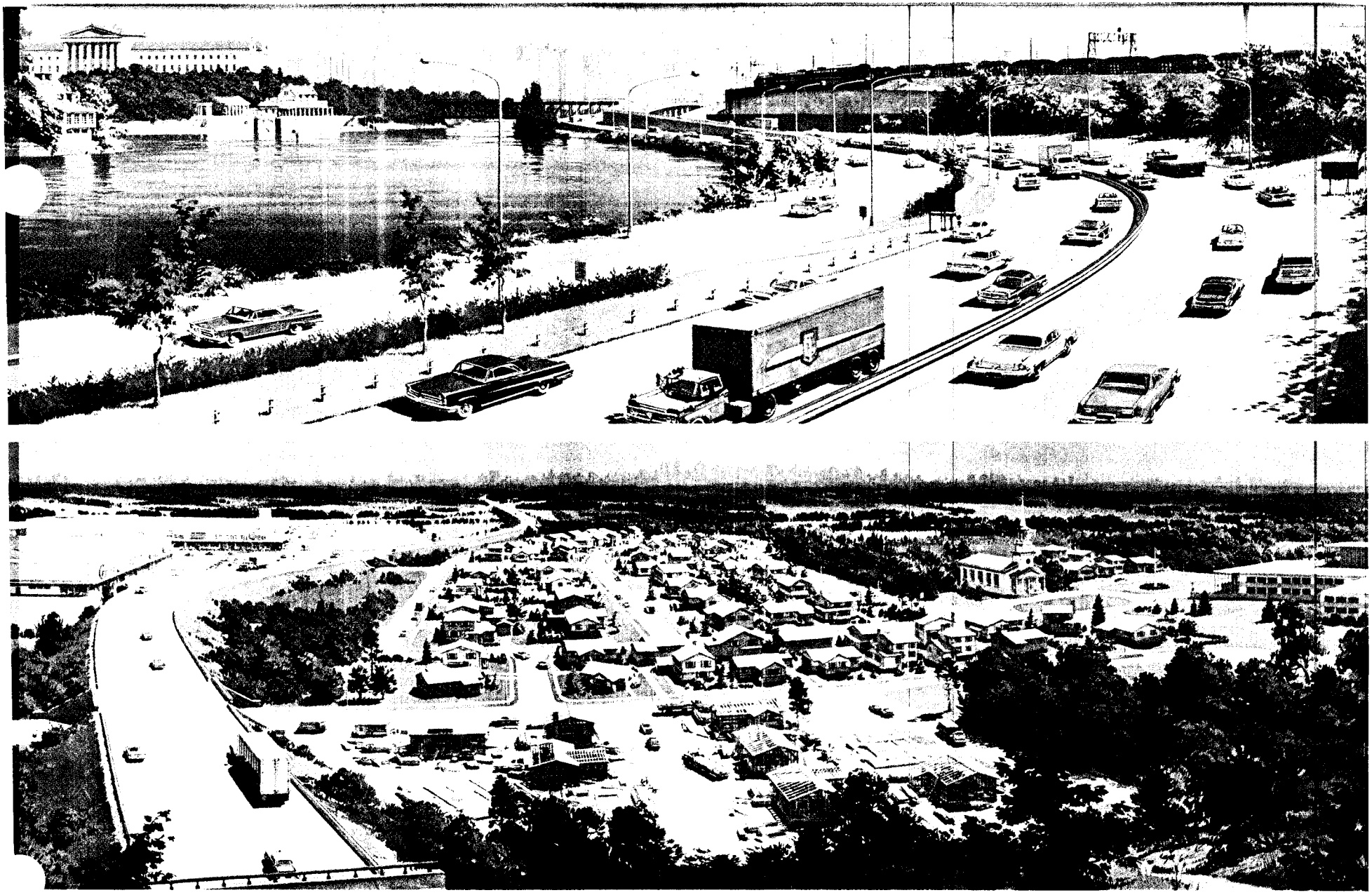

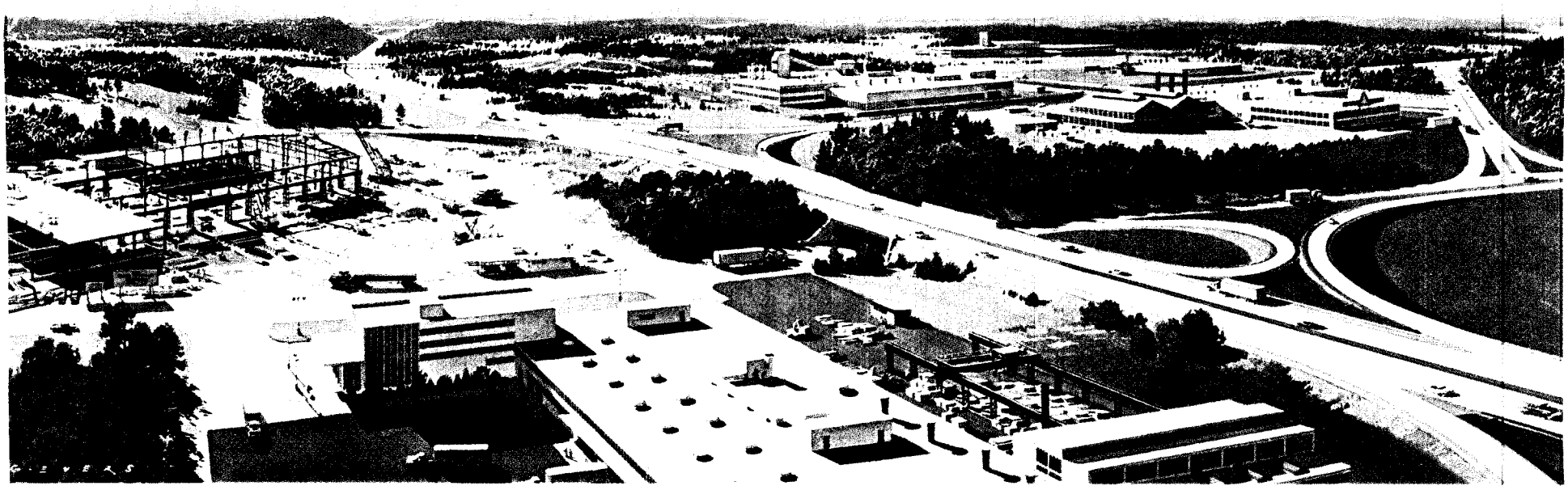

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Grandmother Peabody

"We have problems, and we are trying to solve them. You're not trying to solve your problems. We look upon ourselves as Americans, not as Northerners. Integration and civil rights are American problems," replied Mrs. Peabody.

"You have set us back five years down here," another vestryman told her.

"The Negroes have waited 100 years," said Mrs. Peabody.

When one of the vestrymen grumbled about "do-gooders," Mrs. Peabody admitted, "That's exactly what we are, or what we hope we are."

After two days of sitting-in, Mrs. Peabody decided that she could help most by being arrested. She was on her way to a sit-in at the Ponce de Leon Motel when she bumped into an old friend from Philadelphia.

"How wonderful to see you," said the friend. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm in the process of being arrested," said Mrs. Peabody. With Negro and white demonstrators she sat down in the motel dining room. Sheriff L. O. Davis, a portly, balding man, arrived and read passages of the state law to Mrs. Peabody. She was arrested for trespassing, being an undesirable guest and conspiracy. A policeman carrying an electric cattle prod ushered her out.

"I tried hard not to like that sheriff," Mrs. Peabody says. But when she was released on bond after two nights in jail, she came out on the sheriff's arm and the two of them were smiling.

"We're good friends now," she said.

"She's a fine lady, but grossly misled," said Sheriff Davis.

If it startled the nation when this indomitable *grande dame* of an old New England dynasty went to jail, it didn't surprise her husband. "That's the kind of thing she always does," observed Bishop Malcolm Peabody, a tall, courtly man whose hair is still iron gray. He has been married to Mrs. Peabody for 47 years, and he has encouraged her devotion to a variety of causes, including this one.

The Peabodys do not live surrounded by wealth and elegance. On the contrary, they live in an old, brown-shingled, gabled house on a quiet street in Cambridge, a few blocks from Harvard Square. Mrs. Peabody does her own cleaning and marketing, because "it's easier than having to fuss with maids." By eight o'clock the beds are made, the house is dusted and the bishop's breakfast is on the table.

Mrs. Peabody has never worn lipstick or perfume, she has never been to a hairdresser and she has never had a manicure. In the evening, when other people watch television or read novels, Mrs. Peabody reads the *Congressional Record* or State Department bulletins. She goes every Friday afternoon to the Boston Symphony concert and especially likes Bach. She doesn't garden extensively, but she does plant a few daffodils and hyacinths.

The simplicity of Mrs. Peabody's life suits not only her own severe tastes but the tradition of most of the great Yankee clans of New England. In their eagerness to avoid ostentation, they drive shaky old cars, wear plain and, if possible, patched or rewoven clothes, and do most of their own work around the shrubs and flowers. Yet when they apply, the doors of the best schools and the best clubs swing open, silently and automatically.

Mary Parkman Peabody grew up in Back Bay, a quiet, elegant section of Boston just off the Public Gardens. Her mother, Isabella Parkman, was a reigning beauty who once served tea to Charles Dickens and went about the house in alternating moods of passionate gaiety and sweeping depression. Mrs. Peabody's father was a proper Bostonian banker who "always wanted us to know that we had to live thriftily."

After her debut in 1910, Mary Parkman went around the world with a girl friend. On their tour, the girls stopped off in the Philippines to look up a tall, young schoolteacher named Malcolm Peabody, who once had taken Mary Parkman to a Harvard Hasty Pudding Club dance in Cambridge. Peabody's father was the renowned Rev. Endicott Peabody, an Episcopal clergyman whose first parish had been in Tombstone, Ariz., during the days of Wyatt Earp and Doc Halliday. Later Endicott Peabody came back East and founded Groton School, noted for its early-morning cold showers and its illustrious alumni, among them Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the Philippines, Endicott Peabody's son escorted his visitors from Boston for 10 happy days. "We made wonderful trips into the mountains. We took long walks and had lovely picnics," Mrs. Peabody remembers across the years. In 1916, after Peabody returned to Cambridge and entered the ministry, he and Mary Parkman were married.

Their first parish was in the textile town of Lawrence, Mass. Mrs. Peabody, who was keenly interested in social work, attacked certain parish problems directly. The father of one family was an alcoholic, and she arrived at their house one day to find him swilling from a bottle, while his family watched in despair. Mrs. Peabody marched across the room, impounded the bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink. Something in her eyes warned the drunkard not to try to stop her.

After Lawrence came 13 years in a fashionable church in the Chestnut Hill section of Philadelphia. It was there that her five children grew up. Her oldest child and only daughter is Mrs. Tree. Gov. Endicott Peabody is her second child. Then in sequence came George, now an Episcopal minister in New York; Sam, a schoolteacher in Rye, N.Y.; and Malcolm Jr., who works on minority-group problems in urban redevelopment for the city of Boston.

Mrs. Peabody had strong ideas about raising children. She kept a discipline book for each child, and years later her daughter Marietta found this entry inscribed by her mother when she was one year old: "When I discipline Marietta, she cries and cries, but she makes up very quickly." Marietta wonders what she had done, at one, to require discipline, but her mother has forgotten.

Mrs. Peabody was strict about money. Once, when 18-year-old Marietta had been invited to a Harvard-Yale football game but lacked $1.50 of the necessary train fare, her mother refused to lend her the sum. "That will teach you to have money in the bank," she told her daughter, who recalls the episode with a wistful smile. Yet Mrs. Peabody always managed on a minister's salary to pay for lessons: music lessons, dancing lessons, language lessons. She did not pay for tennis lessons, because she decided that her children could pick up the game by watching. Mrs. Peabody loved to give presents and still distributes something to everybody at Christmas and Easter. But her gifts have a practical ring, such as presenting a grandchild with money to help pay for straightening his teeth.

Every June the Peabody clan transfers itself to a rambling white clapboard house set on a cove on the coast of Maine. Mrs. Peabody first went to Northeast Harbor when she was a year old, and she has been back for 70 summers. There are frequent family picnics attended by numerous aunts, uncles and cousins, at which Mrs. Peabody or the bishop read aloud while everybody munches oranges from brown paper bags. On bright afternoons Mrs. Peabody and her husband step into their 19-foot sloop and hoist the sails. Out on the blue water, cruising between the green islands, he holds the tiller while she hands him a tomato or a hard-boiled egg. Mrs. Peabody gave up tennis at 70, but she still likes to hike along the wooded trails that climb Mt. Cadillac near Bar Harbor. Every day Mrs. Peabody takes a swim. "If she doesn't go in the water, she thinks she is giving in to weakness," explains Mike Peabody, her youngest son. In the evening the family gathers for games of checkers, lotto or more reading aloud. Mrs. Peabody is always the one who goes around before bed, locking things up and turning off the lights.

Mrs. Peabody's children regard their mother with a mixture of love and awe. "She is the strongest person I have ever known," says Mrs. Tree. "I think she probably feels a little sorry for her children because, as she sees it, we just can't quite keep up with her." But the Peabody children have done pretty well, and Mrs. Peabody is quite proud of her offspring. Governor Peabody, for example, was an All-America football player at Harvard in 1941, but when he first reported for the team, he was told that his neck was too long and thin. "That just increased Endicott's resolve," Mrs. Peabody recalls with a pleased smile. "All that summer he lay on his back and rolled on his neck, and by fall he had increased the girth of his neck by two inches."

Before she left for Florida, Mrs. Peabody was asked whether she had consulted the governor about her trip. "Do mothers generally consult their sons?" asked Mrs. Peabody. Nevertheless, before going to jail she did telephone the governor in Boston and tell him, "Endicott, we feel that we should be arrested. I'm not worried about myself, of course, but I am worried about you."

"Mother, do what you think is right," said Governor Peabody.

"I expected he would say that," Mrs. Peabody later acknowledged.

This summer, before she can go to Maine, Mrs. Peabody must go back to Florida to stand trial. "Oh, yes," she says, "I'm going back to take my medicine." She is also preparing for a series of speaking engagements to help raise money for the civil-rights cause. "I expect," says Mrs. Peabody, "to be involved in this fight for civil rights for the rest of my life."

In Boston some of Mary Peabody's friends think that her trip was "just a bit much. She was having just a little bit too good a time." Others wish they had gone with her. Almost everybody hoped, and many prayed, that she would be safe. Her mail expresses these same feelings; even those who feel she had no business in St. Augustine concede her courage.

She has had hundreds of messages, including one from a woman in Jackson, Miss., which says, "Go get 'em cowboy." But the one that pleased her most arrived at the jail from a 14-year-old granddaughter. It was a telegram:

MRS. PEABODY
THE PRISON
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

DEAR GAGA: I AM MORE PROUD OF YOU THAN I CAN SAY AND HOPE THAT SOON I WILL BE ABLE TO HELP INTEGRATIONISTS AS MUCH AS YOU HAVE TODAY. THE END

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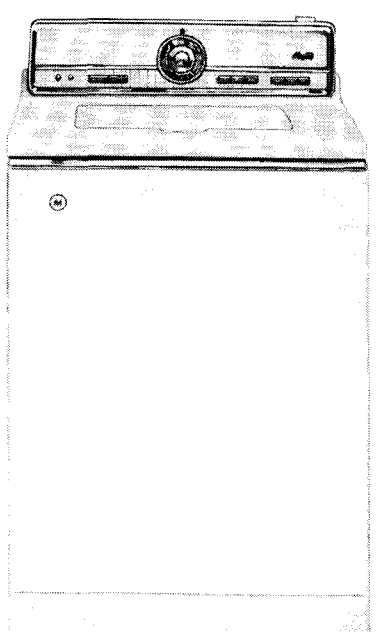

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No help came, and a widow weeps.

DOCTORS GO ON STRIKE

Suddenly Belgium's critically ill cannot reach their family doctors, and the socialized-medicine issue divides a nation.

By PETE HAMILL

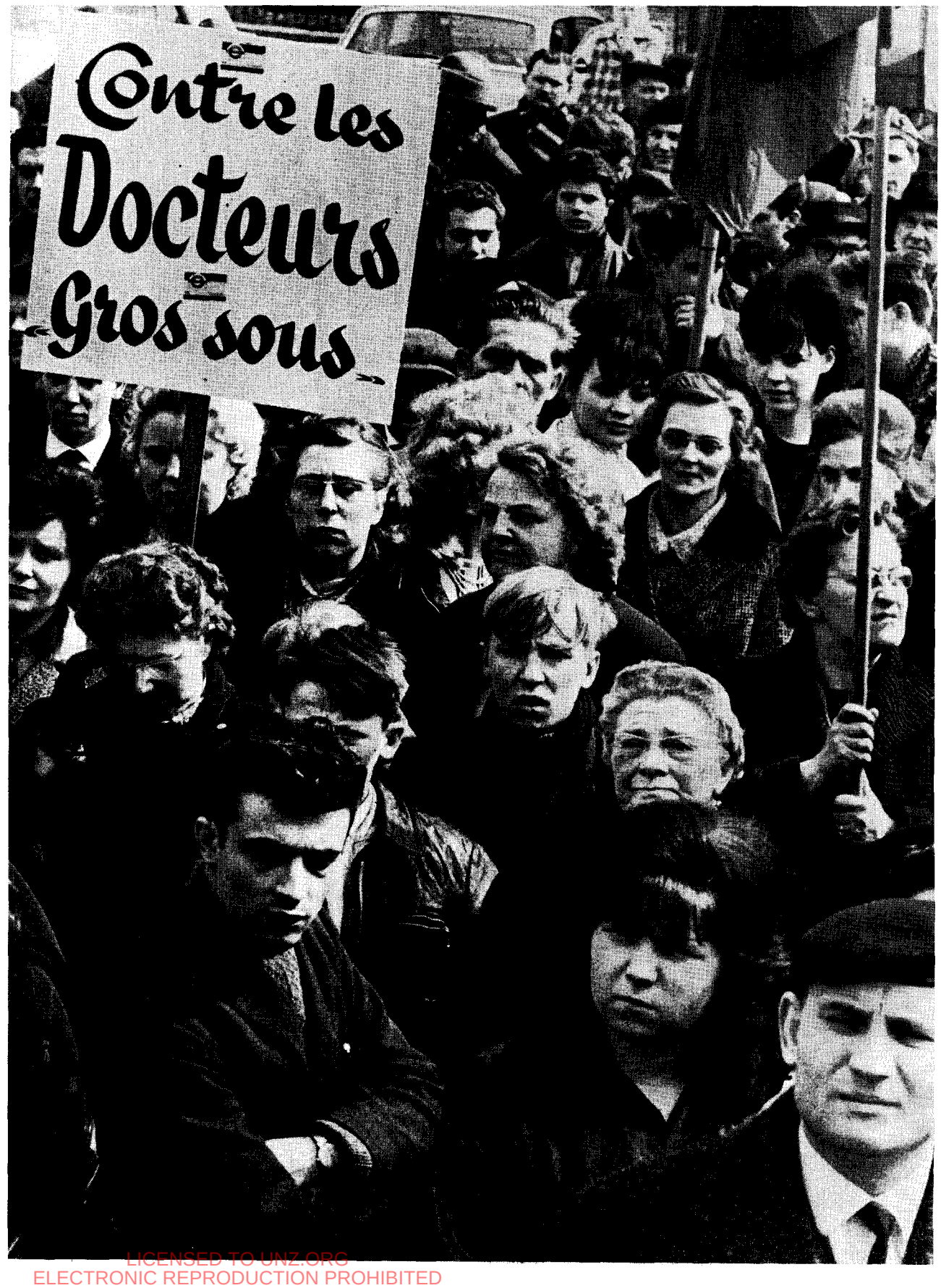
"I swear by Apollo the physician, by Aesculapius, Hygeia, and Panacea, and all the gods, all the goddesses . . . I will prescribe regimen for the good of my patients according to my ability and my judgment and never do harm to anyone. . . ."

THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH

The boy's name was Eric Moons, and last March, in the 15th month of his life, he learned to walk. He had begun alone, pulling himself erect on a chair in the white-tiled kitchen, glancing warily about him with soft, blue eyes, and then tottering in small, awkward steps to the legs of the table. "He always did it alone," said his 37-year-old father, Denis, sitting in the kitchen of his red-brick house in Tongerlo, a town set in pine woods about 15 miles from Antwerp, in northern Belgium. "If he knew we were watching him, he would stop. He was not afraid of us, but he was independent. Watching him learn to walk, with such burning independence, was a joy to me. He was my son, and I loved him greatly."

One morning in the 16th month of his life, Eric Moons awoke with a slight fever and what seemed to be a cold. It was March 28, and Belgium still shivered under the last drab rains of winter. His mother gave him a steaming bowl of porridge and put him back to bed. For a week the sniffles continued, along with the slight fever, but on April 4, a Saturday, the fever suddenly shot to 104 degrees, and his parents became alarmed. "We decided immediately that it was now more than a cold, that Eric must have a doctor," Moons remembered. On the morning break from his job as a bus driver in nearby Olen, Moons went to the home of Achille Robrechts, their pudgy, phlegmatic 53-year-old family doctor. The doctor was indeed sorry to hear that young Eric was ill, but no, he said, it would be impossible to see him. Absolutely impossible. The doctors of Belgium, he reminded Moons, were on strike.

"I pleaded with him," Moons remembered later. "But he said that I would have to go to the emergency service that the doctors had set up over in Herentals (a larger town nearby). He said he would even place the telephone call himself."



Resentful demonstrators parade their dissatisfaction with "moneybags" doctors. ▶

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"A strike of doctors is never a strike against the government. It is a strike against the sick."

Denis Moons and his wife place protective hands on their surviving children. Their son Eric died after strike delayed treatment.

Shackled together, Dr. Jean Geens and Dr. Achille Robrechts arrive at courthouse to face charges of failure to help Eric Moons.

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Doctors Go on Strike

At the emergency service Dr. Jean Geens, a tall and dignified man of 63, agreed to add young Eric to his list of patients for that day. Reassured, Moons went back to work. Later that afternoon, when he returned home, the doctor had not yet arrived. He called Robrechts. "My child is sick," he said. "I don't care about your strike. We must have a doctor." Robrechts called the emergency service again, and at 5:30 an ambulance arrived. Eric was examined and rushed to a hospital. Doctor Geens did not reach the Moons home until 6:30, nearly nine hours after he was first called.

The hospital meanwhile was crowded with emergency cases, and when a pediatrician was finally located to examine Eric, he concluded that there was nothing seriously wrong with him. However, he suggested it might be a good idea to keep him hospitalized for further examination and observation. The parents agreed. An hour later Eric was seized by convulsions. When they subsided, he was X-rayed and given blood tests, but then his small heart began to quaver. His condition was listed as critical. "A few hours later," Moons remembers, "a doctor came to me and told me not to worry, that he would be all right, that the crisis was past. I cannot tell you how happy I was." The happiness was brief. At six A.M. the following morning Eric Moons died. His death was attributed to convulsions brought on by chicken pox and his deteriorated condition.

Three days later spring came to Belgium, and the sun dappled the softening earth. After a Mass of the Angels in the church of Osterwiik-Tongerlo, Moons, his wife 'Tseyen, and their four other children walked silently to the cemetery, while four young boys from the village carried the white coffin. There were almost 600 people in the funeral march. The schoolchildren of the village, following a centuries-old custom, approached the grave in single file, dropping handfuls of earth on the coffin. They were followed by the adults, and then the relatives. But Denis Moons could not follow so easily. He turned suddenly from the grave and began to run across the sunny grass. He was stumbling and trembling. "No, no, no! I cannot accept it! This I cannot accept!" An old friend gently coaxed him back, and Denis Moons dropped his handful of Belgian earth on all that was left of his youngest son. "I will never see you run," he said, to the son who had just learned to walk. "I will never see you run."

This was Belgium during 18 days in April, 1964. This was happening in a country whose intellectuals boast of her civilizing influence on Europe, and whose taxi drivers urge visitors to see the Brueghels in the museums and the house where Erasmus developed his philosophy of humanism in the Brussels suburb of Anderlecht. For 18 days, while the doctors struck against a health-insurance law they considered with some reason to be unjust, it was a country where children were buried in the sun while men with medical degrees sat around transistor radios in luxury hotels on the other side of the borders, playing at a grim game and using the language of war. "We have become *maquis*," one middle-aged Liège surgeon said, referring to the anti-Nazi

Called into action to provide emergency services during strike, army stretcher-bearers rush a patient into Brussels Military Hospital for treatment.

resistance movement. "We shall resist to the death." The death, however, was not that of the doctors.

All men die, of course, but it must be recorded that during the first 18 days of April some of Belgium's 9.5 million citizens died under circumstances that reflect little credit on the current state of European civilization. It must be recorded that in Arlon the parents of a four-month-old baby girl ran frantically from one doctor's abandoned house to another, while their child died in their arms. And that in Louvain a four-year-old girl choked to death while her parents searched for medical help. And that in Neauville-en-Condroz the wife of a miner telephoned frantically for almost an hour as her husband lay dying of a heart attack. And in Antwerp a pregnant mother of four hemorrhaged to death, still waiting, after three hours, for an ambulance. Perhaps all these people would have died anyway, but most Belgians who talked with this reporter agreed essentially on one thing: The Hippocratic Oath was in disgrace and the witnesses to that disgrace were the sick and the dying. "A strike of doctors is never a strike against the government," said one angry Brussels university student. "It is a strike against the sick."

The strike which began April 1 and ended, at least temporarily, on April 18, had its real beginnings last August. The Catholic-Socialist coalition government of Premier Théo Lefèvre pushed through parliament a medical-insurance bill as political payment to the Socialists. (Socialist support in 1961 had helped pass a Catholic-backed law that made Flemish an official language.) Some doctors shouted that the health law was unfair, and the government drafted a second version. Last December it passed both houses of parliament after limited debate. It was scheduled to go into effect January 1.

The bill provided for free hospital care for everybody and free private medical care for nearly a million widows, orphans, disabled persons and pensioners. All doctors would become members of a centralized medical-insurance program (unlike the British national-health plan which allows doctors not to participate) and would be obliged to abide by a fixed scale of fees.

Cash a consideration

The doctors declared that the new bill would lead to a robotization of the medical profession, to cheap, fast and bad treatment, and to the end of freedom in Belgian medicine. But among the provisions of the new law there were only a few which were at the roots of the dispute. These clauses would not necessarily mean the end of free medicine in Belgium, but they would severely limit a Belgian doctor's income and tightly control his payment of taxes.

It was a political issue, too, because politics was built into the complicated welfare system that was put in operation after the war. Belgium's health plans operated through six cooperative societies, the two largest controlled by the Catholic and Socialist trade unions. The societies, through their 660 branches, drew their funds from the government, which in turn drew its money from employee and employer payroll deductions. These deductions were high (four dollars a week from a man earning $50, four times as much from the employer) and provided for unemployment insurance, family allowances, holidays and pensions. Medical service, however, was not free. Instead, a patient paid cash to his doctor and was reimbursed as much as 75 percent of the fee by his society, which in turn was reimbursed by the government. Under this unwieldy system, the government-subsidized National Medical Fund ran a $14-million deficit last year.

For the doctors, however, it was lucrative. A doctor could charge a patient four dollars and record it in his books as two dollars, and pay his taxes on the two dollars. The government had no practical way to check. Under the new law the doctors would be required to charge standard rates ($1.00 for an office consultation, $1.50 for a home visit, $2.00 for a specialist consultation) and would also be required to give receipts. In addition, each patient was to be issued a "health passport" in which the doctor would list his diagnosis, treatment and charges. If the amount of treatment or the charges were excessive, the government could take action against the doctors.

The doctors had some valid objections. The standard rates were about half those paid to French doctors under a similar system, and compared unfavorably to other Belgian pay scales. "A plumber would charge at least four dollars for checking a bathroom," one doctor said, "and a vet would charge the same for seeing a cat or a canary. But we are expected to charge less than half as much for examining a patient." The health passport was another point. Many doctors felt it would lead to abuses. Potential employers, for example, could use it to refuse a job to a former tuberculosis patient. But the doctors' greatest resentment was over the receipts. "The receipts are an insult to our integrity," a Brussels pediatrician said.

Belgian doctors had no organization like the American Medical Association to lobby for their interests. But when the first news of the bill began filtering out of Brussels in the spring of 1962, doctors in the conservative provinces of Liège and Luxembourg began to organize the first physicians' union in Belgian history. The rest of the country's doctors were slow to follow, but when the first version of the bill passed parliament last August, their hesitation ended. By December, 95 percent of the country's 12,000 doctors were members of the National Federation of Doctors' Unions, under the leadership of surgeons André Wynen and Roger Thone. The doctors organized into 12-man cells, each of which was in daily contact with headquarters in Brussels. They built a war chest almost overnight, with members' contributions ranging from $35 to $250. And after much discussion they decided that their most effective weapon would be a strike—the first doctors' strike in European history.

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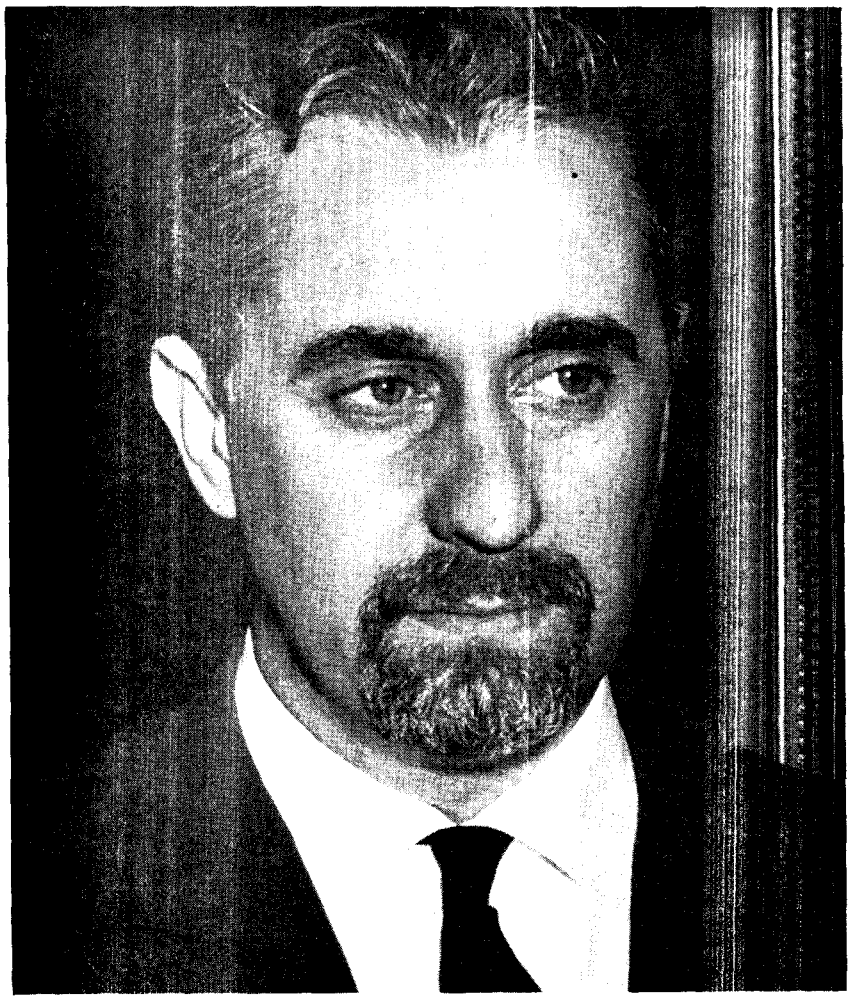

Bearded Andre Wynen, an accomplished surgeon, acted as spokesman for strikers.

Doctors Go on Strike

"I first heard about the strike plans in November," one Brussels obstetrician recalled. "It was a shocking prospect, it did not seem a civilized prospect. But then, the law itself did not seem a very civilized prospect either. It was the lesser of two evils."

It is not clear how much thought Belgium's doctors gave to the moral and ethical issues of the strike. Some certainly felt that it was unethical to some degree, but were calmed by assurances from the strike leaders that an emergency service, set up by the doctors themselves and run by 2,000 strikers, would guarantee medical care to anyone who really needed it. "It sounded simple," the obstetrician said. "At least on paper."

On January 1, when the law nominally came into effect, the doctors served notice that they intended to strike. The trade unions insisted that the government stand firm, and the doctors, who originally had asked only for the removal of some offending clauses, ultimately demanded that the government scrap the entire law and draft a new one. The law stood in abeyance while the doctors tried to wring concessions from the government during a three-month truce. Both sides refused to yield, and on the strike deadline of April 1 the doctors of Belgium locked their doors and stopped answering their phones. Many left the country.

"The state insurance law will not work," said strike leader Wynen. "It will be ignored."

Wynen immediately became the spokesman for the striking doctors, though Thone was nominally the president of the union. And Wynen was impressive. Labor-union leaders found it hard to disparage him, for he had been a member of the Resistance during the war and had been imprisoned at Buchenwald. A heavy-set, bearded specialist who has acquired national prominence for his skilled surgery in cases of severe accidental injury, Wynen handled all his public appearances with reason and finesse. The same could not be claimed for all his colleagues.

"We will stay here for the rest of the year," said one Brussels surgeon, sitting in a plush hotel in Valkenburg, just across the border in Holland. "If you think we shall submit, you are wrong. This is the end of free medicine as we have known it. We shall leave Belgium if this law is enforced, leave forever." Asked about the ethical problems involved in a doctor's abandoning his patients, he asked angrily, "What has ethics got to do with it? Was it ethical to pass such a law without consulting us? Was it ethical for them to cut our fees so that we are now the lowest-paid members of the profession in all Europe? The patients are getting better care now than they ever got before. They are just not getting the psychological comforts they all want so badly, and which they now refuse to pay for. Don't talk to me about Hippocrates. So we are on strike. But Hippocrates also said, 'Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.'"

The doctors in Valkenburg did not look like extremists, but neither did they resemble impoverished professionals. All seemed more-than-well fed, and many wore expensive Italian shoes and British clothing. Several spoke about the strike in similar language. There was contempt for the government ("It does not even rule the country; the trade unions do") and a barely disguised contempt for the patients. ("They will manage; no one will die. And they will learn to appreciate us.") A reporter's efforts to discuss ethics and the responsibilities of medical men were ignored; all conversation led to the wonders of the emergency service.

The emergency service did work with surprising efficiency, and the doctors could say with some justification that many Belgians were receiving better care than ever. Urgent cases were either referred to a hospital, or patients were told to dial 900, a number normally used to call the fire department or police. But the mood of the country was one of baffled anger and rising bitterness. People in the streets of Brussels jumped at the sound of ambulance sirens and expressed concern about the patients being sped to hospitals. Some panicked at the sight of illness, and in one movie house a man suffering a heart attack was left unaided until finally firemen removed him. In some cases, primarily in the provinces, doctors' homes were painted with slogans, their nameplates were pried off their doors, and they were threatened by telephone. Those patients who could afford the cost traveled across the borders to France and Holland. Many who remained seemed on the verge of violence.

"If something happened to one of my children," said a bartender in a large Brussels hotel, "I would shoot a doctor in retaliation. And I would keep shooting doctors until I found the one responsible."

When the negotiators for both sides met on April 11 at the Val Duchesse mansion on the outskirts of Brussels, the atmosphere was tense. The strike leaders were particularly incensed because Doctors Geens and Robrechts had been arrested and charged with "failing to assist a person in danger" in the death of young Eric Moons. (They were subsequently released pending investigation.) The arrest, Wynen charged, had been "a gratuitous insult." Retaliations were threatened. At dawn, after 14 hours of angry talks, the doctors walked out of the meeting. Immediately Premier Lefèvre set in motion the machinery for mobilizing all army reserve doctors and drafting the others.

"The government," Wynen said defiantly, "cannot mobilize brains."

Doctors quickly began reporting to the hospitals. Some appeared intractable, doing everything possible to thwart the government's move to break the strike. They showed up without instruments and complained about the instruments provided by the army. Others refused to use their own automobiles and demanded transportation from army and hospital authorities. Some would not even use their own pencil and paper. A great many began to practice medicine with rigorous conservatism, hospitalizing anyone who had a temperature more than one-tenth of a degree above normal, thus overcrowding the hospitals. Many surgical operations were delayed because anesthetists, women not subject to the draft, were still not back at work. And children with measles, influenza, chicken pox and other communicable diseases were sometimes not segregated from patients without such diseases.

A net always has holes

"We are watching a trapeze act," said striking doctor John Van Sternberger, when asked about the dangers of epidemics in the overcrowded hospitals. "But we're also holding the net."

For a great number of Belgians the net was not firm enough, and they went through experiences they would remember longer than the reasons for the strike. On Sunday, April 12, house painter Jean Vandenberger and his wife Ghiselaine arrived at Schaarbeek General Hospital on the outskirts of Brussels with their nine-month-old son, Richard.

Richard's temperature was 103, and his parents had read that week of the death of Eric Moons. They feared pneumonia. All morning they had tried to contact their family doctor, himself the father of seven children and a family friend for almost 30 years. Vandenberger finally called the emergency service, and an ambulance reached the house a little more than an hour later.

At the hospital entrance a policeman stood at the door. "At the end, at the end," he said gruffly, pointing down a long corridor to the waiting room beyond. The waiting room was divided into small cubicles, and for the next three hours the Vandenbergers waited. Finally a doctor entered. He was in white and carried a military cap in one hand and a cup of black coffee in the other. He started going through each of the children's cases. When he reached Vandenberger, the young father asked, "Doctor, why did we have to wait so long?"

"Because this is war," the doctor said. He was in his 50's and smoked heavily. "Now you see the result of the government tyranny. Now you see what can happen. And this is just the beginning."

At the end of his speech, the doctor asked what was the matter with the baby. Vandenberger started to explain that the child had had a cold for a week and that the fever had risen and that the family doctor was not available. The doctor raised his hand.

"Cut it short," he said. "We don't have time for talk."

He placed his hand on the child's brow. "It's 104 and it may be pneumonia," he said curtly. Vandenberger's wife began to cry. "We will X-ray him."

The baby did not have pneumonia, but remained at the hospital a week for treatment of his severe cold. Unlike Eric Moons, he did not die. But because Jean Vandenberger felt that an old family friend had not helped him when he needed it most, the warm relationship between him and his family doctor is presumably gone forever.

The situation in other Brussels hospitals was similar. There was great confusion in some hospitals, and there were also some fine cases of selflessness. In the St. Pierre Hospital many doctors worked until they were exhausted, and the nurses (who were not on strike at any point) kept working until at least three of them collapsed. Even before the call-up, some doctors had begun treating patients in secret, afflicted perhaps by conscience, but also mindful of the fact that after the strike they would still need to live with their patients.

When the strike finally ended by mutual agreement on April 18, nothing had been resolved. Both sides had merely agreed to suspend the strike and the military call-up while further discussion of the law went on. But three days later Premier Lefèvre told parliament that doctors would receive higher fees under an amended law. It appeared that the government had backed down. "We have won a victory," one doctor said.

It was a Pyrrhic victory. Nowhere in Brussels could a visiting reporter find a citizen who would say a good word for the doctors. And on the very last day before the strike ended an incident occurred that would probably leave the most lasting impression on the people of Belgium. A 44-year-old Brussels university professor named Dr. Willy Gregoir reportedly confessed that he, another doctor and a technician had cut cables to an X-ray machine in the fashionable Edith Cavell Clinic on the previous Wednesday night. After spending time in jail, Gregoir and the others were released while investigation of the sabotage continued.

"We have finally seen the true faces of our doctors," said one Brussels machinist, whose wife had waited four hours for treatment of an asthma attack. "It will never be the same." THE END

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At Brussels Military Hospital, where no children had ever before been admitted, a soldier tenderly performs an unfamiliar and unmilitary duty.

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EDITORIALS

THE QUESTION FOR REPUBLICANS

The important Oregon primary occurs on Friday, and unless all the experts are wrong, it should confirm one of the strangest political developments of recent years.

That development is the emergence of absentee Henry Cabot Lodge as the front-running Republican presidential contender. A nationwide Gallup survey of Republicans not long ago showed Lodge running far ahead of the field. Pollster Louis Harris confirmed this finding. A separate Harris poll of Republicans in Oregon showed Lodge with 46 percent and his closest rival, Richard Nixon, with only 17 percent. The voters have come forth in large numbers to write in his name in New Hampshire, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania primaries. Pennsylvania's Gov. William Scranton says, "The polls indicate Ambassador Lodge is favored among Republican voters."

There are several reasons for Ambassador Lodge's strong showing. His good reputation is one. His privileged sanctuary in South Vietnam is another. Lodge is tending to his job in a crucial area, while his active opponents are decreasing their reputations every day by running in the United States like dry creeks.

Republicans are going to have a hard time defeating Lyndon Johnson, no matter whom they run. The President has a lot going for him: the tax cut, reduction in spending, settlement of the railroad strike, and probably a meaningful civil-rights bill when the filibuster finally ends. There is something for nearly everybody but dog lovers in Mr. Johnson's program: consumers, businessmen, poor people, Negroes, old people, women, labor, management and even the Chamber of Commerce. Few solid issues have developed to date. Civil rights may be one, as Gov. George Wallace's showing has indicated. But its political value is hard to calculate.

Republican leaders across the country recently indicated that foreign affairs will be their party's best issue. They could be right, but Republicans will have to develop the "issue" better than they have so far.

Look at the record. Foreign-policy discussion by the active Republican candidates—Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller—has been abysmal. Goldwater thinks we should send a detachment of Marines into Cuba to turn on the water to Guantánamo. He suggests that we withdraw diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union (as if that would really accomplish anything), and get out of the U.N. if the Red Chinese are admitted. Nelson Rockefeller becomes more and more strident as his chances fade. "Nothing," he says, "is more urgent than to restore cohesion to the free people, especially in the Atlantic area in the Western Hemisphere.... We must reestablish unity and mutual trust in the Western Hemisphere." We have yet to meet anyone who opposes "unity" and "trust" in the Western Hemisphere, nor have we encountered a politician who can tell us how this objective can be achieved.

Political campaigns rarely are illuminating, but there is serious need for thoughtful foreign-policy debate today. Senator Fulbright has charged that our foreign policy is based upon a set of "myths." We need to study the disarray of the Atlantic alliance, the frustrating war in South Vietnam, the disappointing performance of the Alliance for Progress, the pros and cons of our policy toward Cuba. We need also to consider whether the United States is now merely reacting to crises around the globe or exerting active leadership of the free world. Perhaps the most important question for us to ponder is: "Has Soviet Communism changed its objectives?"

Republicans will not deserve to win unless they make a constructive contribution to foreign-policy debate and to the discussion of other issues. The party is at a critical juncture. The situation bears a remarkable parallel to the spring of 1952, when the Taft-Eisenhower struggle was shaping up.

Today, Republicans must decide what kind of party they want. The possibility of a Goldwater victory cannot be discounted. Even if the Arizona senator cannot gain the nomination, he may exercise a decisive influence on the choice of the nominee and the shaping of the party platform.

We believe that Lodge's strong showing with Republican voters indicates that the people want a modern, progressive, responsible party, and that Lodge is the *kind* of Republican they prefer. We wish him well.

THE GRAND LADY FROM BOSTON

Mrs. Malcolm Peabody is 72 years old, and not the sort of woman you would expect to find in the middle of a civil-rights demonstration. As Robert Massie reports on page 74, Mrs. Peabody is used to more serene surroundings. She is a proper Bostonian and the wife of a retired Episcopal bishop. She likes (the Lord bless her) to read the *Congressional Record* and State Department bulletins or to listen to the Boston Symphony playing Bach.

Mrs. Peabody might have left it to younger folk to try to break the pattern of segregation in such a faraway place as St. Augustine, Fla., but one of Dr. Martin Luther King's followers phoned her and asked her if she knew any older people who would be willing to go to St. Augustine. She replied, "Would I be of any use?" Mrs. Peabody believes very strongly in civil rights, and she holds the old-fashioned notion that her actions should be suited to her beliefs. "It was an opportunity to do something definite and to stand up for my convictions," she said later.

And so she went. And even though she was 72, she landed in jail for her convictions. ("Mary, how wonderful to see you. What are you doing here?" a friend asked. "I'm in the process of being arrested," she said, in one of the year's most succinct but moving lines.)

She spent two nights in jail, and when summer comes, she will go back to stand trial. But that will not be the end of this grand old lady's efforts for civil rights. "I expect," she says, "to be involved in this fight for civil rights for the rest of my life." We have no doubt she will. We admire her for strength of convictions and for spunk.

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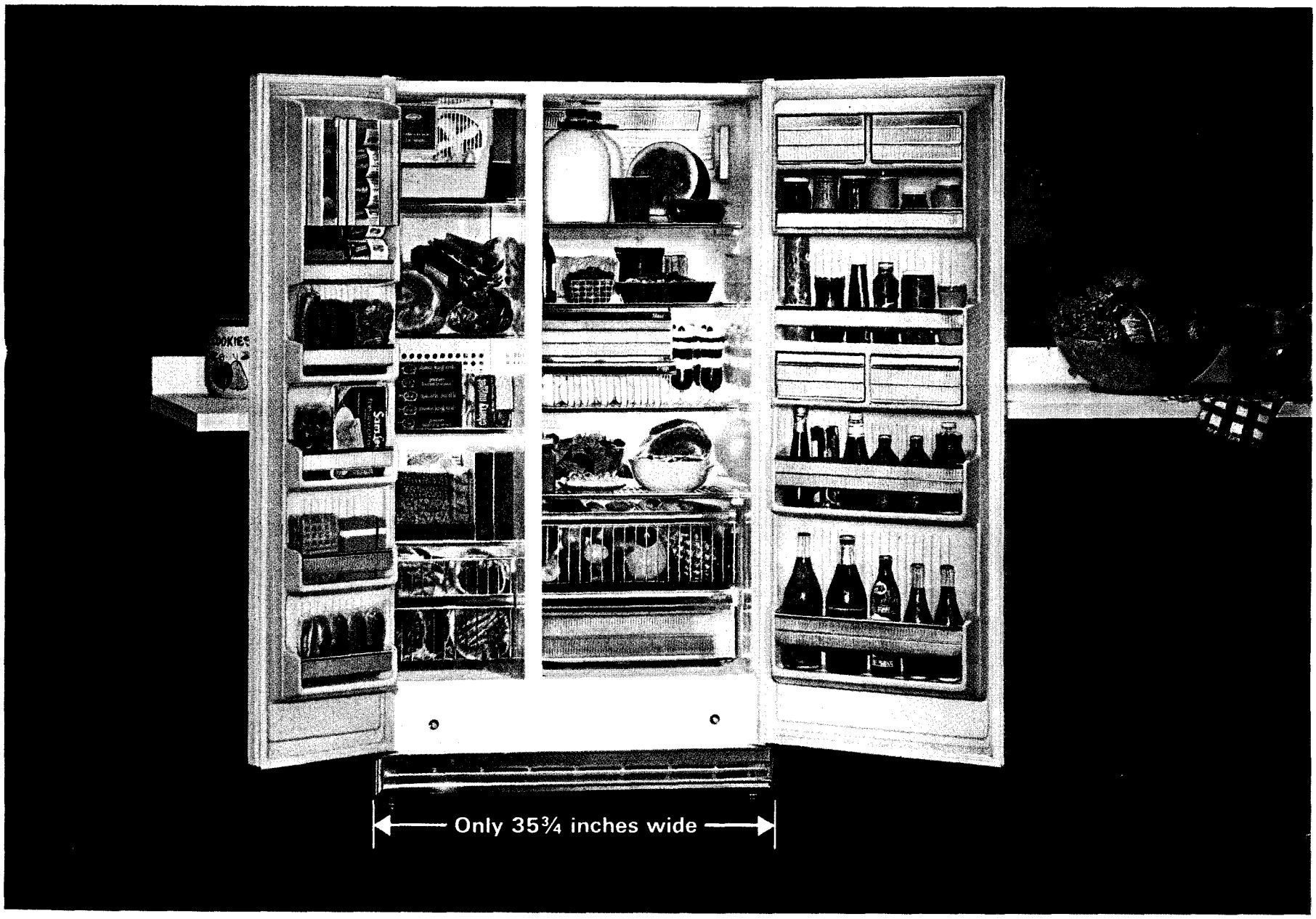

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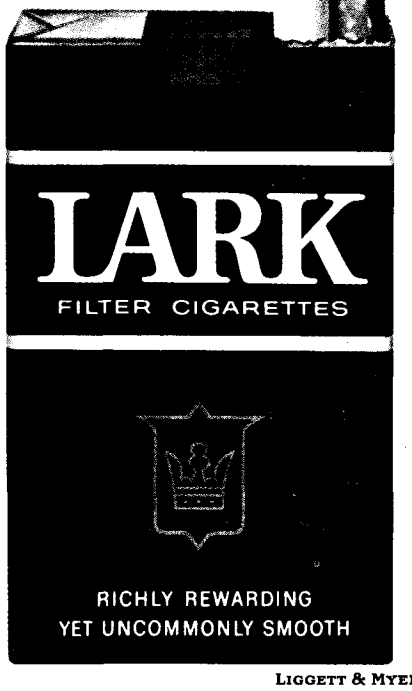

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